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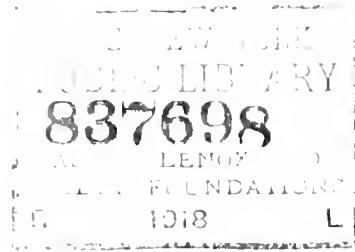
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APV
(Sherrard)
Sherrard

BY
ROBERT ANDREW SHERRARD.

EDITED BY
THOMAS JOHNSON SHERRARD.

1890.



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THOMAS JOHNSON SHERRARD.

PROY. 1890
JULY 1890
V. 1890

TO

My Mother,

WHOSE SYMPATHETIC AND WISE COUNSEL,
SUSTAINED HER HUSBAND THROUGHOUT A BEAUTIFUL AND DEVOTED
MARRIED LIFE OF NEARLY HALF A CENTURY ;
WHOSE PATIENT AND LOVING MOTHERLY CARE REARED A FAMILY
OF SIX SONS AND SIX DAUGHTERS ;
WHOSE DEVOTED FAITH AND LOVELY CHRISTIAN LIFE
HAVE EVER BEEN THEIR INSPIRING EXAMPLE ; WHOSE PEACEFUL
DECLINING DAYS, WHEN SHE IS NOW IN HER EIGHTY-SIXTH YEAR, WITNESS
THE FILIAL INTEREST OF ALL HER CHILDREN
AND CHILDREN'S CHILDREN,
WHO JOYFULLY RISE UP AND CALL HER BLESSED,
TO THIS DEAR MOTHER
THESE PAGES ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY HER YOUNGEST CHILD,

THOMAS JOHNSON SHERRARD.

PREFACE.

FIVE years ago the matter of my ancestry was brought prominently to my attention by the questions of my eldest son, Hallock Campbell Sherrard, then ten years of age, who wished to know something about all of his ancestors as far back as possible. He had already searched out his lineage on his mother's side through the Campbells, and Olivers, and Lyons, and Hallocks, and Griffiths, and Allens, and it now remained for him to investigate his descent on his father's side of the house. In order to satisfactorily answer these inquiries, I began to search my father's MS. volumes, and I became so much interested in them that I determined to select out such portions as would give a complete history of the Sherrard Family of Steubenville, of which my father, Robert Andrew Sherrard, was the founder and head.

At the time of his death, January 1, 1874, he had accumulated no fewer than ten thousand pages of written material, which covered a great variety of subjects, including Family History and Personal Recollections. This had been the work of his leisure moments for fifty years before his death.

At first my only purpose was to collect and copy from all these sources such items as would make a continuous and complete history of the family. The work of writing I began about two years ago, copying carefully on the type-writer, intending to have the whole beautifully bound for the use of my own children. However, I had not written more than fifty pages, when my brothers and sisters, seeing my specimen pages, became so much interested in my work that they regretted that my method would result in only a single copy of the book.

It was then that my brother, Robert Sherrard, Jr., of Steubenville, Ohio, proposed that if I would continue my work of editing my father's Family History, and would prepare it for the printer, he would assume the responsibility of having it published, so that the other descendants of Robert Andrew Sherrard, might each be able to possess a copy. Thus

my work assumed a more general character, and I selected such material as would interest the general reader as well as our own immediate family.

Then in addition to my father's own material at hand, I have gathered from correspondence, personal visits to places, and personal interviews with various people, the material with which I have been able to bring the history of the whole family and connections down to the present time. Perhaps the chief difficulty of the whole undertaking has been the "embarrassment of riches," to decide just what to select from my father's writings in order to make a book of permanent value, and yet bring the volume within reasonable limits. Very much that would have been of great interest has of necessity been left out, and yet only because not necessary as a part of the Family History. Indeed I may say to all the relatives that nothing has been overlooked that would be of permanent value to the family and their descendants. Up to the point where I have taken up the "Later Events and Personal Sketches" in my own language, I have been careful to retain the language, and the oftentimes quaint expressions of my father.

This work is intended to be a CENTENNIAL MEMORIAL of my father's birth, although coming out one year later, since it was impossible to complete it sooner. Knowing so well, as all his children do, his tastes and enthusiasm over anything pertaining to Family History and Ancestral Reminiscences, nothing could possibly be a more fitting tribute to his memory than this volume. Busily occupied with this work and looking forward to its completion, it has often been to me a matter of curious reflection to wonder what he would think and say, if he were here to see this book for himself,—a work which of all others he would have rejoiced in, had he known that his youngest son would attempt it.

This is my humble contribution to the memory of noble and honorable ancestors, sent forth with the warmest congratulations to the descendants of a pure-minded, generous, honorable and intelligent Christian father,—one who has left us the precious heritage of an honored name, a useful life, and an inspiring example.

Recognizing with deepest gratitude the All-wise Providence who has guided our family destiny, we all have the highest reasons for self-congratulation that we are descended from such a long line of God-fearing ancestors, whether they be the Gambles, the Sherrards, the Cathcarts, the Kithcarts, the Johnsons, or the Hindmans. After my most careful investigation of our ancestry, tracing it back over two centuries as far as

names could be found, I have failed to discover a single instance of an ancestor in any of these related families, of whom we have the slightest reason to be ashamed. That this book may stimulate a deeper interest in the Family History and Genealogy is my earnest desire.

My grateful acknowledgements are due to Dr. William H. Egle, our State Librarian at Harrisburg, for suggestions, and to the "Family Records of the Gambles of Toronto" for corroborating facts.

THOMAS JOHNSON SHERRARD.

Washington, Pa., May 4, 1890.

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THE SHERRARD FAMILY.

I. FAMILY HISTORY.

SECTION I.

1772-1784.

THE EMIGRATION.

JOHN SHERRARD was born in Ireland near Newton Limavady, a flourishing town situated on a stream that empties itself into Lough Foyle, about ten miles from Londonderry, the capital of the county of the same name, which is situated on the opposite side of Lough Foyle at the head of the bay.

Newton Limavady is also about eight miles from Coleraine, another town situated on the east side of the Bann Water, and lies in a north-east direction from the town of Limavady. John Sherrard was descended from a race of respectable people. His father, William Sherrard, was born in the year 1720 in the town of Limavady, and at thirty years of age he was married to a Margaret Johnston, of good fortune and respectable connections.

John Sherrard was the first pledge of their mutual affection, and was born in the latter part of the year 1750. He had but one brother and three sisters, and all the children were under age at the time of their father's death, except my father, John. The eldest of his sisters was born in 1752, and was named Elizabeth; the second was born in 1755, and was named Margaret; his brother James was born in 1757, and his youngest sister in 1760.

My grandfather, William Sherrard, died wealthy in 1771; but previous to his death he made a will, in and by which he willed and bequeathed the freehold, consisting of about 133 acres, to my father and his brother James; while to his wife Margaret and to each of his daughters he bequeathed the sum of two hundred guineas.

I have received information from my father, John Sherrard, that a whole clan of the name of Sherrard (commonly corrupted by the country people to the name Shearer or Sherred, but as commonly called by the people in the towns and villages by their proper name, "Sherrard") came over from Scotland to Ireland at an early day.

(Our old uncle, David Alexander Cathcart Sherrard, told us after father's death that he had knowledge that the Sherrard name was Huguenot stock, and came from the North of France. Driven out by the Huguenot persecutions, they fled to Scotland, and afterwards removed to the North of Ireland.—T. J. S.)

This clan left the lowlands of Scotland, and upon the invitation of some Scottish lord or laird, they passed over into Ireland. To such a Scottish lord, King James the Sixth of Scotland, and the First of England, had doubtless given a large amount of land, which had been confiscated in consequence of the native Irish rebelling against the authority of King James as their lawful sovereign. This colony of Sherrards settled in County Derry, principally in and around the village of Newton Limavady, as before mentioned. It is worthy of observation that the inhabitants of this town of Newton Limavady a century since spoke as pure English, with few exceptions, as they did in London. And I knew several relations of my father's that came over from County Derry, and were reared not far from Newton Limavady, who all spoke with as broad a Scotch twang as Robert Burns, the poet, did in poetry or prose; these relatives of my father came from Ireland about 1795. My grandfather, William Sherrard, had been a successful linen weaver, and kept a number of looms at work weaving Irish linen, and he died wealthy.

Even before his father's death, John Sherrard had a desire to emigrate to America; and after his father's death, at the age of twenty-two years, he carried out this desire.

After some consultation with his friends, he sold his share of the

freehold estate, which had been left him by his father, to his mother for two hundred guineas, the sum left her by her husband's will.

JOHN SHERRARD EMIGRATES TO AMERICA.

With this sum and what small cash he had, he set sail for America in the month of August, 1772, but did not make the American port until the last of the month of October following. The voyage was long and difficult, taking fourteen weeks, and was so tedious that the crew on the vessel, which was called "The Wolf," were nearly starved, the provisions had grown so scarce; however, they all landed safe, but almost famished at Philadelphia; but the vessel did not return to Ireland until the next spring.

My father, John Sherrard, stopped in Philadelphia, and wintered in and near that place till spring. Then, in the spring of 1773, he set out from Philadelphia with a light heart and a pocket full of cash to seek his fortunes west of the mountains in what was then called the back woods. For his route he was obliged to take the road that was opened by General Braddock for his troops in 1755, when that British officer crossed the Allegheny Mountains to attack the French army at Fort Duquesne—since Fort Pitt, and now called the City of Pittsburgh.

I say, my father was obliged to take that road, for it was the only open road in those days across the mountains; and so he journeyed across to the backwoods, and when he arrived at the foot of Laurel Hill, he found the country west of the mountains a wilderness indeed and a solitary place. However, on entering the valley below Laurel Hill, he found some few white inhabitants who had ventured before him. Among these, settled near the Youghiogheny River, were the following-named persons: George Paull, Joseph Work, John McClelland, Daniel Cannon, William Carson, Sr., William Rankin, H. Beeson, Robert McGlaughlin, Elisha Pierce and Archibald Armstrong.

These had taken up their residences on the west side of the Yough River, and some other odd ones, among whom was Matthew Wiley; and on the east side of the Yough River lived James Torrence, Barney Cunningham, Joseph Huston and Colonel Prov. Mounts—(after him Mounts' Creek was called, which name it bears to this day); also Elias Pegg, father of Benjamin Pegg, a hero of the Revolutionary War, and

who is now, at the time of this writing—1825—a pensioner at the rate of \$96 a year, and many others whose names it would be useless to record in this history.

THE REDSTONE SETTLEMENT.

But to return to my father: On his arrival in the backwoods he took up his abode and resided in the family of George Paull, and here he soon got acquainted with the inhabitants for ten or twelve miles around. This was the more readily done as the inhabitants were so few and so scattered that when a log rolling or a house or barn raising was on hand, it was no uncommon thing to call on assistance ten or twelve miles off. While he made his residence at the house of Mr. George Paull, he became acquainted with Mr. Archibald Irvin, brother-in-law to Mr. George Paull, of whom he made a purchase of a certain tract of land containing upwards of 3000 acres.

This was purchased the fall of 1773; but the year following, Thomas Gist came out with the King's patent, and took up the tract now owned by the heirs of old Isaac Mason, lying on the State road from Connelsville to Uniontown, and where Braddock's old road crosses the aforesaid State road. Gist also ran his lines right or wrong through the purchase that my father made of Irvin.

This wrong Gist committed wittingly; for he ran the lines on my father's purchase so as to cross and recross Dunbar's Run (now called Dunbar's Creek), so as to take in a good mill seat, which is an object of importance in any part of the country.

This mill seat Gist soon improved, and some time after Gist's death the property was purchased by Mason and Dillon of Gist's heirs. A furnace was erected by them about a quarter of a mile above the mill, and by the profits of this furnace Mason soon found means to purchase Dillon's part. He then pursued the business with such success that he was soon enabled to build a forge on the same land and stream, and so progressed until he built the second, and then a third furnace, and the second forge, and then purchased a third forge, and also thousands of acres of land, and then laid down and died, as you and I must ere long do.

THE KENTUCKY LAND.

In the latter part of March, 1774, my father, John Sherrard, in company with about twenty others, set out from their place of residence in Fayette County, Pennsylvania, for the express purpose of taking up land in the new country called Kentucky. They entered on board a boat built for their purpose at what was then called the Broad Ford, on the Youghiogheny River, two miles below where Connellsville is now built. Each man went prepared with necessary implements of husbandry. My father's tools consisted of an axe, a mattock, a hoe, a shovel-plow, an iron wedge and a rifle gun. The company all landed safe at Limestone (since called Maysville), on the Ohio River, and from thence proceeded out from the river in quest of a situation to please their fancy and suit their inclination. They at length stopped and encamped near to where the towns of Lexington and Millersburg have since been built. Each man soon selected the spot on which to build his cabin, and soon built and made some improvements by clearing and fencing.

My father cleared and fenced in about three acres, and planted the same with Indian Corn, and attended the same so long as was necessary; the rest of the company each improved to suit himself.

It may not be amiss to mention in this place that the tract of country now called Kentucky then belonged to Virginia. (In 1776 Kentucky was made a county of Virginia; in 1790 it became a separate territory, and in 1792 it was admitted as a State into the Union, with the motto on its Seal: "United we stand, divided we fall.") It was at that time under the control of the Legislature of that State, which passed laws for the selling of this part of her territory. The settlers at this time—1774—had the privilege by law to take up by improvement or what was called "tomahawk right." Under this privilege they could take up and have surveyed 400 acres, and by making return of the survey to the office, a right was issued which served in lieu of a deed for the present.

But the same act of the Legislature gave a pre-emption to such settlers as would, after they had made their tomahawk improvement, stay and raise a crop of corn; the same Act gave them the privilege of

taking by survey 1000 acres more, and attach it to the 400 first guaranteed by tomahawk right. Thus the settler who raised his corn had 1400 acres in his tract, for which he could obtain his right.

And this my father and his comrades did: they each stayed as before-mentioned, and raised a crop of corn, which was performed some time in June, 1774, at which time the Indians made some show of hostilities. This induced my father and his party to leave their new-made farms and return home to Fayette County, Pennsylvania, through a trackless wilderness. But they did not leave their improvements till each hid his implements of husbandry.

My father dug a hole, and put first his axe, wedge, hoe, mattock and shovel-plow in, and then took his bake-oven, commonly called a "Dutch oven," and turned it down on the other tools, and covered all up near a certain tree, which he marked for the purpose of finding them again, should he live to return to his farm at a future day, which he did not do for twenty years after.

On his return to Fayette County, Pennsylvania, he found it would be prudent to repair to Williamsburgh, Virginia, for the purpose of taking out a right for his new farm containing 1400 acres, from which place he crossed into Pennsylvania State, and resided near Lancaster until the next spring of 1775. At this time—the spring of 1775—he joined a volunteer company of militia called "The Flying Camp of Pennsylvania," and they marched all the way on foot to Boston.

It was on the 19th of April, 1775, that the first blood was shed at Lexington and Concord near Boston, and in this engagement my father, John Sherrard, tried himself as a soldier against the British troops sent to destroy some military stores which belonged to the rebels.

He was next at the battle of Bunker Hill on the 17th of June, 1775, and before the close of the year he was in a number of skirmishes, but in no other hard-fought battle until his year's service as a volunteer had expired, which was the last of March, 1776. At this time he returned to Lancaster, where he remained until the spring of 1778, when he returned to Fayette County, and again took up his home in the family of George Paull, and was employed there for several years.

NATURALIZATION OF JOHN SHERRARD.

While living at Lancaster, my father took the oath of allegiance to the United States at that place December 29, 1777, and the following is a copy of the certificate of his naturalization :

I Do hereby certify, that John Sherrard hath voluntarily taken and subscribed the OATH of Allegiance and Fidelity, as directed by an Act of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, passed the 13th Day of June, 1777.

Witness my Hand and Seal, the 29th Day of December, Anno Domini 1777.

THOMAS WHITESIDE. [L. S.]

No. 11.

Lancaster : Printed by Francis Bailey.

The certificate of which the above is a correct copy was kept in our family for many years, and it was found to be of some service the fall of 1820 at the October election in Ohio. The trustees of Warren Township, Jefferson County, had become so extremely radical that they concluded to stop from voting, not only all persons of foreign birth who were not naturalized, but also all sons of aliens, although born within the limits of the United States. This was the situation of my brother John and myself; but, on presenting this certificate of our father's naturalization, we were permitted to vote ever after. (This original certificate of naturalization is still in existence, and is now in possession of my brother, John Hindman Sherrard, of Rockville, Ind.—T. J. S.)

JOHN SHERRARD'S PART IN THE REVOLUTION.

(There is evidently some confusion in the facts as stated by father when he speaks of his father, John Sherrard, taking part in the battles

of Lexington and Bunker Hill; for contemporary history does not bear out the statement that the "Flying Camp" took part in those battles at the opening of the war. Congress did not authorize the organization of the "Flying Camp" until June 3, 1776,—more than a year after the beginning of the war.

The act authorized the enlisting of 10,000 men, and this famous "Camp" was composed of men from Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware, under command of General Hugh Mercer, who was killed at the battle of Princeton, January 3, 1777. As a matter of fact, only a few Massachusetts militia were engaged at Lexington, and only troops from Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Hampshire were engaged at Bunker Hill, and, so far as is known, there were no Pennsylvania troops in those battles. Indeed, it was the former battle of April 19, 1775, that first aroused the country, and up to that time not a single company had ever been formed at or around Lancaster.

After this the citizens of the county and town of Lancaster, under the Act of the Continental Congress of June 14, 1775, met, and two companies of "expert riflemen" were formed under command of Captains James Ross and Matthew Smith. These companies enlisted for one year from July 1, 1775, and marched to Boston, arriving at Cambridge, August 13, 1775. They took part in the skirmishes of that summer and fall, and remained with Washington near Boston all winter. It is altogether probable that Grandfather John Sherrard was in one of these companies of "expert riflemen," and that he did return to Lancaster the spring of 1776. When we know that during the summer of 1776 different companies were organized in and around Lancaster for the "Flying Camp," and these served, some for two months, and some for a longer period, I have no doubt but that grandfather joined the "Flying Camp" at that time, and continued in the active service as a Revolutionary soldier for a longer or shorter period, and was back in Lancaster at the close of the year 1777, when he was naturalized. He then left Lancaster the spring of 1778, and went out to Western Pennsylvania again.

It is stated in the "History of Lancaster County" that "Many of the militia returned home after a two months' tour of duty, but the commands which joined the 'Flying Camp' generally remained until the

following winter, taking part in the battle of Long Island on the 27th of August, 1776; in the later movements in the vicinity of New York; in the retreat across New Jersey to the Delaware River in December; and in the battles of Trenton and Princeton." (T. J. S.)

The day that my father arrived back in Fayette County from Lancaster, the spring of 1778, was the same day of the funeral of old George Paull, April 1, 1778. Father met the funeral procession before he reached the house, and he turned about and saw the remains of his deceased friend placed in the old graveyard at Laurel Hill, which is about one mile east of the present Laurel Hill Church.

On October 26, 1854, my brother, David, took me to this old graveyard and showed me the grave of my grandfather, Alexander Cathcart, who died April 15, 1780, and was buried there the next day; the grave of my mother, Mary Cathcart Sherrard, who died October 27, 1833, and was buried there the next day; also the graves of Uncle David and Aunt Susanna Cathcart. He showed me also the grave of George Paull, the father of Col. James Paull, who died March 31, 1778, and was buried there the following day.

This graveyard was opened for burial and a square log meeting-house was erected the summer and fall of 1774, and the first Laurel Hill congregation was gathered and preached to and organized at that place in 1774 by the Rev. James Power.

CRAWFORD'S CAMPAIGN.

My father, John Sherrard, continued to live with the family of the deceased, George Paull, and was engaged in business with them for three or four years after his return from Lancaster. In the fall of 1782 he joined with many of his neighbors the expedition known as Crawford's Campaign against the Indians in the Northwest.

In the spring of that year the scheme had been formed for the destruction of the Indian town at Upper Sandusky. Volunteer companies were formed, which rendezvoused at different places, and the general command was given to Colonel William Crawford, who was from the vicinity of Connellsville. After getting the troops of light horse and the necessary equipage ready, he marched the troops from Beesontown, now Uniontown, on the 20th of May, and they proceeded

to the Old Fort, now Brownsville, where more volunteers joined them. On May 22d they arrived in Washington, the county-seat of Washington County, where they were joined by still more volunteers.

They left Washington on May 24th, and on the 25th they arrived at the Ohio River, and crossed the river on the 26th. The place where they crossed was at Mingo Bottom, above the mouth of Cross Creek, and three miles below where Steubenville now stands. After crossing the river, this army of 482 mounted men crossed over the Indian Cross Creek to the west side, and marched up over the ridge on the old Indian trail, which led from Mingo Bottom northwestward. This trail ran only a little to the north of Smithfield and Cadiz, but these towns have been laid out and improved since the year 1804.

This Indian trail also continued on to the place where New Philadelphia now stands, near which there then stood the Moravian towns, occupied at that time by friendly Indians professing Christianity. I well know that in the year 1805 this Indian trail from Mingo passing near Smithfield and so onward to the Moravian towns was not only a plain pathway, but it was at that time and had been for years bygone used by the whites who resided in Western Virginia, and also by the white people who had settled near Steubenville, and as far down the Ohio as the mouth of Indian Short Creek, as a road or pathway in their trading tours to the Moravian towns, along which they carried flour, whiskey, powder and lead, and such other articles as best suited to carry on a trade with the Indians; for which the white traders in return received money, deer and bear skins, and furs of different kinds.

The distance through Ohio from where the army crossed the river, on the nearest route they could go, might be estimated at 175 miles to Upper Sandusky, making better than 20 miles they marched each day. It was the evening of the 4th of June when they arrived near the Sandusky plains, and the action began, the Indians being in readiness awaiting the attack, for they had been apprized of the coming of our troops by their spies, as also their number and situation.

THE BATTLE ON SANDUSKY PLAINS.

The day was very hot and sultry, and our troops suffered very much from the want of water; the sulphurous smoke of the powder combined

with the heat of the day caused great thirst, and much exhausted the spirits of our troops. This day Daniel Cannon and two others climbed up the trees behind which they at first had stationed themselves, and there, secure from the fire of the Indians, fired their deadly shots; but when night came on they descended again to the ground. This day also, while the battle raged strong, and the heat and thirst raged still stronger, while all the troops along the line were busy firing on the Indians, and none durst leave the tree which sheltered him from the balls of the enemy, my father resolved to go in search of water.

He leaned his gun against the tree that sheltered him from danger, and set off to seek water, which was a scarce article on the plains of Sandusky at that season of the year. However he found where a large tree had been blown out by the roots, and in the hollow place left there was a pool of water. It was not good, but it was better than none, and he quenched his thirst, and carried some back to his almost famished comrades in his canteen.

With another canteen he returned for more water, and again and again he brought water to his company. I have heard my father often say that as he passed and repassed carrying the water he could hear the bullets whistle to the right and left of him, and yet he was still preserved amidst the scenes of danger and carnage.

Mr. John Rodgers, who belonged to the same company, and whose thirst was quenched from my father's canteen, informed me long since my father's death, that he knew not how my father escaped, exposed as he was, when none else along the line would undertake such a dangerous task, and that he passed near the head of the company supplying them with water, and a soldier belonging to the adjoining company asked for a drink, which was given him; but my father told him, at the same time, that if he wanted any more it was free for him if he would only venture for it.

They had arrived on the evening of the 4th of June, and this first day's battle was on the 5th, and although the day's work was ended, the troops got no sleep that night, for they skirmished, by turns, all night; and as soon as daylight was come the battle was renewed with vigor on both sides; but the Indians, this second day, had greatly the advantage, as their numbers were every hour increasing. This day, the 6th of

June, was as warm as the day previous, and as the battle began as the day advanced the heat and thirst of the men grew greater, so that my father was obliged to resume his old perilous post of carrying water again in the canteens, encouraging his comrades, at the same time, to fight on bravely, and he would act his part by furnishing them with such water as he could find.

After he had performed this duty for several hours, being overcome with heat and fatigue, and having slept none the night before, he sat down at the root of a large red-oak tree on the opposite side from the enemy. Here he intended to sit and rest himself, and so he did, for he had not sat long till sleep overcame him, and he was soon clasped tightly in the arms of Morpheus, where he lay sweetly reposing until aroused by a ball which struck the tree some distance above his head, and shivered the bark off, which fell on his head and roused him from his sweet slumbers, and to his work he went again. On his return, with his canteens full of water, his companions under arms were glad to see him, they having missed him for almost two hours, supposing that a ball from the enemy had stopped him on the way. I have heard him several times observe that he was not the least daunted or afraid; although the bullets flew thick, yet he was preserved and left unhurt. He was young and unmarried, and the decree of Divine Providence was not yet filled; he had yet to marry and raise a family for the purpose allotted and the use of society.

CRAWFORD'S DEFEAT AND RETREAT.

But the Indians were so numerously reinforced this day, and the ammunition of our men was failing so fast, that the Commander, Colonel Crawford, thought it would be most advisable and prudent to retreat with such of the wounded as were able to go. This was a trying scene, for many were so wounded as not to be able to retreat. They had all gone out chiefly well-mounted, but some of their horses had broken loose; some had gotten swamped or mired and others had been killed by the enemy's fire.

When night came on fires were kindled for the purpose of making the Indians believe that our men were determined to keep the ground on which they had fought so bravely the preceding days and nights. But

all was bustle and stir, every one exerting himself in the best manner he could preparatory to their leaving the plains which had now become a place of horror and dread to almost the stoutest heart. The night was dark and the Indian yell was continually falling on the ear, together with the cries and groans of the wounded and dying; all conspired to render the scene distressing and appalling.

As soon as marching orders were given, in many instances it was every man for himself; but still the main body or the greater number of the troops fell into line under the command of Crawford and Williamson.

They had, however, retreated only a short distance when Colonel Crawford, apprehensive for the safety of his son John, stopped the troops and made inquiry and search all along the line for him, and finding that he was not in the line on the retreat, Crawford made an earnest request for a number of volunteers to turn out of the line and go back with him to make search for his son among the wounded, dying or dead. Amongst those that turned out to accompany Colonel Crawford in making this search was my father and a Mr. Harbaugh, a saddler to trade from Beesontown, now Uniontown; Doctor Knight and John Slover, one of the pilots, and others, to the number of twenty, leaving Colonel Williamson to conduct the retreat, while Crawford, with his small band of volunteers, returned to the battle ground and made diligent search for his son, but to no purpose. He was, in reality, safe enough in the line on the retreat, but of this his father knew nothing, but spent several hours making fruitless search for the living among the dead.

After the fruitless search was over, Crawford held a consultation with his little band, whether they should take the trail and endeavor to overtake the main body of the troops, or take a nearer route home by way of Fort McIntosh, situated at the mouth of Big Beaver.

The latter was decided upon by Crawford and most of the men now with him; but my father and Harbaugh would not consent to go this near way home with so small a company, although it was urged by Crawford and others that the Beaver route home would be much more safe than the other, for the reason that as soon as the Indians would find that a retreat was made, they would follow the main body of the troops, and harass them on their retreat, which would make it the safer passage by Fort McIntosh.

But this reasoning had no effect on the minds of my father and Harbaugh, and they immediately turned their horses and took the trail made by the main body. This trail they pursued the remainder of the night with all the speed they were able to make, not knowing how soon they might be overtaken or met by the Indians.

Crawford and those men with him had made some progress during the night, but the next day, the 7th of June, he and his men were surrounded by the Indians and made prisoners, and two of them only, Knight and Slover, made their escape, while Crawford himself was burned at the stake, suffering the most heart-rending agonies.

SAD FATE OF DANIEL HARBAUGH.

My father and Harbaugh traveled on steadily all through that dreary night without molestation, but about ten o'clock the next morning, June 7th, my father being foremost on the trail, spied an Indian step behind a tree, and at that moment he dismounted and stepped behind a tree and was safe, and at the same time called out to Harbaugh to tree. Poor Harbaugh, ill-fated man, did dismount, but as he had not seen the Indian, he stood on the side of the tree next to the Indian, gazing around to see if he could see the Indian. But his chance for gazing around was short, for Harbaugh had only just dismounted, when my father peeped around the tree to see if he could get a shot at the Indian; but instead of seeing the Indian, he saw the flash of the Indian's gun and heard the report follow the flash, and likewise heard the solemn words audibly pronounced in his ears from the mouth of poor Harbaugh: "God have mercy on me; I am a dead man," and gradually sank down in a sitting position at the foot of the tree. The Indian at once took to flight, as he had discharged his gun, and my father, seeing that Harbaugh was dead, did not lose a moment, but pulled the saddle and bridle from Harbaugh's horse and let him go, and then pulled the pack-saddle from his own horse, and put on Harbaugh's in its place. Having mounted, he rode perhaps half a mile, meditating upon the wonderful providence whereby Harbaugh was taken and he was left, when he suddenly bethought him of his provision and blanket, which was in a blanket and tied fast to his pack-saddle.

He did not dare run the risk of doing without provision, and he

quickly rode back to the spot where Harbaugh was shot, and found that in the short time he had been gone the Indian had returned and scalped Harbaugh, but was now nowhere to be seen, but he had left the pack-saddle with the wallet tied to it. This my father loosed with the provisions in it, and again took to the trail.

My father said he was frequently asked why he rode a pack-saddle, and he said that he had left his own good saddle at home, as it had fallen to him when his company set out on the campaign to purchase and take with him 200 pounds of flour for the use of the company, and he took this pack-saddle to carry the flour on, and all that was now left for him was an ash-cake in the wallet. My father said: "It saved my new riding saddle, for which I had paid, in 1780, the sum of \$40, continental money."

ESCAPE OF JOHN SHERRARD.

My father kept on all day following the trail to overtake the main body of the troops, overwhelmed with the thought of the suddenness of the loss of his friend and comrade, Harbaugh. This was the 7th day of June, 1782, a day long to be remembered by my father, and from this time onward he resolved that this day, as long as he lived, he would set apart and dedicate to God, his Maker and Preserver, as a day of fasting, thanksgiving and prayer; and this he strictly observed as long as he lived year by year, for the space of twenty-seven successive years.

On this SEVENTH day of June he performed no manner of work, and took no manner of food till after the sun went down.

All through this day, as he followed the trail, he saw no Indians, and about sunset he came up with the troops.

Coming round the turn of a hill, the first intimation he had of his approach to the retreating army was the cheering sound of music, as he heard them playing a French March, which he had learned during his service as volunteer in the Revolution, 1775-76. This music so revived his spirits and cheered his heart that he joined in the music, whistling the tune as he rode among his comrades, who hailed him with a hearty cheer, rejoicing at his escape, particularly on hearing of the death of Harbaugh, a very worthy man and much esteemed by his comrades in arms, as well as by all who knew him at home.

It was now twenty-four hours since the retreat had begun, and as the night set in the retreating troops were sorely harassed by the Indians in the rear of the army all night, until fair daylight, when they betook themselves back again to the Sandusky Plains to sport with and torment the poor prisoners they had taken two days before.

It was with the greatest difficulty that Colonel Williamson was able to maintain any kind of order and discipline of the troops during the retreat that night, but by obeying the orders of the commander he was able to conduct the whole of his retreating army, for the most part, safe to the Ohio River. There were some few who voluntarily left the line of retreat and rambled where they pleased, until they were picked off by the Indians or made prisoners and put to the most cruel torture that savage barbarity could invent.

After Williamson got his men safe over the Ohio River and back into the settlements of Pennsylvania, he discharged the troops, as many of them belonged to Washington County. The rest of the army, which belonged to Fayette County, kept together as far as necessary, until they had occasion to turn to their respective homes.

As to my father, he stopped with his cousin, Hugh Shearer (or Sherrard), who resided at that time on the waters of Chartiers Creek, in Washington County. Here he rested only the remainder of the day and one night, and next day returned home to the residence of George Paull, the father of James Paull, who was one of father's comrades in this campaign. As soon as father had arrived home there was great solicitude and much inquiry made for James Paull, who had not arrived, and of whom no tidings had been heard. My father could give no satisfactory account of him since the night when the retreat had been ordered. Paull had fallen asleep, when my father had found him, and gave him a shake or two, calling to him at the same time and using these words: "Jamey, Jamey, up and let us be off; the men's away." Paull told me himself afterwards that, with these words of my father, he immediately sprang to his feet, and stepped to the sapling where his horse had been tied, but to his disappointment he found his horse had slipped his bridle, and by the time he had recovered his horse he was away behind the main body of retreating troops, and he had to make his own way, with many hairbreadth escapes, through the wilderness back home.

Thus my father was able to give the Paull family no account of James after the night he had wakened him on the battle-ground, but he endeavored to keep up the hopes of his mother and sisters by assuring them that he would no doubt be home in a few days,—that a great many of the men had wandered off from the main body of troops; and sure enough James Paull did arrive home three days after my father, to the great joy of his father's family.

A great many did not return, for out of a full company to which my father and James Paull belonged, only nine returned to their homes, and among these nine were my father, James Paull, John Rodgers, Daniel Cannon, Alexander Carson and William Gilgrist.

This Daniel Cannon, one of the heroes of Crawford's campaign, was a very early settler, four miles from Connellsville, near which place Colonel Crawford resided.

He was a brother to John Cannon, who afterwards laid out Cannonsburg, at which place, long since the defeat of Colonel Crawford, many a student has been educated.

George Paull, the father of Col. James Paull, of whom I have made honorable mention, as being one of the volunteers in this campaign, was commissioned by the Federal Government as paymaster of the scouts and spies that were constantly on the move to assist in keeping off the Indians. The fall of 1777 he went to Pittsburgh to draw money from the Government agent at Fort Pitt, and while there he took the small-pox, and went home and died of that disease, much lamented as a useful citizen, and one among the earliest settlers in the neighborhood in which he lived.

In my young days I was acquainted with six or seven of the men who were out in Crawford's campaign, as they were volunteers from the neighborhood where I was brought up, within four or five miles of Connellsville. I have heard my father converse freely on the subject of that campaign; and at a much later date I have conversed with James Paull and John Rodgers on the same subject, and I can now assert positively that I never heard from either of these three the least intimation that the expedition was for the purpose of killing off the remainder of the Christian Moravian Indians. But, on the contrary, I have frequently heard these men say that the main object of Crawford and his men was to chastise the Wyandottes, by killing as many as

they could, and burn their town and destroy their corn. This and this only was the object of these men in undertaking this campaign, and by that means to check the Indians from murdering, scalping and plundering the white inhabitants on the frontier settlements, as had been the case for two months before

Hugh Sherrard, my father's cousin, where he stopped on his way home from Crawford's defeat, was among the very earliest settlers of Washington County, Pennsylvania.

He was the son of Hugh Sherrard, who resided in Coleraine, County Derry, Ireland, on the east side of the Bann Water. He was an elder brother to my grandfather, William Sherrard, and retained a good deal of the Scotch dialect, manners and customs. I have heard my father recite a visit which he performed when a youth across the Bann Water to his Uncle Hugh's. On rising the top of the hill or mountain, which lies between Newton Limavady and the Bann Water, on which Coleraine is situated, the hill was so high above the water, and being early in the morning, he could see the fog rising and rolling up from the water like large clouds,—at first a very great way below, but soon rising far above the sky-topped hills on which he stood.

AN INDIAN MASSACRE.

My father's cousin, old Hugh Sherrard, had settled, in 1772, between Miller's Run and Catfish, which is now called Washington. He had a son, a full second cousin of mine, who had married in the spring of 1773. Being desirous of setting up for himself, he had purchased the right to a tract of good land a short distance east of where the Cross Roads, (now Florence), meeting-house at the present time stands, near the stream called Raccoon.

He left his wife at his father's, and went over to Raccoon to make improvements preparatory to moving his young wife shortly to her new home. But while at work in the woods he was shot down and scalped by an Indian, and as soon as word of this sad catastrophe was brought to his father, the neighbors turned out to the number of twenty men. Being well armed, they went to the place where young Sherrard lay shot and scalped, and twelve of their number volunteered to pursue the Indians. They followed their trail to the Ohio River, but they

found that the Indians had recrossed the river in their bark canoes, and the men pursued them no farther, but returned home. The other eight men who were left with young Sherrard made a hand-barrow and carried him home to his father's house. He was buried at the Presbyterian burying-ground at Chartiers Church, where the family were members, and where the Rev. John McMillan then preached, leaving an afflicted family and young wife to mourn his death.

MARVELOUS ESCAPE OF COL. JAMES PAULL.

I will now attempt to give some account of why young Paull did not return with the main body of the troops under the command of Colonel Williamson, as I received it from the lips of Colonel James Paull himself the January of 1826. Paull said that on the evening of the 6th of June, after Colonel Crawford had given orders for those who had flour to bake it, and prepare to retreat in as silent a manner as possible at nine o'clock at night, leaving their fires burning as bright as if all were retiring to rest; he stated that on coming out to Upper Sandusky, as they burnt the Moravian town on the Muskingum, some one picked up a spade, and thinking it might be useful to bake bread on, it was carried on to camp at Sandusky. It was made use of to bake bread on the evening just before the retreat, and had been thrown aside hot from the fire, and young Paull, not knowing it was hot, set his foot on it, and his moccasin being worn through at the bottom, and the sole of his foot thick, he did not feel the heat till his foot was badly burned, which gave him great pain, till some one who had some whiskey in reserve applied some of it to the burn, and it eased the pain so that he soon fell asleep near the camp-fire. He awoke on hearing my father's voice: "Jamey, Jamey! up, and let us be off; the men's away." And that was the last he saw of my father till he saw him again at home. Paull found his horse had slipped the bridle; but on groping round, he found him standing at the tail of two other horses hitched near by. He bridled his horse and mounted, and at the same time others mounted; but it was now too dark to take the trail of the main army, and there being nine now in his company—eight others with himself—they concluded to take the nearest route east for home, and they struck out, guided by the stars.

But, to their misfortune, they had not gone far on the homeward

direction till they found they had ridden into a deep swamp, where they got their horses fast in the mud, so that it seemed impossible to get them extricated.

They had to leave their horses there, and get out of the swamp as best they could by stepping from tussock to tussock till they came out on good ground; but one poor fearful comrade, in his hurry to get on, would slip down between the tussocks, and would bawl out lustily, for God's sake not to leave him; and so loud and pitiful was his cry that if the Indians had been near, they all might have been made prisoners. However, they met with no other impediment in their course that night, but kept steadily on through the whole night and the next day till noon without tasting food, so anxious were they to make for home and get clear of the Indians behind.

About noon they came to a place of high weeds, where they knew they would be screened from the view of any Indians that might be prowling about; and here they broke down the weeds and spread down a blanket, and each took his provision, such as he had, and put it down on the blanket, all seated around. But the fearful comrade that made such a noise in the swamp would often pop up and peep over the weeds on the lookout for Indians.

At length he said in a low voice: "Hide, boys; yonder comes Indians." Paull said each man shot further into the weeds and lay down; but, for his part, he saw close by a thick clump of alder bushes, and was completely concealed by the thick foliage. And right opposite to him, a few yards' distance, the Indians, to the number of twenty-five, all mounted on Indian ponies, stopped, and looked about, and listened, as if they had heard our men hiding; but all was now quiet, and they hearing no more noise, the foremost of them gave a whistle, and kicked his horse in the sides and started, and they all kicked their horses as did their leader, and kept on the trail toward Sandusky.

Paull said he had a fine chance to put a bullet into one of these redskins, if he had dared; but that was not to be thought of. As soon as the Indians were gone, the men gathered around the blanket again, but not to eat; for each man now thought he had enough, and took up his provision and marched on. The evening of the second day, as they crossed an open piece of ground, they saw, at a considerable distance,

out of gun-shot, a solitary Indian, who ran off and was soon out of sight. However, these nine men lay down fatigued, and slept soundly; but that solitary Indian that night conveyed word of what he had seen to other Indians, who came on and lay in ambush the next day. And as these men were marching on, suspecting no harm, the Indians fired on them, and four out of the nine fell. The Indians rose up, and one of them that spoke pretty good English called to the remaining five to surrender, and not a man of them should be hurt.

But Paull said, for his part, he could put no confidence in an Indian, and immediately broke and ran for his life. After running some distance, he looked back and saw his four comrades tomahawked at the tree that each had taken, and that moment three of the Indians took after Paull to catch him; but that made him put forth all his energy and run for dear life. After a while he ventured to look over his shoulder, and found that he had actually gained on the Indians, and he also discovered that one of the three pursuers had dropped off, and had returned back.

Soon after a second one fell back also, and the third one, seeing that Paull was still gaining, fell back, and Paull was left to run alone. Perceiving that his last enemy had left off the pursuit, Paull, in his great joy and relief, slackened his pace, but still at a smart walk pursued his way.

I have already mentioned that Paull had his foot badly burned; this burn was a great injury to him in his journey, since he had lost his horse in the swamp, and what made his case worse, the sole was worn out of his moccasin. But having found the half of an Indian blanket, which he had picked up on the battle-field, and had taken care of, he had kept his foot bandaged with a piece of this blanket, and as that would wear off, he would bind on another piece. That evening, after the loss of his comrades, and the race the three Indians gave him, he took it more easy, and as the evening approached, feeling less apprehensive of pursuit, and knowing that he must be exhausted for the want of sleep and food and the amount of travel, he began to look out for a suitable place for rest and sleep for the night. At length he came to a large hollow log, into which he crept, taking his gun in with him, and here he rested well all night.

Next morning he early left his resting-place, and again took his

course for home ; but at first he could scarcely walk a step, his foot was so sore and painful ; and what was still worse, his scanty provision was now gone, and the only subsistence he had till after he crossed the Ohio River was one young blackbird which he caught and ate raw, and he had occasionally a supply of service berries, which in some localities on his route were plenty and ripe at this season of the year,—June 9, 1782. He now traveled on at his own chosen gait, just as he could, not caring much about Indians, nor did he see any for long after his return home. In steering his course homeward, he passed near the place where Mount Vernon now stands, in Knox County, Ohio, as he supposed when he talked with me in January, 1826 ; there he fell in on the waters of Owl Creek, and passed down the same until near its junction with Mohegan Creek, where he fell in with an old Indian trail. Here he discovered fresh signs of Indians having passed on towards or in the direction of Sandusky, which made him alter his course and take over the hills the nearest way to the Tuscarawas River. After he had left the Indian trail a little, he sat down to rest a little, being weary and faint from a severe day's travel, with a sore burnt foot and but little food. While resting here, he saw at no great distance a shelving rock with abundance of leaves under it.

This place he thought would be a good place to rest and sleep through the night, as dusk was already coming on ; but he thought he was too near the Indian trail to lodge there, and he therefore resolved to travel all that night and the next day, and that would perhaps put him out of the reach of the Indians.

After resting till dark, he started, but found he was too much exhausted from loss of sleep and food, and could gain no headway, for his head became dizzy, causing him to reel and stagger ; and what little he did gain was with great exertion and much difficulty. Finding he could not travel, he resolved to spend the night under that shelving rock, which he did, and on the morning of the 10th of June he arose much refreshed, and pursued his way, crossing the Tuscarawas River ; and in two days more he found himself at the Ohio River, a little above where Wheeling now stands. As the river was too deep to cross, he kept up the river till he came a short distance above the mouth of Rush Run ; and there, finding a pile of driftwood, he made a raft, and soon

found himself safe on the Virginia shore. Up over the river bank he saw a number of horses feeding on the river bottom, and he determined to secure one of them, as his foot was still painful. He made a halter of white walnut bark, and after many trials he succeeded in catching a poor raw-boned old mare, and mounted on this steed, he took the trail that lay up the river hill. Following this path, he at length came to an improvement where he heard a cock crow, and that for the first time since he had left the Ohio River on the outward-bound campaign; but here he found no inhabitants.

Still keeping the path, it led him on past several other improvements, where the chickens were crowing, but no owners were to be seen, until the path finally led him to a fort on the bank of Virginia Short Creek. To this fort all the people of the surrounding neighborhood had fled on the word being brought in by stragglers from Upper Sandusky of Crawford's defeat, and this news produced a general panic as far as the word of the defeat had reached. On entering the fort, to his surprise Paull found several of his companions in arms from the battle-field of the Sandusky Plains, and they had reached the fort a day or two ahead of him. Here he stayed a day and a night, and rested himself, and doctored his burnt foot, which was painfully sore and much swollen. Here he also procured a horse, upon which he rode to the house of a relative, who resided near Catfish (now Washington).

With this relative Paull remained for several days, by which he was much refreshed, after several days of almost starvation. At this resting-place he obtained a horse, upon which he rode home to his mother and sisters, who received him joyfully as one alive from the dead.

A day or two after my father's return from Crawford's campaign, he went to Uniontown to break the sad news of Harbaugh's death to his widow, and at the same time returned the saddle.

It will be seen by this narrative how close the chance of life was in the case of James Paull, as well as that of my father on the 7th of June, as Paull was on the 8th of June, and that, too, by an overruling Providence, who had no doubt work for both to do. James Paull became the grandfather of two Presbyterian ministers,—the Rev. Alfred Paull, of Wheeling, and the Rev. George Paull, a Presbyterian missionary in Western Africa, who died there in 1865.

(The Paulls and Sherrards have been friends through three or four generations, and for more than a century.

Many a time have I visited at the old Paull homestead in Fayette County, Pa., about three miles from Connellsville, and two miles from Uncle David A. C. Sherrard's.

Joseph Paull, son of this Colonel James Paull, and grandson of George Paull, where my grandfather found a home when he first came to this country, was a contemporary of my father, Robert, and his brother, David; and it was at the house of Joseph that I visited. He was a most devoted and godly man, and for many years until his death he was an elder in the Connellsville Church. His wife was a Miss Rodgers, of Brownsville, and they had four children,—George, the missionary; Elizabeth, who married the Rev. N. H. G. Fife, and is now (August 6, 1888) with her husband, who is pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Sterling, Ill.; James, who was with me in college, and who succeeded his father in the farm and business at home, and married, and has for a number of years been an elder in his father's place in the Connellsville Church; and Joseph, who is younger than I, but who was also with me in college, and is now a lawyer in Wheeling and Judge of the Circuit Court.—T. J. S.)

COURTSHIP OF JOHN SHERRARD.

After this my father, for the space of two years, followed his usual occupation, without anything worthy of notice taking place, only that during this time he was busily engaged at times soliciting the hand of Mary Cathcart in marriage, which he at length obtained, and they were married May 5, 1784.

At the time of their marriage John Sherrard was in the thirty-fourth year of his age, and Mary Cathcart was in the thirty-third year of her age. She was born three miles from Enniskillen, capital of County Fermanagh, Ireland, September 28, 1751, of respectable and wealthy parents. Her father's name was Alexander Cathcart, and her mother was the amiable and well-accomplished Ann Gamble, of Graan Hill, daughter of David Gamble.

Near this town the Cathcarts and Gambles have resided in succeeding generations, ever since the reign of King James the First, in whose reign they emigrated from Scotland. At the time of their migration

from Scotland all the Cathcarts and Gambles that came over professed to belong to the Church of Scotland. But some considerable time afterwards, when King William came over from England and fought with King James II. the memorable Battle of the Boyne in the year 1690, the Cathcarts flocked to the standard of King William in such numbers that one whole company was formed of men altogether of the name of Cathcart. These men fought with such valor and bravery that their captain was promoted, and his descendants in process of time gained the title of Lord Cathcart, which title they retain to the present day.

Alexander Cathcart had an uncle, Andrew Cathcart, who fought in the Battle of the Boyne on the side of King William, at the age of ELEVEN years; and during the battle this boy, Andrew, fired eleven rounds of cartridge from his musket, which he leaned on a rest fixed for the purpose by placing a small wooden fork in the ground.

Land once owned by the Catholic nobility in the following counties in the north and west of Ireland was confiscated, to wit: The Counties of Antrim, Derry, Donegal, Tyrone, Down and Fermanagh. The land in these counties was given by King James the First of England and Sixth of Scotland to his Lords of Scotland; and the confiscated land of all the other counties in the South and East of Ireland was given to the Lords of England.

These Lords both of England and Scotland farmed it out to tenants by way of life-leases. A lease during the lessee's own life was a common mode of giving and continuing leases from father to son. I remember to have heard both my mother, Mary Cathcart Sherrard, and my uncle, her brother, David Cathcart, mention that their great-grandfather Cathcart, after coming from the highlands of Scotland with his noble "clan of highlanders," stopped on land three miles from Enniskillen, and he—the great-grandfather—took a common lease during his own lifetime, at a rent of nine pounds a year during the said life-lease.

They further stated that the said great-grandfather had loaned his landlord in a pinch the sum of thirty pounds, hard money—gold guineas—formerly a gold coin of Great Britain of the value of twenty-one shillings sterling—equal to $\$4.66\frac{2}{3}$, American money.

After this landlord had had the use of the said thirty pounds for the

space of nearly four years, it was thought by their great-grandmother that it was time it was paid, and she urged her husband to dun the landlord to pay back the money. But the poor landlord, although rich in land, had not the means at hand to pay up; but on being repeatedly urged, he finally made a grand offer to my great-great-grandfather, and that was, if he would give the landlord up his note, he, the landlord, would, in consideration of the thirty pounds, give him a good and sufficient lease at nine pounds a year forever, while wood grew and water run. But our ancestor had no notion of taking the landlord at his generous offer, and, like many others, could not see what was to his own self-interest, and had no idea that rents on good land would ever rise. His wife persuaded him not to give away the money, for it would be good when it would come; but it did not come, for money was scarce; and for want of money in the hands of the landlord, our ancestor was induced by the kindness and willingness of the landlord to lift the amount of the note, a little now and a little then—sometimes in salt, and sometimes in leather—and finally the whole amount of the note was lifted, and our ancestor and his family did not know themselves one whit the better of the amount of the thirty-pound note; and they had no free-hold lease, and in after-times this short-sightedness became a sore trouble to the descendants of this penurious old great-grandfather.

For after his death his son, my mother's grandfather, had to renew the lease for his own lifetime, and the yearly rent was raised on him to eighteen pounds,—just double what it had been the generation before. But that was not all,—at the death of this grandfather of my mother, her own father, Alexander Cathcart, came into possession of his father's lease, and now, on his renewing it for his life, the rent was again raised to the round sum of sixty pounds a year.

After grandfather, Alexander Cathcart, had secured his farm by a common life-lease—not a freehold lease, while wood grew and water run—his next object was to stock it with a sufficient number of horses, cows, etc.—and his next and most important object of all was to search out a suitable person, with suitable qualifications as a helpmeet to be a companion and take charge of his household. He came to the conclusion that there was no one so well suited in his view as Ann Gamble.

She was a hearty, healthy lass of twenty-one summers, and was sister to several wealthy and well-to-do farmers, by name Baptist, William, David and Andrew Gamble,—the latter, on different occasions, made seven successful trading trips from Ireland to the United States and back again.

This girl, Ann Gamble, that my grandfather chose to be his wife, was brought up, as were her four brothers, as a member of the Presbyterian Church. And as she was in full membership in the Presbyterian Church, she, in entering into the marriage contract with Alexander Cathcart, was not willing to give up her connection with the Presbyterian Church, and join, with her husband, the Episcopal Church, to which he belonged. The matter was finally settled between them that if they should have any children, it was to be understood that the boys should go with their father to the Episcopal Church, and the girls should go with their mother to the Presbyterian Church.

Alexander Cathcart and Ann Gamble were married March 17, 1743, and they had seven children, three boys and four girls, as follows:

David, born March 17, 1744; Magdalene; Jane; Sarah; Mary, my mother, born September 28, 1751; Robert, who died in Ireland while a young man. His death was caused by a fall, which he got in wrestling with a Connaught man on a hard barn-floor,—he was unmarried and therefore died without issue. The seventh child was a son named Andrew.

The father of these children, Alexander Cathcart, in his young days was a man of robust, sound, hearty, hardy constitution, and remained such till after his children were born, and were in part raised, when a circumstance occurred, which was not only the cause of impairing his health, but was the exciting cause of his death. He kept a part of his farm for stock, which was common among the wealthy farmers of Ireland, the young cattle of which he commonly drove up on the mountain in the summer months and left them during that season under the care of the poor peasants of the mountain, who were all Catholics. These poor peasants generally took care of the cattle for a mere trifle, having the liberty of bleeding them at times stated; this blood they boiled and prepared for food, and was a rich repast to these people on the mountain.

He had paid a visit to see how these cattle were thriving, and on his return down the mountain a heavy gust of rain overtook him far from any house or shelter, and although it was summer-time and the weather warm and fine, yet the rain was cold, and poured on him heavy and fast, so that he was soon wet through all his clothes, and chilled with almost a death chill. In this situation he rode home, took his bed and remained sick for some days, and at length recovered, but not finally to enjoy that good health which had been his constant companion from his youth. The cold brought on by this wetting developed into asthma, and in this situation he applied to a great variety of physicians for relief, but got none.

At length the most eminent of his physicians recommended him to take a sea voyage, but this he could not at first agree to do; however, finding that his health was growing worse, he concluded to venture on a sea voyage.

This he now could the more readily do since his eldest son, David, who had married Susannah Guthridge, daughter of Mr. Thomas Guthridge, was now gone to America to seek his fortune, as many of his countrymen had done before him, and as Andrew Gamble, his wife's brother—that is, Alexander Cathcart's wife's brother—had gone thither many years before. He now concluded that he could make a sea voyage to America, and at the same time visit his son and his brother-in-law. Under these conclusions he made arrangements at home for his departure, by leaving his beloved wife for a season, and his youngest son, Andrew, at this time but a boy; his two daughters having been married for some time, that is Jane and Sarah—Magdalene was married before—and were well settled in the world to his satisfaction; he took his youngest daughter, Mary, with him as a nurse to take care of him in his weak state of impaired health, expecting only to winter in America and return home to his wife and family in the spring.

I say under these expectations and prospects he bade his wife, children and friends FAREWELL, but it was a last ADIEU; they never met again on this side of the grave,—the vessel weighed anchor and hoisted sail, and very soon they got but a last faint view of their native isle.

In eighty-eight days the vessel anchored in the Delaware at New Castle, where they landed, from whence they soon found a conveyance

to New London Cross Roads, near which place his son, David Cathcart, and his brother-in-law, Andrew Gamble, lived.

This New London is in the southeastern part of Chester County, Pa., four miles north of the Maryland line, and is about eighteen miles from New Castle, Delaware.

Here they were kindly received in the month of December, 1773, after a sea voyage of three months.

At the time of their landing great commotions seemed to be on foot in the United States in consequence of the tea ship which then lay in the harbor in Boston, and which had been unladen of its tea by a company of men under the disguise of Mohawk Indians, and they had thrown the tea into the river. Notwithstanding these commotions and the great noise of an open rupture with the mother country, Alexander Cathcart and his daughter Mary contented themselves during the winter in the prospect and full expectation of a speedy return home to Ireland in the spring. But when the spring opened they found their hopes cut off, as it was now becoming dangerous to return from the United States to Europe, and in this situation they remained till the war broke out and raged for years without any prospect of its termination.

At length David Cathcart concluded to cross over to the west side of the Allegheny Mountains and seek a residence and a home in what was then called the backwoods.

And as the war still raged between the Americans and the English, and no chance to pass safely to Ireland appeared, it was concluded upon that Alexander Cathcart and his daughter Mary should accompany his son David in his removal west of the mountains; yet he consented to this very reluctantly, as he still entertained hopes of the termination of the war, at which time he hoped to find a passage home again to Ireland to the bosom of his wife and family and his friends.

Notwithstanding his reluctance, he did accompany his son David, with his daughter Mary, over the mountains, where they settled in a cabin between the Youghioghny River and Redstone Creek, between where Connellsville and Uniontown now stand, in a settlement then and long afterwards known as the "Redstone Settlement."

During the journey over the mountains the old gentleman's health was but poor and his spirits low, so much so that when they arrived at

the cabin aforementioned he was so weak that he had to be helped in and out of bed like a child. And the next morning, while his son David and his hired man held him up on a sheet while his daughter Mary made the bed, he fainted, and his spirit took its flight to another world, and the next day his remains were decently buried in the Presbyterian graveyard at the old meeting-house. He died April 15, 1780.

His son, David Cathcart, married Susannah Guthridge, in Ireland, September 3, 1770, and they came to America in 1772. She died in Fayette County April 21, 1826, aged 78, and he died June 17, 1836.

My mother's brother, David Cathcart, having at an earlier period than 1776 settled in Nottingham Township, Chester County, Pa., in a settlement of Quakers, they induced my uncle, some time after they had become acquainted with him, to rent a mill in that township, in Chester County, the spring of 1776, which mill he kept rented till the spring of 1780, at which time he left and moved out west and settled west of the mountains, in Dunbar Township, Fayette County, Pa.

In January, 1831, James Armstrong came to me as I was then living on the old farm once owned by John Hindman, the father of my wife, Jane Hindman, and requested me to go home with him and instruct him how to make a good strong ox-sled. I complied with his request, and in three days we had what they wanted, a well-made, good, strong ox-sled. But we did not pretend to work at the sled at night, but sat around the fire chatting till bed-time. And the first night old Mr. Armstrong, whose first name was Gabriel, the father of James, and who lived till he was ninety-five years of age, made inquiry of me if my father and mother had come from Ireland, and if so, from what parts there. I replied that my father came from County Derry, Ireland, and my mother from County Fermanagh, three miles from Enniskillen.

"And what was your mother's maiden-name?" he eagerly asked. "Her maiden name was Mary Cathcart," I replied.

"And was she any akin to David Cathcart?" he as eagerly inquired. "David Cathcart was my mother's eldest brother," said I.

This information astonished old Mr. Armstrong, but he soon recovered himself, and told me that he had been well acquainted with David Cathcart in their young days, for they had been school-boys together, and at that time, when at school together, the only difference between

us was that he was five years older than I, and he was a much stouter and bigger boy. And said he: "I remember he wore at school a red cap in place of a hat; he and I were born old style, he in 1744 and I in 1749. Your uncle married and came away from Ireland before the Revolutionary War, and I did not come in till long after that war was over. I made my first settlement after crossing the mountains near to Brownsville, and had occasion to go to Mason's Furnace for some castings for house use. And having heard of David Cathcart living on the roadside a few miles this side of the furnace, I stopped to see him, and he afterwards paid us a visit while we were living near Brownsville, and that was the last meeting we had."

From the time old Gabriel Armstrong had made my acquaintance just mentioned, I was always treated by the old man and his two sons, James and William, as if I had been a near relative, or a connection of the family; and that affection was sincere,—no affectation about it, and it lasted while life lasted with them.

Thus lived and died Alexander Cathcart far from his home and his native land,—far from his wife and children and friends, in a strange land, nearly a wilderness, with few to mourn his loss or applaud his worth. Here, it is true, were his eldest son David and his wife, and his daughter Mary, who could hardly sustain the shock of grief, since he had been her constant companion, and for a time she refused to be comforted. She knew she had lost her father, friend and guardian; she had lost him who had been the comfort and stay of her youth; him who had guided her feet in the paths of virtue and religion; him who had so often prayed with and for her, and had pointed the way to heaven and happiness with his eyes turned thitherward,—those eyes that had watched over her childhood and ripening years were now closed forever in the sleep of death. And that body which once exhibited every glow of health and vigor was now laid under the clods of the valley to moulder to dust, and there to rest from its labors till the last trumpet shall sound to awake it from its slumbering.

Alexander Cathcart, at his death, was in the sixty-sixth year of his age, and but few men have lived as honest and virtuous a life; his wife, Ann Gamble Cathcart, survived him thirty years, and died, universally esteemed by all who knew her, in the ninety-third year of her age.

But to return—What made it still more painful and hard to bear for the mind of Mary Cathcart, she now saw herself in a wilderness, more than three thousand miles from home, separated by a vast ocean from her mother, brother, sisters and friends, and that without any possible chance of returning to their embraces and pleasing society. While her father lived there was yet a possible chance of their returning so soon as the war would be over, but now, seeing he was dead, hope hung upon the end of a poisoned arrow, and that wounded, dying hope must now give place to anguish, grief and sorrow, and almost despair. Her situation could not now be bettered by looking back upon the past, or retracing the long road and distance which lay between her and her friends and home.

She must bring her mind to bear up under afflictions and deprivations, and what philosophy cannot do for her, religion can do; the mind must now be brought to submit to the will of her heavenly Father, who no doubt had a wise purpose to bring about in all this which appeared to her so grievous and so great a calamity. She must now, in a great measure, forget the land of her nativity, with all its variety of innocent sports of youth with her friends and relations, and turn her attention on what may be her future prospects, and trust in the guidance of that Providence who had hitherto conducted her in peace, safety and health from childhood to riper years.

She was now, at the time of her father's death, in the twenty-ninth year of her age, and although troubles and sorrows had now taken hold of her, yet the bloom of youth was not at this time in the least faded,—this bloom held its empire with unrivaled sway till further cares, hardships and troubles, as age crept on, dethroned it, for time alone must have robbed her of that possession.

I have stated that at her father's death she was in the twenty-ninth year of her age, and although she had lost her father, and was far separated from her mother, the best of earthly friends, yet she was in a better situation than thousands of her fellow-beings who have neither house, nor home, nor friends, nor comfort, other than what may be picked up in their passage through an unfriendly world. She had an elder brother to assist in bearing her burthen of grief and sorrow which had arisen upon the sudden death of her father; she had a sister-in-law

who might be able to pour consolation into the wounds of the spirit, and who might render assistance by timely advice, and to whom she might unbosom herself in the absence of her own sisters and mother. She had her brother to be her guardian and protector from insults and harm, and his house to be her home until Providence should see fit to provide otherwise for her.

While she was deeply afflicted from the loss of her father, and separated far, far distant from those her heart and soul held dear, yet she had a secret consolation on reflection from that religion which she had received in her early youth, from the instruction of her pious parents, from reading the word of God, and from the pastoral labors of Mr. Cashida, the parish minister of the Established Church, to which she and her father's family belonged; and although many who belong to that church, as well as those who belong to other churches, only lay hold of the outward rites and ceremonies, without tasting of the sweets within, yet this could not be said of her.

She had known something of the sinfulness of sin, and how broad the commandment was, which was fully verified in her long and well-spent life.

It was this which gave life and action to all those virtuous principles which dwelt so richly in her, and diffused their influence so much around her.

CHARACTER OF EARLY SETTLERS.

And here it may not be improper to remark that although she thought herself settled in the heart of a savage wilderness where God was not feared or worshipped, yet she was in that mistaken, for among the early settlers in Redstone Settlement there was a great number of pious Christian people who were devoted to the cause of Christ's kingdom. Witness the early establishment of a church called Laurel Hill. Before she arrived there the settlement was then ten years old, chiefly all Presbyterians,—not a Methodist was to be found in all that new country, except the renegade, “wild turkey” breed, who had the “method” of drinking whiskey in its purity in copious draughts.

As I have said with regard to the early settlers of the Redstone Settlement, I might have remarked the same with reference to all the settlements then west of the mountains, which spread themselves along

through what is now Westmoreland, Fayette, Allegheny, Washington, and a part of Greene Counties in Pennsylvania, and Brooke and Ohio Counties in Virginia. Witness the number of meeting-houses erected in every settlement, which were well and regularly attended for the purpose of public worship.

Witness also the pains taken by those pious parents in the training of their children for Christ's kingdom, by praying with and for them, by their unremitting attention to teach them all the precepts of the moral law; likewise the doctrines of the gospel,—its precepts and the dispensing of its ordinances. And particularly, they taught their children to remember the Sabbath Day,—a practice among Christians and all others so necessary and right, and so highly commendable in all parts of the world, and particularly in a wilderness just emerged from savage to civilized life.

SECTION II.

1784-1805.

THE MOUNTAIN HOME.

SUCH was the country, and such the inhabitants in the year 1780, at which period John Sherrard and Mary Cathcart, my father and mother, first became acquainted.

That acquaintance grew into friendship, and, in fact, Mary Cathcart helped to make the suit of clothes which John Sherrard wore in Crawford's campaign. After his return from this campaign he spent two years in courtship, which resulted in their marriage, as before stated, on May 5, 1784.

My father had already purchased a small farm of sixty acres of land, the same which my brother David now owns and resides on, and for this farm he paid the sum of 120 pounds cash. On this farm he settled

with his newly-married wife, and in due time children were born to them as follows :

William	born May 7, 1785.
David Alexander Cathcart	" September 2, 1786.
John James	" October 28, 1787.
Robert Andrew	" May 4, 1789.
Mary Ann	" December 6, 1790.
Thomas Guthridge	" March 18, 1793.

(These six children died as follows :

William	died November 7, 1820.
David Alexander Cathcart	" June 2, 1880.
John James	" July 14, 1860.
Robert Andrew	" January 1, 1874.
Mary Ann, died only a few hours after her birth.	
Thomas Guthridge	" March 26, 1824.

John Sherrard, the father of the above-mentioned children, died April 22, 1809, and was buried in the old Quaker graveyard at Smithfield, Ohio. The spot cannot now be identified. Mary Cathcart Sherrard, the mother, died October 27, 1833, and was buried at Laurel Hill, Pa.—T. J. S.)

After their marriage and settlement on the farm of sixty acres, on the road between Connellsville and Uniontown, three miles southwest of the former and five miles from the latter, my father gathered in and summed up his money, which now amounted to only four hundred pounds of hard money, besides the quantity of depreciated Continental money which he had, and which now, only three years after the close of the war, and one year after Jay's Treaty, was all good for nothing.

It is true he did make out to purchase a hone for his razor,—the same Lough Neagh hone which I now have in my possession (and it is now, January 14, 1889, in my possession.—T. J. S.),—for which he paid sixty dollars in Continental money. The balance of his Continental money made shaving paper, and was good for little else, except that I have, with care, preserved a five-dollar bill and a one-dollar bill out of it, and this is all that now remains of hundreds and thousands of dollars of it, which my father had at the close of the Revolutionary War.

MISFORTUNES.

My father made a poor out with what money he had left, for he was never a good business manager, and, as if misfortune had broken loose from every flood-gate, he was now assailed from another quarter, being involved in a vexatious and seemingly interminable lawsuit.

A man by the name of Jonathan Hill, who had lately moved from New Jersey into the immediate neighborhood of my father, had purchased a right to the tract of land on which my father had made improvements and was now living.

Hill contended that his right was the oldest and best, and under it he made a demand for the possession of the land, to which my father would not consent. In consequence of this refusal Hill entered a lawsuit in the Court of Common Pleas at Beesontown (now Uniontown), which suit, in all its turnings, bearings, twistings and windings, lasted for ELEVEN years, and was finally decided in my father's favor, after Hill had lost it three different times, and had been cast in the cost; but Hill made a fourth attempt to renew it, and succeeded so far as to obtain a writ, and the deputy-sheriff was sent after my father.

I well remember when he came to our house to serve the writ, and inquired for my father, but was told by my mother that he had gone to Connellsville. He then inquired which way he would return, and was told that there was but one direct road. He set off and met my father but a little way this side of Connellsville, where he made him a prisoner, and was conveying him on to Uniontown, when they were met by a neighbor named George Thompson, who went my father's security for his appearance at Court.

COURT AT UNIONTOWN.

When Court came on and the cause was called for trial, James Findly, one of the Associate Judges, stepped down from the bench, and informed the Court that this was the same cause that had been three times tried already in this Court, and had each time been decided in John Sherrard's favor, as the records of the court would show.

Some debate then took place between Judge Findly and Hill's

lawyer, for my father had thought it unnecessary to fee a lawyer for this case again, and the case was dismissed, and Hill had again to pay the costs. But as it was, even if Hill did have the costs to pay in each case, my father did not get clear of cost and trouble, for he had his lawyer to pay in the other suits, and his own expenses while waiting the tardy motions of the Court and the loss of his own time, all put together, was worth half the land, as land rated in those times.

When this same Jonathan Hill first arrived in Redstone Settlement he was considered the richest man west of the mountains. He bought and sold and owned a very great number of fine farms, and drove the world ahead of him, and being a man of an active turn of mind, he lived to a great age. But at last he died in the county poor-house of Fayette County, Pa., his own executor, for his riches had made to themselves wings and had flown away. In August, 1819, at the August term of the Court of Common Pleas, I was in Uniontown on business before the Orphans' Court, and I saw this same Jonathan Hill brought out of the county jail, and arraigned at the bar for the murder of his wife. He was at this time upwards of eighty years of age, his head silvered over past a gray and nearly a white. He had somewhat of an antiquated and venerable appearance, and I could not help viewing him, and reflecting on the times that were past, when he drove the world before him in splendor; and now he sat in the bar charged with the murder of his own wife,—an awful warning to the world, and especially to all who knew him. It was the generally received opinion that he was crazy when he committed the deed, and he was cleared upon fair trial.

When my father's first child and son, William, was born, there was great cause of rejoicing that 7th day of May, 1785, for both father and mother were getting up in years, he being thirty-five years old, and she but six months younger.

GRANDMOTHER SHERRARD COMES TO AMERICA.

Shortly after the birth of the first child there was a second cause of rejoicing, the occasion being the arrival, on a visit, of my father's only brother, James.

He had arrived with his mother in Philadelphia from Ireland, and leaving her in Philadelphia, he had come out over the mountains in

search of my father. He remained but a short time, and returned with my father to Philadelphia for the purpose of bringing my Grandmother Sherrard out over the mountains. But by the time they reached Philadelphia they found that the old lady had become home-sick, and so disgusted with America that she would go no farther into it, but must return home again to Ireland. And if they must go, it was well that they returned immediately, for on leaving Ireland they had sold their beautiful freehold farm near Newton Limavady, and the old lady, fearing that she might not like America, made a provision in the contract of the sale, that if she did not like the United States, and should return within a certain specified time, the money would be returned, and they should have possession of the farm again.

They accordingly set sail from Philadelphia, and arrived safe at Newton Limavady just three weeks before the time set in the contract had expired. My father returned from Philadelphia with a heavy heart in having to part with his mother and brother, never more to behold them again on earth.

(Just here it ought to be stated that there is no record that there was ever any further communication between Grandfather John Sherrard, and his mother, Margaret Johnston Sherrard, or with his brother, James Sherrard, and I have often heard father say that he never knew anything more about those relatives in Ireland, or what ever became of his Uncle James, except that a cousin, John Johnston, of Brownsville, had once told him that he had heard that James and his mother did arrive home safe and in time to recover their farm,—and that James took part in the Irish Rebellion of 1798, and it was reported that he had escaped to America, through the aid of influential friends in both armies, but of this fact we have never had any corroboration.—T. J. S.)

My father continued to occupy his farm, and time rolled on until the 2d day of September, 1786, when a second son was born, whom they called David, for his uncle, my mother's brother, and he was christened David Alexander Cathcart, the latter part of the name being added for the sake of his grandfather on his mother's side, Alexander Cathcart. When he was fourteen months old he was taken from his mother and given to his uncle, David Cathcart, who had been married now the space of fifteen years and had no heirs, and no likelihood of having any,

and my brother David was given him so that he might become heir of his property, and he did inherit his property, and has remained on that same farm to the time of this present writing, a space of forty-three years. (Father wrote this in 1829, and Uncle David continued to live on that farm for fifty-one years longer, until his death, June 2, 1880.—T. J. S.)

REMOVAL TO THE MOUNTAIN HOME.

My father did not prosper in his business, and a long train of misfortunes coming on apace, he was forced to sell his place to my uncle, David Cathcart, and took a lease from him on a tract of 300 acres, on the side of the mountain not far from Mason's old furnace,—the same tract that my father had sold to my uncle only a few years before. To this farm the family removed the spring of 1787, and on the 28th day of October, 1787, a third son was born, and the child was called John, for his father, but at his baptism the name of James was added for our Uncle James in Ireland.

Again, on the 4th day of May, 1789, I was born, and they gave me the name of Robert, the name Andrew being added at my baptism,—the first for my mother's brother, Robert Cathcart, who died in Ireland when a young man, from a fall which he got in wrestling,—the other name was added for my mother's younger brother, Andrew Cathcart, who lives in Otsego County, Butternut Township, in the State of New York. (His only son, John Alexander Cathcart, settled in Rochester, N. Y., in 1820, and was engaged in the mercantile business.—T. J. S.)

On December 6, 1790, my mother had a daughter who lived only two or three hours after her birth, but had she lived she would have been called Mary Ann, after mother and Grandmother Cathcart, whose maiden-name was Ann Gamble.

On the 18th day of March, 1793, my brother, Thomas Guthridge, was born, being the fifth son and last child of John and Mary Cathcart Sherrard.

WHISKEY INSURRECTION.

It was the next year, 1794, that what is known as the Whiskey Insurrection occurred in Western Pennsylvania.

This was in consequence of the obnoxious excise law passed under the administration of George Washington, which law has frequently since been charged to the administration of John Adams, which did not begin until the 4th of March, 1797. The resistance to this law caused President Washington to send out an army to quell the disturbance. Owing to the high state of feeling among the people of the southwestern counties, great numbers of Liberty Poles were raised during the fall of 1793 and the spring of 1794 at all towns, taverns, furnaces and cross-roads. A label or inscription, in large capital letters some fifteen inches in length, would be put on a board, and this board would be nailed to the pole about twelve or fifteen feet above the ground, while on the top of the pole, at the height of from one hundred to two hundred feet, would be fastened a red-striped flag, which waved in the air till the wind and weather tore it to pieces or the liberty pole was taken down.

I remember that some time in the spring of 1794 there was the raising of a liberty pole at the Furnace on Dunbar's Run, which had just been built, and was owned by Isaac Mason and Moses Dillon, who was from near Baltimore, and is now (August 18th, 1832) living near Zanesville, Ohio.

My father was invited to assist at the raising of this pole, and he took his wife and four sons with him—all quite young, for I was only five and a half years old; but he wished to teach them liberty and patriotism.

SECOND TRIP TO KENTUCKY.

The same fall of 1794, having previously disposed of all his land in Pennsylvania, my father made a vendue, and sold off nearly all his personal property, with the intention of moving down the river in the spring to Kentucky, expecting to take possession of his 1400 acre tract in that State, which he had taken up at so much risk and pains the spring and summer of 1774.

But thinking it more prudent to pass down the river himself and visit the land, and make such arrangements as he might find to be necessary, he left home and family some time in November, 1794, and arrived safe at Lexington, Kentucky, his tract of land being not many miles from that place, and near what is now known as Millersburg.

He soon found and visited his land; but, to his mortification, he found the land already occupied,—that a man by the name of Miller had taken possession of it by putting a tenant on it, and thereby improving it for his own use. As stated in the early part of this record, he returned home again about the first of March, 1795, after an absence of four months. On this return trip he walked every step of the way along the east bank of the Ohio River to Wheeling, and thence across the country through Washington, Pa., and so on, and upon his return he was much discouraged.

Ten years later, in September, 1805, I heard a Mr. Fisher, from Kentucky, telling my father that he knew well the tract of land that old Miller occupied, and that at that time, September, 1805, it was worth at least \$15 per acre.

After his return home he concluded not to move to Kentucky for the present, seeing that his right to his land in that State was disputed, and must be gained, if gained at all, by a litigious lawsuit. This would be very discouraging to any man, but more so to a man of my father's disposition; for he was easy, good-natured and cheerful, and always fearful of giving offence; kindly obliging to all, but especially to his wife and family,—too much so for the good of his boys, had it not been that my mother possessed sufficient energy to batter the boys about and guide their infant course, both by correction and counsel, from the blind path of infantile ignorance up to the towering height of manhood.

THE 1400 ACRES IN KENTUCKY.

In the month of May, 1799, Colonel James Paull, in partnership with his brother-in-law, James Rodgers, concluded that at all hazards they would purchase my father's right to the 1400 acres of land in Kentucky, lying near Millersburg, on the following conditions:

First. They agreed to pay, and did pay down in hand to said John Sherrard, hit or miss, gain or loss, the sum of thirty pounds, lawful cur-

rency of the State of Pennsylvania. And, second, If on bringing suit against old Miller, who contended for a later and better right to that survey, although made by John Sherrard in May, 1774, long before said Miller had formed the design of defrauding my father or his assigns out of said 1400 acres of as good land as could be found in the State of Kentucky,—if they, Colonel James Paull and James Rodgers, should gain the land by a decision of the Kentucky Court, then and in that case they were to pay to said John Sherrard the further sum of seventy pounds.

These men did bring suit against Miller, and lost the land, the whole of which in 1805 must have been worth \$21,000, according to the statement of Mr. Fisher, aforesaid; and no doubt the same land would now sell for \$150 per acre, for I was informed that two years before the Rebellion broke out, or in 1859, land in the vicinity of Lexington and Millersburg would sell for \$100 per acre.

Some time in January, 1826, Colonel Paull informed me that he carried the papers that had been made out belonging to the survey, and the fulfillment of the old Virginia law, and everything belonging to its being lawfully located by my father, to Petersburg, Virginia, the seat of government at that time for that State. He further informed me that my father lost his right to his Kentucky land by a wrong or bad entry, and that he supposed that Miller, on examining the entry-book, took advantage of that wrong, and took out a new right, and had a proper record made. After my father's return from Kentucky, he engaged in work at Mason's Furnace, and my brother William, who was then ten years of age, worked along with father, except that William would go to school in the winter.

BOUND FOR KENTUCKY A THIRD TIME.

After three years' laborious employment at the Furnace, my father again concluded to go to the State of Kentucky, and to carry out that purpose he made a sale of such property as he thought would not do to remove to that State. Early in the spring of 1799, in the latter part of the month of March, he removed his family to the Youghiogheny River, a little distance above Connellsville, with the intention of waiting for the rising of the water, that he and his family might embark for the

State of Kentucky. Here the family stayed till May, still expecting the water to rise; but the spring season was very dry, and the river, being at best a small one, kept so very low that no boats could pass down that season.

THE CABIN ON THE YOUGHIOGHENY.

After my father had removed the family into an old cabin near the Youghiogheny River, above Connellsville, he took a notion to remove the logs of said cabin, and re-build it farther down towards Connellsville; for which I cannot account, as he and the family were but staying just long enough until the river would rise to carry them down to Kentucky. I remember, after the cabin was taken down, that I happened to see some small pieces of a certain old coat of my father's lying strewed about, and I picked them up, and preserved them as relics of bygone times. And upon reflecting on the times and places which I had often seen him wear that same coat on the farm on which I was born, I felt my spirits sink.

This feeling was caused by the reflection that I might never again see the place of my nativity; and although I was not yet ten years old, I felt, to a very considerable degree, what is called the "blues." But, notwithstanding I had a foretaste of it at so young a period, yet I have been but little troubled with it through life, and that is now more than fifty years since, as I am now, while writing this, two days over sixty years old,—May 6, 1849.

YOUNG ROBERT ANDREW NEARLY DROWNED.

In connection with the foregoing, I must here mention a providential escape which I had from drowning. After the cabin was removed, as before stated, my mother sent me to a small creek, a few rods distant from the cabin, to bring a small bucket of water. From recent rains the little creek was much swollen, and I, being careless, dipped the bucket into the running stream with a very slight hold of the pail, and the rapid current jerked it out of my hand, and it was carried a considerable way down the stream. But, fortunately, a tree had fallen across the stream, and over a part of the tree the water was flowing, so that as the bucket passed, it caught by the bail on a short snag, and there it

hung not more than five or six rods from where the stream emptied into the Youghiogheny River, into which, if it had gone, I never should have seen it more. After the bucket left my grasp, I hastily followed it down stream, and seeing it caught on the snag, instead of passing to it on the log, I stepped into the stream below the log, and down I went eight or ten feet, and popped up again like a ball, and caught hold of a bush on the bank, and drew myself out. I now passed on the log, and got the bucket, and filled it with water, and went home to mother as dragged as a rat. But, instead of her commiserating me, she got a stick and watted me well for my carelessness; but I always thought this chastisement very unjust, for it was a narrow escape for me.

RE-VISITING THE OLD BIRTH-PLACE.

On Thursday, September 29, 1859, I and my wife Jane Hindman, and son Thomas, with Uncle David and Aunt Martha, started after breakfast, and went down to Dunbar Creek, to the spot where old Isaac Mason erected his first old forge. The same property is now owned by Thomas Watt, a brother of Aunt Martha Sherrard. We did not stay long there, but proceeded up to the old Union Furnace, which was not now in blast, but had blown out only the Monday before. But, in viewing the Union Furnace, there was nothing new to me in all its surroundings, except that there had been vast improvements made on the present furnace over and above the old Union Furnace erected in 1792, and in full blast in 1794, when father took his two older sons, with me and mother, and Thomas, who was a baby of nineteen or twenty months old, to see the Liberty Pole raised.

I was born on the 4th of May, 1789, and we left the premises in the month of March, 1799; and now I saw that all the old buildings were gone from around the furnace.

And so it was when we passed on up from the furnace to the farm I was born on, now owned by a family named Porter, he having married a Watt, a sister of Aunt Martha Sherrard; and after purchasing that farm, on which I was born, Porter named it Mount Gilboa. The old dwelling that I was born in, and the cabin in which my uncle, David Cathcart, lived, and also the square log house erected for the old Scotch-Irish Presbyterian minister, put up the spring of 1794,—these

were all gone, probably rotted down or pulled down and burned for fire-wood; and all other improvements in which father spent his money were gone.

This farm, where I was born, was a part of the original tract of 3000 acres which my father purchased the fall of 1773, but he retained only 300 acres of it after Gist had come out with the king's patent, and had run his lines through the tract that my father had purchased of Irvin. This farm of 300 acres he had sold to my uncle, David Cathcart, for the sum of one hundred pounds, and bought the farm of 60 acres, where he first settled after his marriage, and where his two oldest sons were born. About the spring of 1787 he was forced to sell that farm of 60 acres, and my uncle, David Cathcart, bought it. My father then leased the old 300 acre tract on the mountain side from Uncle David Cathcart, and lived on it for twelve years, till 1799. In the mean time Uncle David Cathcart sold this farm for the sum of three hundred pounds to James Wilson, and he in turn sold it to old Isaac Mason for six hundred pounds cash.

THE OLD ORCHARD.

Wilson planted an apple orchard of fifty trees in 1796, and when we were there the last of September, 1859, the apples on some of the old trees made a good appearance, although it was sixty-three years since they were planted.

And sixty years had passed around since we had moved off the old farm on which I was born till I returned to pay it a visit. We took dinner with Mr. Porter and family, and it is very probable I may never dine again on the farm where I was born, where I have never before dined since my father moved the family off the said farm, in March, 1799, which covers a space of sixty years and seven months.

(I well remember that visit with my father and mother to the old farm when I was fourteen and a half years old, and as a matter of fact father never did again revisit it.—Thomas J. Sherrard, Editor of this Volume.)

It will be remembered that we had removed from the old farm in March, 1799, to a cabin on the Youghioghenny, as my father expected to remove his family to Kentucky as soon as the river would rise.

But as the time passed on and no hope of a rise, my father was induced from the entreaties of my uncle, David Cathcart, to leave his present place of abode, on the river, and move upon a farm owned by John McClelland, and which had formerly been occupied by a tenant named Pugh, who was obliged to leave it in consequence of his not being able to pay up his rent.

Pugh was compelled to leave the ground with a crop of wheat and rye and oats in it, and also twelve acres of corn planted and just up. McClelland, on his part, offered my father the one-half of the corn when husked, if he would take possession of the farm and work the corn, and also the one-half of the hay by cutting and securing the whole. My father accordingly moved the family to the farm on the 28th day of May, 1799, and having arranged all his affairs as well as he could, he appeared to take the best steps for a happy life that he had done for many years.

THE STROKE OF PALSY.

He had just finished breaking the middles out of the corn, and early on the morning of the 12th of June he had gone to McClelland's store for some articles for family use, and on his way returning, while he was yet in McClelland's Lane, he was struck with the dead palsy, which felled him from his horse, but not with a death-stroke.

The hired girl saw him fall and ran into the store and told McClelland, and he ran out and raised father up, but found that he could not speak nor move the right hand or arm, leg or foot of that side. He was taken into the house, and my Uncle David, with my aunt and my brother David, were sent for, and in the cool of the evening he was placed on a bed on a sled, and so he was conveyed home to a small, poor, helpless family.

Medical aid was called in, but to little purpose; it was ordered that he should be bathed once a day for eighteen or twenty days in a tub of lukewarm water, with a peck of alum salt dissolved in it. However, it was three months before he recovered his speech so as to be well understood, and about the same time he began to be able to use his right leg and foot, so that he could get across the house floor with help; and after a little he got so that he could walk across the floor with a crutch under the left arm. And in process of time he got the

use of the leg and foot so as to walk out in the yard, and after a confinement to the house and yard for almost a year, he got so that he could walk to the next neighbor's house; and in this situation, without being any better or worse, he continued healthy and hearty until within or about three weeks of his death, which did not take place for nearly ten years afterwards, on April 22, 1809.

THE FAMILY MOVE AGAIN.

Our family continued to reside on that farm of John McClelland's until April 1, 1800, and then moved about half a mile to another farm belonging to the same landlord, but not so large a farm, the rent of which had to be paid out of the grain raised at the following rates: Wheat, 3 bushels to the acre; rye, 4; oats, 5; and corn, 5.

This rent in many parts of the State of Ohio would be thought very low; but low as it was, the tenants were unable to pay it, for the reason that the land was thin and gravelly, and old and worn out, so that it was hard to make it produce grain of any kind, except rye, oats and buckwheat. Wheat and corn it would produce if well manured and well worked. The first summer we put in fourteen acres of corn, but the summer proving dry, we had but about seventy bushels on the field, and that barely sufficient to pay the rent. But the old man McClelland, being of a kind and forbearing disposition, would take none of the corn, but agreed to take the rent in rails and stakes made, and the fences repaired.

This kept the boys employed and from eating idle bread. Five shillings per hundred, or two bushels of corn, it being half a crown per bushel at that time, was all the landlord would allow per hundred for making and placing new rails in the ground worm, and nothing for putting up the old rails on the new worm! Too hard and too tough,—this among Christians; but do that or pay the money, and where was the money to come from?

At this time, the summer of 1800, the boys were all too young to earn money. William, the eldest, was, at this time, fifteen years old; John was thirteen; I was eleven; and Thomas was seven. On this farm we stayed for the space of about six years,—came on the 28th day of May, 1799, and came off the 4th of April, 1805.

SECTION III.

1805-1810.

PIONEER LIFE.

IT had been decided to remove to the State of Ohio in company with a neighbor, Thomas Lawson, who had sold out his farm and purchased a new homestead on the waters of Wheeling Creek, in Belmont County, Ohio. He was now about to move to his new home, and had provided a small family boat for the purpose to pass down the Youghiogheny, Monongahela, and Ohio Rivers. My father and brother John were to go with him on the said family boat, taking with them nearly all the household and kitchen goods not sold at vendue the fall before.

They went on board the boat at Connellsville, but the water in the river being too low at the time caused a delay of some days. At length it rained some, which caused a small rise in the river, of which they concluded to take advantage. Accordingly they shoved off and proceeded down the river a few miles to the big falls, where the boat grounded and stuck fast, and there the boat lay for three weeks, until it rained a sufficient quantity to raise the river and float the boat off, after which they passed into the Monongahela, and thence into the Ohio, and in due time they landed at Warrenton, at the mouth of Indian Short Creek, from whence the goods were hauled by old William Sharon to the cabin on his farm.

As my father and brother John only had gone in the boat, the other members of the family took their journey to the State of Ohio by land.

On the 4th day of April, 1805, my mother, my brothers William and Thomas, and myself left the old neighborhood and started for Ohio, taking with us three head of horses, five cattle, some bed-clothing and wearing apparel.

We were escorted some distance, on our way, by several of the neighbors, and also by my uncle, David Cathcart, who proceeded with us as far as four miles west of Plumpsock, and then left us, but not

until he had given us three boys a good lesson of advice and one dollar in silver each. The first day, the 4th of April, we reached three miles west of Brownsville, having crossed the Monongahela River at that place, and having driven the five head of cow-cattle. One of the horses my mother rode, the second horse carried the luggage and provisions, and the third horse, being young, one of the boys would occasionally ride upon it.

The second day we stopped and fed at noon at Nelly Nail's tavern,—sign, a large wooden ball,—one mile west of Hillsborough, and that night we stopped five miles north of Washington, on the road towards Burgettstown.

On Saturday, the 6th of April, we passed through Hickory, Burgettstown, Cross-roads (now Florence),—thence west to the farm-house of old Alexander Conn,—the farm which is now owned and occupied by James Gardner.

This Alexander Conn was married to a full cousin of my mother,—his wife was Mary, a daughter of Andrew Gamble, whose sister, Ann Gamble, was my grandmother. Here we remained over the Sabbath, and on Monday, the 8th, we proceeded west five miles to the Ohio River, at the mouth of Harmon's Creek, and thence down the river, on the Virginia side, as far as Charlestown (now Wellsburg), where we crossed over the river to the Ohio side, and passed on down the river bottom to Warrenton. Thence we proceeded out to where the town of Mt. Pleasant now stands, and although that place was just recently laid out as a town, it looked like no town, for there was but one hewed log-house then built and occupied as a dwelling, which was owned by old Ben Scott and kept by him as a kind of tavern. There was a second hewed log-house put up, but no rafters nor roof on it yet, and this house was in course of erection by a family of the name of Guthrie, and also intended for a tavern or house of entertainment.

THE NEW HOME IN OHIO IN 1805.

The timber was cut on a good many lots in this newly laid out town of Mt. Pleasant and the brush picked, but for all that was done at that time, it was, to all appearances, a rough place for a town. From this place we proceeded one mile south of the town to William Ferguson's,

where we arrived, a little after dark, on that 8th day of April, 1805. This William Ferguson was a full cousin of my mother,—his mother was a sister of my grandfather, Alexander Cathcart. This farm on which William Ferguson then resided, and which he owned, is now owned and occupied by Smiley and John Sharon, and was first taken up by “tomahawk right,” or that kind of improvement made which was to build a cabin and deaden timber, more or less, adjoining and around the cabin. This was the kind of improvement made by the said William Ferguson in 1783, as he informed me. He came over from Ireland with my uncle, David Cathcart, in 1772, and Ferguson settled first in Sherman’s Valley, in Pennsylvania, and shortly before 1783 he removed to Washington County, on the waters of Chartiers Creek, near to the town of Washington. While living there he went out to Ohio and made the tomahawk improvement referred to, but he durst not move nor attempt to make any further improvements until after Wayne’s treaty in 1794. The spring of 1796 he moved his family across to the Ohio side of the river and rented a field of Zanes Kimberly, a little above the mouth of the Indian Short Creek, where he remained one year, and at the same time made some improvements on his land that he had taken up so long before, and to this place he moved his family the spring of 1797.

Here, at William Ferguson’s, we stayed one full week, and during a part of this time my brother William and our relative, William Ferguson, were out looking for a house and land to work.

At length they succeeded in renting from old William Sharon a cabin and fifteen acres of land to put in corn, at a rent of one-third to the landlord,—a very common rent.

THE WILLIAM SHARON PLACE.

We removed from Ferguson’s to this cabin of Sharon’s on Tuesday, the 16th of April; it was three miles from Smithfield, and seven from Warrenton on the Ohio River, and was situated on the ridge between the waters of Short Creek and Rush Run. When the family arrived at the cabin Thomas was sent to Sharon’s for fire, while William and Robert fed the horses and cattle and prepared wood, and soon a fire was built and some meat fried, the bread having been brought from

Ferguson's. But here was a want of knives, forks and plates, but the want was supplied, as the boys all had pocket-knives, with which they sharpened sticks for forks and also served to cut their meat.

The next day Thomas and I went out into the fifteen-acre field and began to clear it off ready for corn, while William, the same day, crossed over the Ohio River to Charlestown (now Wellsburg), for the purpose of purchasing flaxseed and some other necessary articles, as there was no flaxseed to be found nor heard of on the Ohio side.

He called on old Alexander Crawford, an old neighbor from Fayette County, but got none there; he then called on a number of other farmers, but with no better success, but, at length, he got three pecks of seed from old William Dunlap, the father of Adam Dunlap, who died not many years since in the town of Mount Pleasant, one of whose daughters, Jane, married Cunningham Kithcart, in 1831. My brother William brought home with him from Wellsburg three tin-cups, three plates, three case-knives and forks, and three spoons, which he had bought for use at meal time, not knowing when my father and John would arrive with the boat, which, as before stated, contained the household and kitchen furniture.

ROBERT ANDREW AT SIXTEEN.

The same day that my brother William went over into Virginia to get flaxseed, I was out in the corn-field gathering limbs and chunks, and the day being somewhat warm, I sat down under the shade of an old dead tree to rest, as I thought I was tired, and as I sat there musing, and idling away my time, a thought struck me: Why was I thus idle? and for whom was I working when I did work? And the conclusion was that, in the long run, it was for myself. Serious reflections at sixteen then came into my mind, for I was now nearly that old, and this was the first time in my life that I had had any proper and right consideration on the subject.

So up I got, convinced in my own mind that I was working for myself, and I went to work with new vigor, and never afterward did I lounge of any consequence, until I got to milling, which proved a lazy, lounging employment in dry weather. In a few days after this I went to Joseph Steer's mill to get grinding done, and I went in company

with old William Sharon, who got the miller to weigh him, and he just balanced three fifty-sixes. I then took off the weights and I just balanced Sharon, which made my weight to be a full-grown man's weight,—168 pounds,—and I not quite sixteen years old.

In a day or two after this my father and John landed at Warrenton, and the household goods and three barrels of flour, a barrel of corn-meal and our stock of bacon were all hauled out, and thus our house was furnished in some order to what it had been.

We now went to farming with more spirit and vigor, and sowed three quarters of an acre of flax, and planted and then worked in time and in good order fourteen acres of corn, and having some spare time we cleared and fenced in a patch for potatoes and turnips, both of which proved good and abundant. Besides we split rails and fenced in an acre of stubble ground back of the house and sowed it with buckwheat on the 20th day of August and had a good crop notwithstanding the late sowing.

RATTLESNAKES.

One day in June that summer, as I was plowing corn with a fine gentle-spirited mare of English breed, and had nearly finished the field, the mare all at once stopped short in the corn row, and would advance no farther; the line was used to urge her onward, but she would not go, but flounced from side to side, trampling down the corn.

At length I thought proper to pass to the mare's head to see what was wrong with her that made her so stubborn, and behold! there about four feet from the mare's head lay a large rattlesnake, three feet long and of large growth, stretched across the corn-row. Thomas brought the hoe, and with one blow the head was struck off, and the rattles were then pulled off and counted to the number of thirteen, which made this rattlesnake sixteen years old, as three years pass over the rattlesnake without any other sign than that of a button formed at the end of the tail. After the snake was removed the mare went on as usual. Five years afterwards, while our family resided on their land in Belmont County, I one day rode this same mare to mill in the month of June, and being detained late, it was very dark before I arrived home.

When I had got within a quarter of a mile of our house, the mare stopped short in the road, and would not advance one foot, and although I urged her with a switch, it was all of no avail. A thought struck me that there lay a rattlesnake or a copperhead, I could not tell in the dark, but the mare either saw or smelled it, and I concluded to avoid it, and by turning off the road into a thicket of saplings and brushwood, I came into the road again and arrived home without any further trouble.

Before harvest this year William and John hewed sleepers and puncheons, and laid a barn-floor for Thomas Burns on the next farm, which brought us in several bushels of wheat after harvest.

Harvest this year, 1805, came early in this newly improved state of Ohio,—none so early afterwards till the June of 1822. On the 25th day of June, 1805, my brother John went and reaped a day for William Chambers, who then farmed the Centreville farm, now owned by Joseph Medill.

On the 8th of July, the same year, William and John went to Fayette County, Pa., where they arrived on the 10th, and after William had made a new cradle they began the cutting of twenty-two acres of wheat and a field of rye which had been sown the fall before the family moved to Ohio. It was on the 12th of July that they began cutting grain, and it was the last of July before they got through cutting and securing our crop, and also that of Uncle David Cathcart.

I and my brother Thomas helped to cut and secure old William Sharon's harvest that year, and I cut his oats with a new cradle which William had made before he and John left for Fayette County. The day I cut his oats Sharon had eight or nine hands cutting wheat in a field back of and joining our cabin. The wheat in this field was blue stem, the first of the sort I had seen, and as the ground was newly cleared this first crop lay twisted and swirled in all directions, which made it hard to reap.

The afternoon of this day the hands in the field became suddenly alarmed by the uncommon screams and lengthy jumps of one in their company, John Langly, and upon ascertaining the cause it appeared that, as Langly was reaping, a large rattlesnake lay in his "through," and unperceived by Langly it had made a drive at his foot or ankle

and fastened its fangs, not in his flesh, but in the lower part of the leg of his trousers, which were made of home-spun cotton, common in those days. Having driven its fangs through the cotton cloth, owing to the number of little fine beards naturally placed along the large crooked fangs or upper jaw teeth, when once in through the cotton it could not extricate itself, and hence Langly kept dragging it along, and all that the snake could do was to keep up a kind of death song by aid of its rattles. Langly said afterwards that he frequently heard this singing, but did not know from whence it came, and still it kept singing along, singing along, until at length, as he looked behind him, there close to his heel lay his singing bird in the form of a rattlesnake nearly three feet long. To get clear of such company he gave a sudden jump of nearly a rod and a yell or two of fright or alarm, and the suddenness of the jump broke the hold of the snake's fangs on the cotton and left it an easy prey to the reapers who soon dispatched him.

ANOTHER SNAKE STORY.

At evening tide, when the reapers came in to supper, after Langly had finished telling me the narrow escape he had made, old James Sharon, the grandfather of Smiley and John Sharon, observed: "It was a merciful interposition of Providence in Langly's case, as it was once in my own experience, when I lived near Carlisle, more than fifty years ago. I took a hired man with me on one occasion and went up Sherman's Valley some distance to take up land by making a 'tomahawk' improvement, and after deadening a sufficient number of trees, and blazing or marking the bounds of my land, the next thing was to cut saplings and build a cabin according to law and the custom of the times. So at it we went, on the bank of a small creek or large run which made down through the land, and the first stick I attempted to cut down was a small ash.

"After chopping at it for a little space I looked down to my left foot, which was farthest from the tree at which I was chopping, and there lay coiled round that left foot the largest rattlesnake I ever saw. I made one sudden spring and cleared myself of the snake; this done I turned and killed it, and counted his rattles after I had pulled them off

and found twenty-one. And here in my case as well as yours, Langly, was an interposition of Providence, or I, as well as you, would surely have been bitten." "Nonsense, nonsense," rejoined one of the reapers by the name of Vaughn; "it is nonsense to talk of the intervention of Providence; Providence has nothing to do with the snakes." "You're a liar and an ignorant fool too; you know nothing about the matter, and your ignorance is not excusable," said the old man Sharon, and he then turned into the house and sat down.

When bed-time came, which was soon after this conversation took place, the old man's daughter-in-law made beds on the floor and elsewhere for all the hands except Vaughn, and as he was a stranger, well-dressed and of genteel appearance, she allotted him to sleep with the old man, and told him of the arrangement. "No," said the old man, "he shall not sleep with me this night, and no other man that does not believe in an overruling Providence. A man with a belief like that might cut my throat in the night, and believe that Providence took no notice of the transaction, so you may put him where you please; he shall not sleep with me." And so the matter ended by the daughter-in-law having to make a bed on the floor for Vaughn. Thomas and I went over home that night, but when we returned the next morning Mrs. Sharon told us the circumstances of the night before.

A VISIT FROM TWO UNCLES.

In the early part of July that year I went over to help old William Ferguson for a week to cut and secure his wheat crop, and left Thomas at home to see to father and mother. While I was employed that week at William Ferguson's to my surprise, it being unlooked for, here came my mother and her two brothers—Uncle David Cathcart, from Fayette County, Pa., and Uncle Andrew Cathcart, from the township of Butter-nuts, Otsego County, N. Y., on a visit to their cousin, William Ferguson, and his family.

They staid but one night at Ferguson's, and the next day after dinner mother and her two brothers left for our home on Sharon's farm, and mother not being well acquainted with the road, kept up the Dry Fork of Short Creek, past the turning off place, and she and her two brothers got lost. As night was approaching they became somewhat alarmed,

as the country thereabouts was nothing but great hills and great hollows, and at that time but few settlers. At length they came to a cabin some considerable distance up the left hand Dry Fork, occupied by one Robert McCain. It then being completely dark and they completely lost, they pressed McCain to act as their guide, nor would they let him off until they were safe arrived home, which was not till some time after night; and for this service my Uncle Andrew gave him fifty cents, of which McCain boasted to me afterwards.

A BOY'S INGENUITY.

During that fall while we were still living on Sharon's land, my brother Thomas, who was at that time only twelve and a half years old, conceived the idea of erecting a rude kind of turning-lathe. This he did by placing a long pole horizontally, the small end of which he fastened with a long, strong thong of well-dressed buckskin. He had a bench with two upright heads; into each head he inserted a point, such as is commonly used in other turning lathes, and instead of a wheel, he wrapped the buckskin thong round the stick of timber which was to be turned. To the lower end of the thong a flat stick was fastened in lieu of a treadle-board for the foot to operate on. This, by treading down, brought the spring pole down, which turned the piece of timber with a quick motion round against the gouge or chisel; the foot being raised let the spring-pole back to its place, and in this manner cheap turning-lathes were generally erected west of the mountains, and thousands of split-bottomed chairs were turned off, they being the only chairs commonly used for the first fifty years among the western settlers.

Accordingly, after he had erected his lathe, the first article that Thomas turned on it was a beetle, which was an implement in early times that belonged, and might be found in almost every cabin west of the mountains, and had its use, but is now laid aside generally I believe.

The next article which Thomas turned was a mush-stick,—this he also presented to his mother. He next turned heads for two or three broken spools belonging to his mother's little spinning-wheel, and after that he got to making new spools and new fliers for little spinning-wheels for the neighbors.

WILLIAM SHARON AS A LANDLORD.

By December of that year William Sharon notified us that he could not give us land on his farm any more to work after the first of next April, and we bargained with Richard Hall to work ten acres on his farm a mile distant, to which we were to move the spring of 1806.

During that season we had done considerable work for our landlord, for which we were paid according to the contract; we hewed and relaid the floor with puncheons in the cabin, and built the chimney with sticks and clay from the crook-pole above the roof; we cleared and fenced one and a half acres for potatoes and turnips; we also made and put up 350 new rails to fence off an acre for turnips; we built a snug stable and made clap-boards and covered it, all for the use one season.

That fall season of 1805 was certainly the most mild, pleasant and beautiful fall I ever remember to have seen.

In the latter part of November and the principal part of December there would be a heavy white frost in the morning; the sun would rise clear and shine all day comfortably warm, with no cloudy, cool and drizzling weather, and it proved a dry, beautiful Indian summer.

There was, however, a poor chance to get grinding done at the water-mills, but a fine chance for the horse-mills, which were plenty all abroad in the land at this time. After William and John had finished making shingles, and had done some other carpenter work, they started on the morning of December 23, 1805, to Fayette County for the purpose of threshing and making sale of the crop of wheat and rye which they had cut and secured the harvest previous.

The threshing had to be performed by treading the grain out with horses, and they spent nearly two months before the grain was got ready for market. Our share of the wheat was eighty bushels, for which they got one dollar per bushel, paid in silver dollars, as there were no banks in those days west of the mountains. They got seventy-five cents a bushel for the rye, and all together they brought home over \$100.

EARLY METHODS OF EDUCATION.

During the time that winter that William and John were away, I and Thomas were at home, and during the hard weather had little to do. But our work was to chop wood and keep up good fires in the cabin, so as to keep father and mother and ourselves warm and comfortable, and to feed the small amount of stock we then had on hand.

During the cold weather and after night we would employ ourselves in studying Reading, Writing and Arithmetic, which was an improvement of the faculties not lost on us in after years. It was not so much time idly wasted or thrown away, as many do in idle musings or vain chit-chat, or worse, time wasted in other ways.

I remember one cold day I was busied ciphering over sums already worked in a book called "The Young Man's Best Companion," published in London, when in came old Matthias Conner, and as he was an old Irish school-master, he asked me what work that was, and I replied that it was Fisher's "Young Man's Best Companion." "No such thing," said he; "it is the young man's worst companion, and you are losing your time with it. Throw it away and come over to my house, and I'll lend you Goff, and show you how to use it, and if you can work Goff, you can work any other Arithmetic afterward." I took old Connor's advice, and went over and borrowed his "Goff" and worked it to the Rule of Three, and never to this day regretted the time I spent at it.

MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

When the weather was moderate during that winter I and Thomas employed ourselves making one hundred and fifty sugar troughs to be used in a new sugar-camp on Benjamin Brocaw's land, nearly a mile from home, on the farm next to Sharon's land. We were to have the privilege of making sugar at said camp, with the free use of all the fire-wood needed to boil down the sugar-water, all for the troughs. These troughs and the spiles we had all prepared ready to tap the trees as soon as the sugar season should come, which it did that year about the 1st of February. We tapped 100 sugar trees, cut wood, collected the sugar-water and boiled it down to a strong syrup; then

carried it home and mother strained it and clarified it with eggs and milk, and stirred it off.

But this first sugar season lasted only about two weeks, during which time we made over 100 pounds. The weather then became too warm for sugar making, and was so mild that the peach trees all came out in bloom by the 20th of February; but by March 1st it turned cold again.

After the winter cleared away, a second sugar season came on which proved to be better than the first, and now that William and John had arrived home from Fayette County I was relieved somewhat from sugar-making,—a work which I did not like. William employed himself during the month of March making sleds at two dollars each, and I assisted him, as there was a great demand in this new country for them, there being scarcely any such thing as a wagon or cart to be seen. Old William Sharon had a good wagon, and except his I knew of no other for five miles around, but sleds were all the go. There were no such things as sleighs in this new country at this time, and people enjoyed themselves riding upon a sled to meeting on a good snow, or in paying visits,—more so than they now can do on the most fashionable sleigh.

It was my part to hunt good trees to form the runners for the sleds; to cut out the root, and cut off the stock eight feet from the place marked for the roller.

I then helped William to split the stick; this we did by sawing the root down to the straight part of the log; we then drove in wedges and split it in two. William then scored and hewed out the runners, and put all the parts together, while I went and looked out and cut another tree suitable for runners.

THE CAPTINA FARM PURCHASED.

Some time in March, 1806, William took eighty dollars of the money he got for the wheat and rye and traveled into the southwest part of Belmont County and sought out a quarter section of land, and then went to the Government Land Office at Marietta and entered it.

This land was seven miles south of Morristown, on the head waters of Captina Creek, fifteen miles a little south of west of St. Clairsville,

and five miles east of Barnesville, and it was a good quarter section of land.

It was the N. W. quarter of Section 19, Township 7 (Goshen) and Range 5.

The entry money was eighty dollars; then two years after the second instalment of eighty dollars; the third year the third instalment of eighty dollars; the fourth year the fourth instalment of eighty dollars, and if the purchaser could not complete his payments in four years, the Government gave a fifth year of indulgence. Money was uncommonly scarce for several years after we settled in Ohio, even up to the breaking out of the war with Great Britain, in 1812. It was with hard scraping and hard living and hard working, and with the strictest economy, that we four young men could support ourselves with rough wholesome food and rough homespun clothes, and scrape together the eighty dollars for the second payment in the two years allowed by law. And if we went to preaching at any time we went in home-spun clothes and coarse shoes made by brother John.

William was treasurer and manager, and so saving was he of all cash he could scrape together for making the payments on the said quarter section of land, that he would not suffer me to pay out a sixpence for paper to improve myself in writing, which was a miserable scrawl at that time.

CLOSE CALCULATIONS.

In June, 1806, I was sent to Fayette County, Pa., to my Uncle David Cathcart's for the wool off some sixteen or eighteen sheep left there when we had moved the year before.

William made a neat calculation of my expenses by the way going and coming; so much for crossing the Ohio River twice, the Monongahela twice, and two nights' lodging, one going and one coming. In crossing the Ohio River I had to pay ferriage both ways, but not so at the Monongahela; it was fordable, and I risked it for the purpose of saving a fip going and the same coming, which was the lawful ferriage at that time. However, in the course of a year the law allowed all ferries on the Monongahela twelve and a half cents, but one Kreps started a ferry above the mouth of Dunlap's Creek in opposition to old

Gillespie's ferry, opposite to Brownsville, which brought the ferriage back to a fip for man and horse.

I made for old Shewster's tavern, six miles east of Washington, both going and returning. I took no supper at the tavern, but being well supplied with cakes in my saddle-bags, I ate freely of them, morning, noon and night, before I stopped at the tavern, where I got my horse put in pasture for a fip, and got a bed for myself for another fip. I had besides to pay for a gallon of oats at noon for the horse. By this means I saved about fifty cents of the money so sparingly issued out for my expenses. With twenty-five cents I purchased a quire of paper on my return home at Fetter's store in Charlestown (now Wellsburg). With this quire of paper I improved my handwriting, and transcribed "Medical Cures" from a work by John Wesley, which he had written for the use of the Methodist Church, called "Primitive Physic." I also transcribed a number of scraps of poetry.

THE RICHARD HALL FARM.

As before mentioned, old William Sharon had, in due time, given us notice that we could have no land to work the summer of 1806 on his premises; we therefore had to look out some place to go to by the first of April.

It so happened that Richard Hall, a young single man from Baltimore County, Md., had come out the fall season before, and was boarding through the winter at Sharon's, and with full purpose of having a quarter of land improved which his father had given him about a mile from Sharon's, and two miles south of Smithfield. For that purpose he got the rough hull of a cabin put up and employed a William Milton to clear ready for the plow ten acres of new land. To this new farm in the woods Hall invited our attention by offering us pay for making rails to fence the ten acres. Milton was to clear and we were to work the ground, and give him the one-third of the corn and grain raised. We were to make and put up 2200 rails at one dollar per hundred, and he was to pay us cash.

We accordingly acceded to his proposals, and by the first of April, 1806, we were prepared to move.

THOMAS CUTS HIS FOOT.

Early on the morning of the 1st of April the family were all up early to make preparations to move to Richard Hall's land. Thomas was sent out to cut some wood to cook the breakfast, and while he was chopping the axe touched a log which projected from the chimney, and glanced off and struck the ankle-joint of his left foot and cut it half off, which caused him to fall to the ground as if he had been shot. William was standing a few feet nearer him than I was and immediately picked him up, and carried him into the house and laid him on the floor.

I noticed as William carried him in that the cut foot hung straight down in a line parallel with the leg, all the front leaders being cut off. As soon as William laid him on the floor he placed the foot in its right position, taking care to bring the edges of the wound as close together as possible. He at the same time called on mother to give him a large sized needle with a silk thread in it; this being done, he closed the wound by putting four or five stitches in the skin, taking hold on either side of the cut.

Mother by this time had a sufficient quantity of lint scraped with a knife from some part of an old linen rag; the lint she wet with camphor and laid on the cut and then laid on a portion of wood soot mixed with sugar.

Thus prepared, William then bound it up, taking care to brace the foot with bandages so as to keep it to its right place. Thomas was then lifted and laid on a bed with a pillow under his foot and another under his leg.

I stood and looked on while William performed the surgical operation and dressed and bandaged the foot, the sight of which made me very sick, perhaps as much so as Thomas who had to bear the pain. Indeed he bore it manfully for a boy only thirteen years of age, but it is said that where a cut or wound bleeds freely the warm blood deadens the pain, and his cut bled freely till well wrapped up with cloths and bandages. The bed on which Thomas lay was lifted with him on it and placed on a sled on which he was hauled over to the cabin on Hall's farm, where the bed was carried in and placed on a bedstead.

The cut was washed once each day, and a poultice of slippery elm

bark well pounded, and for a short time soaked in cold water, was applied twice each day over the lint, which was wet each dressing with a little camphorated spirits. This was the poultice and common mode of dressing this bad cut, which was thus attended to for the space of two months; after that time a salve was used, but it required better than three months before Thomas could walk about, and then only by the use of crutches.

I remember it was in harvest, in the month of July, that Thomas was able to walk about a little with his crutches. Although the cut was such a bad one, yet in the course of time a knotty substance grew out of and over the cut sinews, leaders or ligaments, which connected the foot to the leg at the ankle. This held the foot firm and to its place, and gave strength to the parts so that in the course of a year Thomas could walk without a halt, and as fast as ever he could walk, and he could endure the fatigue of walking and labor without feeling any detriment from having his foot almost cut off.

MAKING RAILS.

After moving to Hall's farm the first object was to cut and split rails sufficient to fence in the ten acres of new ground which was intended for corn. For this purpose we three that were able went to work. William or John would cut down a white or black oak, and each cut off a log, and while they were thus employed I would cut down a tree, and chop a log half or whole off, according as the tree was larger or smaller. This much being done, John chopped away all day, and William and I went into splitting rails, and daily we each split three hundred rails of good size; and John, with such start as we gave him, daily kept us in rail-timber ready for splitting.

At this rate, in one week we made sufficient rails to fence the ten acres all round, and some rails left.

After we had cut and secured our fifteen acres of wheat raised on Sharon's farm, which we cut and stacked without the use of whiskey, a very uncommon performance in those days, except amongst the Quakers and an odd solitary Methodist, William and John betook themselves to carpenter work, to shingle a double barn for Thomas Fleming, and when that was done they had to split and hew puncheons and relay his barn floor.

Richard Hall, who owned the farm on which we had moved that spring, took boarding in our family from the time we moved, the first week in April, till the November following, at \$1 a week. He was a single man at that time, and did not marry till the year 1812, when he married a girl by the name of Gosagh, of respectable family in Baltimore County, Md. He undertook to clear five acres of new land that we might seed it with wheat in the fall, but he was so lazy and indolent, and so little accustomed to labor that he worked at it only by fits and starts, so that by the close of October he had not completed the five acres, and we had to turn in and finish it ready for the plow. We had also to make the rails and put them up, but we got it sown with wheat and finished it the 28th of October.

RICHARD HALL TAKES FRENCH LEAVE.

In the early part of November that year Richard Hall left us without letting us know he was going away. Some relative of his who lived over in western Virginia had a boat loaded with flour and other produce ready for a trading trip to New Orleans. Richard thought proper to take a passage for New Orleans, and from thence he shipped round to Baltimore, and was soon at his father's, who lived only fifteen miles out from that city.

Shortly after he arrived at his father's he wrote to us giving us some account of his tardy passage down the river to New Orleans, which took thirty-nine days. This letter gave us the first intimation of where he had been, or where he was, but the worst of it was no money in letter.

This money we had earned by work done to the cabin, to provide floor, roof, chunking and daubing the same before it was fit for a dwelling; also the work performed in making so many rails and putting them up, and also in building a new log stable and erecting a threshing-floor. Besides all this, we had boarded him a good part of the summer, although he was occasionally away for two or three days at a time, and his excuse at such times was that he was out on courting excursions.

In his letter above-mentioned, he required us to sell his corn and give him credit, as by the contract he was to have the one-third of the

corn husked and delivered to him at the heap, and one-third of the wheat delivered in the shock, which was a very common way of renting land in those early days all abroad in the settlements west of the mountains. We felt wrathful and very much disappointed by Dick's conduct; we looked for the money according to his promise, which he made under false pretences, for he told us that his father was to send him money; but he knew at the time he made the promise that he had no money coming from his father. And yet we were in great need of the money, for our object was to secure as much as would pay the second instalment on our land at Captina.

Hall further wrote to us to clear out another ten-acre field and fence it, and he would pay us four dollars an acre for clearing, and one dollar per hundred for making rails and putting them up around said field, and that he would be out in the spring and bring us the money.

But the spring and fall of 1807 came, and no Dick and no money. But he wrote again in the fall to sell his share of the wheat and corn, and give him credit for the money so obtained, and we did as directed; but the sum obtained was small, as his share of the crops was small, and the price of the wheat and corn so small, it being now the fall season of 1807, right under the pressure of the Embargo Act of Congress.

When the winter broke, William employed himself at various jobs of carpenter work, for which he sometimes received a little money, but mostly trade.

John and Thomas attended to making sugar as long as the season lasted, which in most cases was till the 1st of April, and this sugar season of 1807 John stirred off a large cake of sugar the 9th day of April. I helped sometimes in the sugar-making, but did not like the employment, and would rather do any other kind of work.

I quit it before the season was out, and never made any sugar afterwards. I went to chopping and splitting rails as soon as the snow was gone, and could make one hundred and fifty rails a day. I then girdled the trees and chopped off the old logs ready for rolling on the ten acres of new ground, and I afterwards grubbed the same ten acres at the rate of an acre each day.

AN ATTACK OF INFLUENZA.

About the first of June, this year of 1807, I went and helped Ben Stevens to finish clearing and planting a piece of new ground, which took me three days' work, and the last day I nearly gave out. I felt weak and bad, but could not tell what ailed me. That evening I went home, and the next day I had head-ache and fever; and as I was not able to work, I was sent to watch the birds and squirrels off the corn, which was now up and growing in our new field. But as this was the season for the squirrels to migrate from the West to the East, they were very troublesome on our corn, and destroyed a great deal.

But I felt so badly for two or three days that I did not bestir myself around the field enough to keep the squirrels out. I found out afterwards what ailed me; it is what is now called the "Tyler Grip," which is no other than a bad attack of the influenza, and that was the first time I ever had it. Although I have had frequent attacks of it since, one of the worst was in January, 1826, while I was on a visit to my Brother David's in Fayette County, Pa. When I arrived home from that trip, I found my family and Uncle John's all well; but, in one week after that, they of both families took the influenza, and had a very severe spell of it for one week; only my mother escaped the epidemic. The influenza of that January of 1826 was a very general epidemic complaint. The newspapers spoke of its appearance first in the extreme northeastern part of the United States, and in a few weeks it had reached New Orleans, in the extreme Southwest. In many instances the influenza of that period proved of fatal consequence to a great number of persons of weakly constitution; it so affected the system as to bring on consumption, which ended their days in one or two years at most. My third attack was in January, 1843, when I sat writing that day all day in the house, as it was a day not fit to do any out-door work. It stormed and snowed nearly all day, and I felt as well as usual till after twelve o'clock, noon, at which time the influenza made its attack on me, which altered the state of my feelings in a very short time, and it held its grip on my system for three weeks. I have not had any severe attack of influenza since the one just mentioned, although sometimes I have been slightly affected with it.

But I can assert from experience that if any person, male or female, has had one bad attack of influenza, they may rest assured that they will be subject to its attacks frequently through life. But, before closing these remarks on the subject, I would record the fact that the influenza of January 15th, 1843, was general all over the United States, like that of January, 1826, and had the name given to it by some wag, who called it the "Tyler Grip," and as a twit on John Tyler, who was then President. (Much like "la grippe" this winter of 1889-90.—T. J. S.)

The next year, 1808, William and John, with my assistance, scored and hewed a set of logs for a double barn for Robert Greenlee, and also hewed the frame timber and framed the same. We split the weatherboards and shingles, and shaved the same, and drove them on, so as to complete the building of a house a story and a half high, which was twenty-four by thirty-two feet square, for old James Carr, the proprietor of the town of Smithfield, for the sum of seventy-six dollars, one-half in cash, and the balance in trade.

However, I did not work any at this last job; but I and Thomas stayed at home and did the farming.

EARLY CHURCHES IN OHIO.

The first pioneer settlers cared nothing about a preached gospel, had there been preaching within their reach, which was not the case for some few years after Wayne's Treaty with the Indians in 1794, until settlers of a better order came in among them. Their Sabbaths were mostly spent hunting or visiting their own sort.

Hence, to form a congregation out of these wild pioneers, was out of the question, until they moved off farther West, and their places were filled by others from the older settlements, who cared more for a preached gospel and for the dispensation of its ordinances.

The stream of emigration into Ohio increased very rapidly after the opening of the Land Offices in 1801, and from 1802, particularly in Jefferson County, it now became necessary to form congregations and religious societies, the material to compose which consisted principally of Presbyterians and Methodists. For although there was considerable of other material, at the same time it was not of the right sort out of which to form religious societies. Such material consisted of a remnant

of the old pioneers that still lingered amongst those of a more civilized and religious order, and these pioneers had not been raised up to any religious worship; and although many of them would attend religious meetings, yet it was hard to bring them into membership in any religious society. The Presbyterians who first settled in Jefferson County, Ohio, and the surrounding border counties, were principally from the four western counties of Pennsylvania,—Fayette, Washington, Westmoreland and Allegheny.

A few Methodists came across the mountains and settled in Western Pennsylvania as early as 1788; but at the time of the first settlement of Eastern Ohio, the Methodists flocked in from Maryland and Delaware, and many new classes were formed from 1800 and onward, and many new converts were made and taken into the classes, principally from the old pioneers.

The Quakers commenced settlements at and around Mt. Pleasant and Smithfield at an early period,—some few in 1800, and onward. Their numbers increased rapidly by emigration as well as by births; for it must be kept in mind that all the Quaker children enjoy the right of membership by birthright. This increase continued up to 1826, at which time, at their Yearly Meeting the first week of September of that year, a great split took place in their church at Mount Pleasant, and afterwards in all other places where the Quakers had societies formed.

The one party styled themselves the Orthodox, and the other was called the Hicksites. And I would just now observe that it is worthy of notice that from ever that split took place, Quakerism in both bodies declined, and is now far from being in that flourishing condition it was forty or fifty years since. And to help on to the further decline, the Orthodox Quakers, at their Yearly Meeting, held in Mount Pleasant the first week in September, 1857, split again, each party taking the name of their leader—the Gurneyites and the Wilberites.

PRESBYTERIANISM.

The town of Steubenville was laid out in February, 1797, and in June, 1799, the Rev. James Snodgrass preached to the people of Steubenville. The First Presbyterian Church of Steubenville was organized in 1801,

and the first place of preaching was the Grove, near Wolcott's factory. Mr. Snodgrass was their first pastor.

In August, 1802, the Rev. John Rhea came over from Westmoreland County, Pa., and stopped with old Mr. Welsh near Beech Spring, and for the first time preached to the early settlers of that place, and formed and organized the churches of Beech Spring and Crab Apple. He became pastor of both churches, but in due time Beech Spring took him for his whole time at a salary of \$450, and he was content to take that amount up to the time he gave up the congregation, as old age set in on him. It may hereafter be asked how Mr. Rhea could raise and support a large family on so small a salary, and the answer is that he could not have done it but he had in addition the proceeds of a fine farm, which he had purchased at a cheap rate in early times. And then his wife was such an economist and so industrious that she, although a very homely woman, was a fortune to the man who obtained her in marriage.

In 1800 the Rev. Joseph Anderson took charge of two congregations,—the one at or near St. Clairsville, and the other a newly-formed congregation on the Little Fork of Short Creek, two or three miles southeast of Mount Pleasant. This latter congregation convened in a tent during the dry summer weather, and had a rough log-house for winter and rainy weather. I have seen many Presbyterian meeting-houses which had been constructed in early times west of the mountains, but the one above mentioned was the most rough and poorly constructed I ever saw.

If it rained it would do for the congregation to retire into to keep themselves dry, but it was not suited to have preaching in in the cold winter months, as it had no fire-place nor stove to keep the people warm.

But in the course of a few years, as the old tent and the old meeting-house began to decay, it was thought best not to rebuild on Little Fork, and it was agreed to remove the place of preaching up on the ridge, a mile nearer to Mount Pleasant, where for a time they obtained the use of the Associate Reformed Meeting-house; but afterwards the congregation removed the place of worship into the town of Mount Pleasant, and after using the Seceder Meeting-house there for a time, they succeeded in building a substantial brick church.

PSALM-SINGING BIGOTRY.

I cannot help noticing a little incident that took place while the rebuilding of their church was in progress; for the original brick church was torn down in 1854 and a modern church erected. The trustees obtained leave of the two only remaining members of that once-flourishing Seceder Church to hold worship there until their own would be completed and fit for use; but it so happened that they had worshipped only two Sabbaths when the two old bigoted Seceders locked up the meeting-house and gave notice that the Presbyterians could not have the use of their house of worship any more unless they would use David's Psalms and no other, for they considered it a desecration of the house of God to have Watts' "Psalms and Hymns" sung in it. They troubled the Seceder Meeting-house no more, but obtained the use of the Protestant Methodist Church until their own was completed.

THE BAPTISTS.

About the close of last century, before the formation of the Ohio State Constitution, a small colony of old regular Baptists from New Jersey came out and settled between Rush Run and Short Creek. In due time they built a suitable house of worship of hewed logs and a shingled roof. They had brought with them their own preacher in the person of Enoch Martin, a man much beloved and respected by all who knew him, but after his death in a few years the congregation never after flourished.

METHODISM.

In filling up the space between Steubenville and Little Short Creek, the Methodists, principally from Maryland and Delaware, settled on the Warren Ridge and along the hills of Rush Run. They formed a class on Warren Ridge under the direction of old Samuel Conaway and Joshua Howard, and by the year 1802 the class was so far strengthened as to be able to build a square hewed log meeting-house, and that place of worship was called Hopewell. It is situated on the ridge between Rush Run and Short Creek, and but little, if any, over three miles out west from the Ohio River. It is about fourteen miles from Steuben-

ville, and in a direct line southwest from Steubenville to the Presbyterian Meeting-house on Little Short Creek, and about eight miles from the last named place, where the Rev. Joseph Anderson first organized a Presbyterian Church. This Hopewell Church was in its most flourishing condition during the first fifteen or twenty years of its existence. It began to decline from a variety of causes, one of which was the forming of a new class on Rush Run by one, Charles Lukins, a weaver by trade from Maryland, and in 1822 his class built a meeting-house of rough hewed logs, and called it Good Intent. It was too close to Hopewell, being not over a mile and a half away, but for awhile there was no class leader to keep up a class at Hopewell.

The Methodists of that day did not consider education to be essential to qualify a man to preach the gospel; they said if he was converted and called to preach, he would and could preach whether educated or not.

But a great change has taken place among the Methodists in that respect, as well as in many others, such as the improvement of the voice by the study of vocal music and the practice of it,—in the introduction of choirs and the melodeon in some of the churches, and there has been a great change in regard to their dress. Half a century ago the elderly and middle-aged men among the Methodists all wore the low-crowned hat with a broad brim, and a shad-bellied coat, much after the fashion of a Quaker coat, and their women wore generally a long scoop black silk bonnet, plain, without any gay trimmings, plain dress and no ear-rings, nor any kind of ornaments, but such as women should wear professing the gospel of Christ.

RELIGION AND THE CUT OF A MAN'S COAT.

But a great change has come round as respects the dress of the Methodist men and women for the last quarter of a century, so much so, that it would be hard at this time, November 21, 1860, to distinguish a Methodist man or woman from those of any other denomination.

At the time the Rev. Mr. Bascom preached on the Pittsburgh circuit, in 1826, he had previous to coming on that circuit adopted the straight coat, which was then all the fashion. After preaching for some time in Pittsburgh he became a very popular preacher, and it so happened

that among his admirers there was an elderly Methodist, a wealthy dry-goods merchant, who had, with many other old members, long worn the old-fashioned shad-bellied coat. This old merchant brought his tailor to his store, and ordered him to cut off as much from the finest piece of broad-cloth as would make a neat, first-rate shad-bellied coat, which he intended to make a present of to preacher Bascom, adding that he did not believe it became a Methodist preacher to wear such a fashionable coat as Mr. Bascom did. In due time the coat was made and sent home to the merchant, after which he took the opportunity to invite preacher Bascom to dine with him, at which time he handed the new coat to Mr. Bascom, saying that it was a present, and that he wished him to wear it, as that fashionable coat that he did wear did not become a Methodist preacher. Mr. Bascom took the coat in his hand, turned it and looked at it, and handed it back, barely observing that HIS RELIGION DID NOT LIE IN THE CUT OF HIS COAT. And oh, how true! Religion ought to lie somewhere else than in the cut of the coat, or shape of the bonnet, or the singing of Rouse's Version of David's Psalms, or the signing of the old musty Scotch Covenant of 1688.

SHOUTING METHODISTS.

Among other changes among the Methodists is to be noticed the fact that they have, in a great measure, left off shouting, which was so common, and carried on to a ridiculous extent amongst them fifty years ago.

In olden times scarcely a meeting for public worship could be held without some one, and that one generally a female, who would start the shouting operation going.

And as if by some sympathy it would soon spread from one to another, until it would soon become general, especially at quarterly and camp meetings. At these meetings men of the lower order would take part in shouting, and I have observed that the preachers of these good old times understood how to start the shouting and how to stop it at pleasure. I recollect being at a camp-meeting held by the Methodists the 19th of June, 1825, about eleven miles from Circleville, Ohio. I arrived on the ground just before dinner, and after dinner the horn was blown and all who wished to hear collected in front of the preacher's

stand. An old gray-headed man, long in the service of the Methodists, for I knew him in 1807, when he rode the Cross Creek Circuit, by the name of Ellis, presented himself on the stand seated on a chair, from which he delivered a most excellent discourse. But, like many others, he could not think of stopping when he was done, but rose to his feet and clapped his hands, and shouted, and said that some people said that daddy Ellis could not preach, but, glory to God, daddy Ellis can preach. And thus he went on, stepping from side to side of the stand, clapping his hands, talking and shouting glory to God, and this he did some time, but not very long, for he soon started in different directions on the camp ground, both men and women, to shout aloud, and this was continued for some time, until Mr. Jones, the Presiding Elder, thought it prudent to put a stop to it by blowing the horn that he might preach to the people.

It took but a blast or two until all the shouting ceased, and Mr. Jones had peace and quiet to preach.

This and many other instances of like kind, which came under my notice in bygone days, convinced me that the preachers could start certain persons to shout and stop it at pleasure.

Thomas Oliver emigrated from County Donegal, Ireland, and settled on the head-waters of Rush Run the spring of 1806. Although brought up a Presbyterian, he found that the nearest place of Presbyterian preaching was at Steubenville, a distance of ten miles on the one hand, and at Beech Spring, a distance of twelve miles on the other, and to the Hopewell Methodist meeting-house, on Warren Ridge, was a distance of five miles. Under these circumstances Mr. Oliver came to the conclusion that the distance to either of these places was too great for him and his rising family to attend. He therefore opened his house every Sabbath for prayer-meetings, and he soon succeeded in forming a Methodist class, of which he became the class-leader. In due time a church was organized, and circuit preachers came once in every two weeks, and Thomas Oliver's house soon became a noted place of religious worship. This continued until 1817, when the society built a house of worship of hewed logs at the side of the road leading from Sherrard's Mill, on Rush Run, to the State Road, on the edge of Thomas Oliver's land, and has ever since been known by the name

of Oliver's meeting-house, and is still used for worship by the Methodists.

ASSOCIATE REFORMED CHURCH.

The Rev. James Calderhead emigrated with his young wife from Scotland, and as early as 1802 he came out as a missionary of the church of his choice, the Associate Reformed, known in that day as the Union body, and organized the Piney Fork Church, four miles west of Smithfield.

About this time he also preached over on what was called the Irish Ridge, which embraced the lands from the junction of the Little Fork of Short Creek with the main stream as far westward as Mount Pleasant. He also preached on the Scotch Ridge, which took its name at the first settlement of that ridge of land lying between the Little Fork of Short Creek and the Ohio River.

At length he succeeded in forming a small congregation on Warren Ridge, about two miles east of Mount Pleasant, in a beautiful piece of woodland, where they erected a tent for the minister to preach in. Afterwards this congregation built a meeting-house of squared logs near the tent already erected, which stood about eighty rods to the south of the road leading from Warrenton to Mount Pleasant. For several years the Rev. Mr. Calderhead lived in a log cabin situated close by the meeting-house, until he was enabled to purchase a farm between Mount Pleasant and Wheeling, and on that farm he died, after he had preached for several years to this congregation, and to the congregation of Piney Fork, with good acceptance, but soon after that that church declined.

BIBLE CHRISTIANS.

The Bible Christians took their rise in Maryland and Virginia at an early period of Methodism in the United States, and it is a branch or offshoot of the Methodist Church. There was a class of these formed in and around Smithfield, under the labors of the Rev. Samuel Conaway. He had been a leading member of the Hopewell Church till the fall of 1810, when he seceded from the Methodist Episcopal Church and became a Bible Christian and a circuit elder. The impulse given to the Bible Christians in and around Smithfield was due also to the zeal and

assiduity and untiring labors of a certain Ezekiel Parmer, of whom I must now write some account.

EARLY SINGING SCHOOLS.

Ezekiel Parmer was born and raised up near Canonsburg, Washington County, Pa., and had been apprenticed and had learned the trade of making small and large spinning-wheels, a very common article of household furniture in those days, but very little use nowadays; although while I am now writing, January 11, 1861, my wife is using a little spinning-wheel doubling and twisting stocking-yarn. Besides little wheel making, Parmer took up another trade—that of singing-master. He had a good voice for vocal music, which he had improved to good purpose. He had learned under the old “round note” system, and Adgate’s old Vocal Music Book and the tunes contained in it were great favorites with Professor Parmer.

But Smith and Little about the year 1803 invented the “patent notes,” and first published a patent note singing-book called the “Easy Instructor.” And finding such a vast demand for this new and easy guide to sing by notes of a new form, and patented, they were induced to immediately follow the “Easy Instructor” by a still larger edition containing more new and old tunes not published in the first edition. This second edition was called Smith and Little’s “Harmony, or Vocal Music Book.”

These new music books were published by the thousands and spread over the United States broadcast till the expiration of the patent, and no doubt made the patentees rich. After the patent expired, a great variety of patent note books were published, amongst which were Lewis’s “Beauties of Harmony,” and the “Missouri Harmony,” and these stood the highest in the estimation of the public, and had vastly the greatest sale. For three or four years after the patent notes came out, Ezekiel Parmer had made himself acquainted with many of the newer tunes contained in the new patent note books, so that by 1807 and 1808 Professor Parmer opened singing-schools abroad in the land. He opened two in the bounds of Beech Spring, for in the bounds of that congregation he settled when he removed from near Canonsburg. He opened one also on the Irish Ridge between Mount Pleasant and Warrenton, and also

one on the ridge between Warrenton and Smithfield, the same ridge on which our family was living during those years.

CHARLES CONAWAY'S TRICKS.

This last-named singing-school on Warren Ridge was for a time held in the Baptist meeting-house, and no doubt would have continued to be held there but for the mischievous doings and influence of a certain Charles Conaway, son of the Rev. Samuel Conaway. But after the singing-school was discontinued at the Baptist meeting-house it was continued onward to the end of the term at private houses. This Charles Conaway seemed to take a pride and secret delight in annoying public or private gatherings met for worship or for improvement in vocal music. And to aid him in his vicious doings he had under his training, and at his call, five or six young chaps called his "chickens." These comrades were with him the night he was turned out of Parmer's singing-school held in the Baptist church. I held the candle and opened the door, and John McElroy, a young man from Warrenton, put him out. At the time he made the disturbance he and his "chickens" were seated on a bench immediately behind the one occupied by those that sang bass. I and McElroy rose from the front seat, and McElroy reached over and gripped Conaway by the collar and jerked him over the front bench, and landed him in the middle of the floor near where the singing-master Parmer stood.

Parmer was so displeased with Conaway's conduct, that, without a moment's thought perhaps, he struck him on the head with the knuckle of his shut fist, but the next moment I opened the door, and McElroy landed him out, and immediately all his "chickens" followed him. Soon after this Parmer wished me to go out and see that our horses were not turned loose or injured, and when I went out I found Charles and his comrades standing talking not far from the horses, but they did not like to disturb the horses, not knowing to whom they belonged.

When I came up to where they stood, Charles took my hand and placed it on a lump raised on the top of his head, caused from the blow by Parmer's knuckle, and the lump was half as large as an egg. I seemed to sympathize with Conaway, for indeed I felt hurt at the hasty conduct of Parmer in striking him, as there was no need of his interfer-

ence, as McElroy was amply strong and able to put Conaway out or do with him as he pleased.

DISTURBING A RELIGIOUS MEETING.

But some time before this affair at the singing-school at the Baptist meeting-house, Charles Conaway, with his "chickens," was guilty of a worse trick. This was played off at the house of old Joshua Howard, who, with his wife and some of his family, belonged to the Hopewell Methodist Episcopal Church. Old Samuel Conaway at this time and for some years afterward belonged also to the same class, and it came to pass in these good old times that the said Samuel Conaway, father of the said Charles Conaway, had a prayer-meeting appointed on a certain Sabbath, in the absence of the circuit or local preacher, at the cabin of Joshua Howard. At this place of meeting Charles Conaway and his followers were collected, not to be benefited by any religious exercises, but rather to see if they could gratify their innate desire to do wrong rather than right. They came after the meeting had begun, and did not go in, but seeing a hasp in the door and a steeple in the door-cheek, Charles put the hasp on the steeple and a stick through to keep it there. He then climbed up on the roof and laid loose clapboards on the top of the chimney, which soon turned the smoke down into the house, which had a disagreeable effect on the class in the house. Charles and his comrades then went into the other part of the house and demanded something to eat of an old negro woman, Dinah, who gave them some hominy, and after they had eaten as much as they wished, they cleared out and left old Dinah to unfasten the door and let the sufferers out. However, when those in the house began to feel the effects of the smoke, old Mr. Conaway stepped to the door and made an effort to open it, but did not succeed, and this made him exclaim: "Now who has done this? It is certainly one of the devil's own children"—not knowing that his own son was about, or that he had done it, for when he had left home he had left his son there, who did not seem to have any desire to go to the prayer-meeting.

CONDUCTING A SINGING-SCHOOL.

Professor Parmer, at the time he taught singing-school, in 1807-8, belonged in full membership and communion in the Beech Spring Pres-

byterian Church, under the pastorate of the Rev. John Rhea, D.D. He always closed his singing-schools with prayer, and he would order some fugue tune to be sung, such as "America" (short metre), "Bridgewater," "Lenox," "Russia" or "Sutton;" and as the bass started at the repeat, they of that part rose to their feet, and so of the tenor and treble, after which he prayed appropriately and dismissed.

In 1809 or 1810 Professor Parmer left Jefferson County, Ohio, and removed to the State of Kentucky, that he might better his condition, where, after some time, for reasons best known to himself, he joined the Society of the Bible Christians, and after exercising his gifts by exhorting for a short time, he was licensed to preach. He afterwards moved back into Ohio and settled in the Miami country and preached round about, and after the lapse of ten or twelve years he returned and settled in Smithfield, in the old neighborhood where he had taught singing-school; then in a year or two he left, and I never heard of him.

OLD CENTRE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Some time in the fall season of 1809 I heard that the Rev. Abram Scott would preach on the Sabbath ensuing at a place designated near the road leading from Wellsburg to Smithfield, a little west of the farm of John Armstrong. Our family at that time lived two miles south of Smithfield, and I therefore had to ride six miles to the place where the Rev. Mr. Scott was to preach.

But the distance was no obstacle in the way, for I had been accustomed for four years previous to ride nine miles to the Presbyterian meeting-house and tent on the Little Fork of Short Creek, at which place the Rev. Joseph Anderson preached the one-fourth of his time.

The Sabbath having arrived on which Mr. Scott was to preach, the weather being pleasant and the roads good, I left home in time to call on a Presbyterian family residing at that time in Smithfield by the name of Chambers, and prevailed on the youngest of the two brothers, James, to accompany me. Arrived at the place appointed, we found it to be a rising piece of ground near the public road designated. It was a place beautifully shaded at that time with a thick grove of forest trees, all of which have been felled by the woodman's axe long since, and scarce a stump now tells where they were. And O! what a change has passed

over mankind, and many other forests as well as this, in almost fifty years since that sermon was preached at the root of a large green chestnut tree by the Rev. Abram Scott.

When I and James Chambers arrived we found the preacher seated at the root of that tree waiting the coming in of the people of the surrounding country. The discourse on the occasion was a good, practical one, and well suited to feed the hungry minds of his hearers.

Mr. Scott had permission to preach for the Centre congregation during that season of 1809, which he had received from the Ohio Presbytery, and those services held by him was the beginning of the Old Centre congregation of the Presbyterians, so called because it was half-way between Steubenville and Beech Spring, and was neutral ground between Rev. Mr. Snodgrass on the one hand, and the Rev. Dr. Rhea on the other. Sometimes the one and sometimes the other would come by invitation and preach at the house of old Archibald Armstrong, as he and his wife were both old and infirm. I once heard the Rev. Mr. Snodgrass preach there a year or two before Mr. Scott came to preach at Centre.

THE REVEREND ABRAM SCOTT.

The Records of the Ohio Presbytery show that at a meeting held at West Liberty, October 17, 1809, a call from Centre congregation for the Rev. Abram Scott for one-half of his time was placed in his hands and accepted by him.

Mr. Scott was born in Chester County, Pa., about the year 1765, and while he was yet a small boy his father moved out over the mountains and settled near Canonsburg, which was then the very centre of Chartiers congregation to which the Rev. John McMillan ministered, and Mr. Scott's father became an Elder in that church. Abram Scott was one of the first students of the new Academy of Dr. McMillan at Canonsburg, which first went into operation 1793.

He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Ohio June 25, 1806, and again, he was ordained by the same Presbytery at a meeting held at Chartiers July 12, 1808.

He accepted a call from two new congregations in Mercer County, Pa., at a promised salary of \$200 yearly from each of the congregations in cash, but they were unable to pay it, on account of the Embargo act

of 1808, which brought on very hard times, such as have never been experienced since, except once—the fall of 1820 and the winter and summer of 1821. Mr. Scott therefore accepted the call to Centre and moved there the fall of 1809.

The congregation of Centre was not fully organized till the latter part of April, 1810, when John Hindman and John Jackson were unanimously and without one dissenting voice elected Elders of the congregation, and the next Sabbath they were ordained the first Elders of Centre.

DEATH OF JOHN SHERRARD.

The spring of 1809 William and John worked at carpenter work for old William Wood, on his farm near Smithfield, the same on which Thomas Wood now resides (December 17, 1852). On Friday morning, the 21st day of April, 1809, I and Thomas rose early, and Thomas was left to feed the stock while I went to the second ten-acre field, next to William Kirk's land, to chop or log off fallen timber to prepare for plowing for corn. But I had been out only a short time when Thomas came to me with orders from mother to go to the house, for father was taken very sick. When I arrived at the house I found father in bed, but he said he felt much better, and in the course of half an hour he got up and dressed himself as usual, but would eat nothing all day. On being urged by mother to eat, his only reply was that he had no appetite, and that he hoped he would be better in a day or two.

In the evening of this day William and John came home, and by nine o'clock we all retired to bed, and we, the younger members of the family, not apprehending any danger, were soon sound asleep. Not so with mother, for she did apprehend danger from what had taken place in the morning, and she did not fall asleep as we did. By ten o'clock father became uncommonly sick, and mother called me, knowing that I, from infancy, was, of all the boys, the most easily awaked. I was up at the first call, and had a candle lit in an instant, and passed on to the bedside where father was standing, and so sick that great drops of sweat stood on his forehead.

From the way that he was affected it was evident that there had been a blood-vessel burst in his stomach, for the blood flowed at different times until three o'clock the next morning (Saturday). But with all the

loss of blood he lived and breathed and was sensible, and was able to converse with neighbors who came in, and he had been speaking one minute before he breathed his last, at one o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, April 22, 1809.

He was buried the next day (Sabbath) in the old Quaker graveyard in the west end of Smithfield.—(It appears that no stone ever marked his grave. A few years before father's death he and my brother Robert went to that old graveyard, but were entirely unable to identify the spot where grandfather Sherrard was buried.—T. J. S.)

SECTION IV.

1810-1811.

CAPTINA EXPERIENCES.

BUT little of note transpired during this year after the death of my father. There was a family named Edwards that lived on part of the Hall farm below us, consisting of Henry Edwards, his wife, nine girls and two small boys. I worked for Edwards that summer, chopping fallen timber on ten acres of ground, and helping to roll logs and burn them. During the forepart of this summer William and John worked at carpenter work for Benjamin Ladd, near Smithfield, and after harvest, on the recommendation of old William Wood, they got work for three months with an old English Quaker by the name of Witchel, who came from London and was settled on a farm one mile west of St. Clairsville.

During that fall I and Thomas worked the farm at home, and Thomas became very expert in tracing bees and finding bee-trees, which often gave us a good stock of honey. However, in August of that year, 1809, before William and John went over to Witchel's, they started to our new farm in Belmont County, to make some improvements ready for us to move there the next spring, and they took me along to help

them, and also Ben Tingly as a work-hand. Thomas also went along to bring back the horses, and he was to stay at home with mother to be company for her; and after three weeks he was to return to Belmont County for us. The first thing we did was to cut small logs of the quaking-asp, and with these we built a small cabin seventeen feet square. We then set in to chopping, grubbing and picking and burning brush; as to logs or standing trees, there were but few on the three acres we cleared and fenced during those three weeks that we worked. A part of this quarter section showed evident signs of its having been visited by a tornado some forty or fifty years before, for there was a new growth of saplings on it.

We employed old Jesse White, one of the neighbors living near to that Captina farm, to find seed wheat and plow and sow the three acres we had cleared and fenced.

The clearing and fencing and building the cabin might be calculated at a cost of at least fifty dollars.

MOVING TO CAPTINA.

The winter passed away, and the spring came round; but we did not get started to move till the 24th of April.

We employed Henry Edwards, who had a good team and large wagon-bed, to haul the household goods; but we took no chairs nor bedsteads, nor any lumber we could make or supply when we got there, and yet the large English wagon-bed was filled top-full. Although the distance was not over twenty-eight miles, it took two days to move. On the 26th of April we commenced to clear for corn, and by dint of hard grubbing with the hoe and chopping with the axe, we had five acres ploughed and planted on the 26th of May, and by the 3rd of June we planted four acres more.

We then turned in and cleared one and one-half acres for potatoes and turnips, and after planting the potatoes we continued clearing till we had three acres more cleared, and this we sowed in timothy for meadow. In the course of our clearing up our land we killed a great number of snakes—copperheads and rattlesnakes.

SCARCITY OF SALT.

At that time salt was very scarce and high, so much so that it sold for \$6 to \$8 a barrel of 280 pounds, and higher, in proportion, when retailed by the bushel, which was generally by weight of fifty pounds to the bushel, but the most common standard was fifty-six pounds to the bushels.

In consequence of the high price of salt, horses and cows did not get it in such portions as they needed, and hence the cows would seek out the salt licks, or deer licks, as they were called by the old hunters, and the cows would always wander off from home to the best lick.

Our cows soon found their way to a lick about three miles from home to which they went daily, and Thomas had to start about an hour before sunset every evening during the summer and fall months and bring home the cows to be milked, and this was a severe drudgery on him.

Our horses and sheep, as well as the cows, had to run in the woods during the two summer seasons that we lived at Captina, but I never knew the horses and sheep to go to the salt licks. We had brought with us twenty head of sheep, but we were in continual dread of their being killed by the wolves, which were uncommonly plenty in that new country, and yet, during the two seasons we were there, we had but one sheep killed by the wolves, and that was in open daylight, the first summer of 1810.

After we had planted the corn and potatoes, we grubbed six acres more to be cleared up and put in wheat, and then William and John went to Witchel's and worked at carpenter work nearly all the time till December, 1810.

WOLVES VERY NUMEROUS.

One night the first summer we had the sheep folded in a pen covered with poles, and this was about two rods from the door of our cabin. We had just gone to bed, when the dogs all at once made a dreadful fuss, barking close to the door. I got up and opened the door and hissed the dogs, when down jumped something from the sheep-pen which I supposed was a wolf, as it was so dark I could see nothing, but I could hear the poles rattle.

I hissed and encouraged the dogs, and they immediately crossed the brush fence a little beyond the sheep-pen; I passed around the brush in the inside of the adjoining field, and stood on the inside of the fence, still encouraging and hissing the dogs. All at once the large dog was chased back close to me, the fence only between us, and as the dog gave a pitiful yelp, I felt frightened, and my hair rose on my head, so that I halloed with all my might, which I suppose saved the dog and myself. It was so dark I could see nothing, but heard something I supposed to be the wolf making tracks on the leaves above the brush fence as if he would as leave be off. The dog was so frightened that he would not stir nor bark as before, but as soon as I left the fence for the house, the dog followed me to the door, glad to be off, and so was I.

I and Thomas spent that summer working on the farm and getting in the harvest, but I must say that I never saw so wet a harvest. I saw wheat standing uncut in Jesse White's field and the heads sprouted.

MY FIRST VOTE.

The 8th of October following, 1810, when we arose in the morning there was snow on the ground an inch or two deep. This day being the second Tuesday of October, I concluded to go with my neighbor, Jesse White, to the annual election, and for the first time give my vote.

Jesse White, being one of the trustees, and seeing it was past eight o'clock, proposed to have the election opened, although the township clerk had not yet come. But he proposed to those present to take me in place of the clerk, and then nominated another young man as assistant clerk. We were thereupon chosen and qualified, as the law directed, and then set about forming a poll-book, at which we made but a poor out, as neither of us had any experience in such matters. And although we had the law-book, with the form in a concise way laid down in it, yet we did not understand it, nor could the judges of the election guide us, nor give us any information, for they were just as ignorant on that subject as ourselves.

FIRST DOLLAR EARNED ON PUBLIC BUSINESS.

We had not been long at work on our poll-books when the township clerk came with the poll-box, and one blank form, at least, made out.

But he was so displeased at the loss of his place at the election board, whereby he lost a dollar, that he would give us neither his form nor any information. However, we blundered on, and made out our poll-books after some manner of form, and the next day old Jesse White carried the one I made out to the clerk of the court at St. Clairsville, and it was accepted, and he brought me my dollar, the first I ever received for any public business transacted by me. It was not the last, for it is now forty-two years past, and since that time I have made by my pen, I would say, more than \$300 at odd times, outside of my regular work.

But I felt chagrined that I could not do better in making out the first new poll-book. However, I resolved not to stay in ignorance any longer on this subject, so I borrowed the law book of old Jesse White, and re-examined the form, and then took paper, pen and ink, and drew out a complete form, so that I never afterwards forgot the form of that or any other poll-book for any election.

But that was not all; while I had these "Revised Statutes for 1810" I read them carefully through, one act after another, general laws and local laws and all, for they were all mixed up together at that time, just as they were passed from day to day, and not separated as they are now. The reading of the laws of Ohio at this time was not lost time, as it gave me a general knowledge of the laws, and what law was; but I derived another advantage by reading the laws, and that was a better knowledge of the use of good language, both in speaking and writing, which has been of great use to me ever since. If I was called upon to draw any article of agreement, or a will, or any other instrument, I was able to clothe it with better language.

THE PUMPKIN FLOOD.

There was a very hard frost the next morning, the 9th of October, and I and Thomas and Jesse White's son, Israel, at once began topping and blading the corn.

After this I sowed wheat in the corn-field of five acres, and the seed-wheat I procured was the red chaff beardy, the first of that variety I had ever seen, and it weighed sixty-five pounds to the bushel. We next turned our attention to the six-acre field that we had been clearing off during the summer, and by the 12th of November I had finished the

plowing. The next day I sowed it, and Thomas harrowed after me. On the 14th I went on with the harrowing, and by noon got it all harrowed one way and about one and one-half acres the other way, when it began to rain, so that I was forced to loose the horses and go home, and no more harrowing was done that fall season.

It rained on—a heavy, steady rain—for two days and nights, which raised the Ohio River to a greater height than it had been known for many years, and swept off fences and houses, stables, mills and saw-mills, corn, fodder, pumpkins, hay in the stack, wheat in the stack, etc.

But from the great quantity of pumpkins seen floating down the river it took the name of the “Pumpkin Freshet,” and is yet known by that amongst the few old settlers who remain alive to this time, for a period of forty-two years has gone round since.

William and John came home late that fall and stayed all winter, and during that winter we built a corn-crib, and also cut logs and built a log stable twenty-seven feet long and twenty-one feet wide. We cut timber and split clapboards and covered it, and also cut and split and hewed puncheons and laid floors in it. This occupied our time till the snow fell six inches deep in March.

While the snow lay on in March, 1811, it was a great inducement for hunting and killing deer, and accordingly John took the gun and went out hunting. The first day he killed a young doe nearly a year old, and the next day he killed a growing fawn six or eight months old, and the third day he killed a spike buck. John's success raised the hunting propensities of William and Thomas to such a pitch that they could not resist the charm of killing deer as well as John, and having but one gun, William took it, and did not return till late in the evening, tired, weak and hungry, but no game, and his bad luck cured him of deer hunting for that season. But Thomas, nothing daunted, took the gun the next day and scoured the hills and dales, with no better success than William the day before, and that stopped his further hunting.

As soon as the March snow melted off we all four went to grubbing six acres for corn, and after clearing the ground ready for the plough, we made rails and fenced it in. This done William and John left home for young Tom Fleming's, near Smithfield, where they undertook the building of a large two-story frame house, all the timber to be taken

from the stump,—frame, shingles and weather-boards. The weather-boards for the front were cut and split six feet long, and all the weather-boards were shaved. This was a heavy job for two hands, but by constant work they finished it some time in September, and they then undertook to hew locust posts and split and shave palings for fencing in Fleming's yard and garden.

It was while hewing these posts that William met with a serious accident,—in throwing down a post an axe flew up and struck him between the shoulders, and he was cut badly, the full length of its edge.

This cut rendered him unfit for work for three weeks, during which time he came home and stayed two weeks.

It was at this time that he asked me what I thought of old William Wood's proposal, which was to purchase of the said Wood the undivided half of two hundred acres of land on Rush Run, with Elias Pegg's old saw-mill on it, and enter into partnership with him, and build a merchant-mill on it, and go on to grind wheat and make and sell flour. To this proposition I replied that I would be glad to exchange the clearing of land and the farming business, of which I said I was heartily tired, for the milling business; and I therefore told him that he had my approbation to sell the farm here on Captina, and take William Wood at his offer.

But in this case I reckoned without my host, for I had been bred up from infancy to farming and clearing land, but knew nothing of the hardships, and turmoils, vexations, and anxieties and difficulties, with heavy lifting and sleepless nights, which belong to the milling business.

RUSH RUN PROPERTY PURCHASED.

William returned to his work at Fleming's, and when they had finished what they had engaged to do there, he and John returned home. In the mean time William had purchased the undivided one-half of the before-mentioned tract of land of William Wood, which he had previously purchased of Elias Pegg, containing two hundred acres, for which William paid Wood the sum of \$500, land being cheap at that time, and this Rush Run tract being very steep, hilly and broken, there being not more than from thirty to thirty-five acres of level land that was suitable for plowing, excepting hillside land. The mill seat was the object.

PIONEERS AT WORK.

During that summer of 1811 I and Thomas were left at home as usual to plow up the new ground, together with three and one-half acres of old ground we cleared and had in corn the last year. I first plowed up an acre and a half of the ground we had in potatoes and turnips the year before, and sowed it with flax-seed; I then plowed up half an acre of the land we had in corn the year before and sowed it also in flax, which proved to be the best crop of flax the family ever raised before or since.

I next put in about two acres of oats, and planted corn in what was left of the old ground, and in all the new ground that was cleared. Then we cleared off an acre, and planted it with potatoes, and cut and split rails till the corn and potatoes were ready to work, and then it kept us busy to plow and hoe it till harvest came on, of which we had eleven acres of wheat and two acres of oats to cut, and two acres of flax to pull, and all to stack and stow away from damage by wet; and the pulling of flax was the worst job of all, for it made the back ache. I also cut two acres of timothy grass; but such cutting as it was, for I knew no more about the art of mowing or whetting the scythe than an Indian, although I was at that time over twenty-two years of age.

The reason is obvious: I came away from Fayette County before I had learned the art of mowing, and for the last six years had lived on land where there was as yet no meadow made. After harvest in August I and Thomas made rails and fenced in another field, and one morning after breakfast I sat down to half-sole my shoes; but the waxed end ravelled, and I could not get along with cobbling as at some other kinds of work. So I agreed with Thomas that if he would sew on the half soles, I would go out and chop and split fifty rails. Thomas went at the shoe-cobbling, and I went to the woods, and chopped and split thirty-nine rails, when the horn blew for dinner.

After dinner we started from the house at one o'clock, and Thomas said to me: "You complain that I don't do as much work as you; now, let us see who will cut and split the most rails by evening." I agreed, and told him that as he was the youngest, he might choose and mark four trees for his use, and I would choose others. So at it we went

with strength and vigor and hearty good-will, and when the sun was yet an hour high, Thomas proposed to count the rails, as he had to go two or three miles to drive home the cows. I took him at his word, and we found that I had cut and split one hundred and two rails, and he fifty-four; and this convinced him that I could do the most work, except at very light work.

About this time our cows strayed out of their common walks, and were gone nine days before I found them, and yet they were not more than three miles from home.

Thomas hunted for them two or three days without success, and I then started out and spent the first day without getting any tidings of them, for the reason that I was hunting for them to the North, while they were all the time over to the Southeast. On leaving home the first day, I took no provision with me, and although I called at several cabin-houses to make inquiry, it happened either before or after dinner, and I was so diffident that I did not ask for food; so that by evening, on my arrival home, I was both weak and hungry.

PERILS OF THE BACKWOODS.

The second day I started out with three cold apple-dumplings in a small bag, and about noon I sat down on a large rock in the woods far from any cabin, and ate my cold apple-dumplings without any sauce but a good appetite, and I thought it as sweet and inviting a morsel as I ever ate. This day I stepped up on a large log, which had split open in falling, which left a crevice of six or eight inches of an opening, into which the leaves had blown and filled up the crevice.

As soon as I stepped up on the log, I heard a rustling among the dry leaves all along the crevice, and saw several copperheads disappear among the leaves. On looking round on the ground in different directions, I saw several of these copperheads lying stretched out at full length basking in the open air; for sunshine they had but little, there being much shade from the green timber.

Some of these snakes on the ground crawled under the old log; but I soon looked out a clear spot, and made good my retreat from this den of snakes of the copperhead kind.

I then continued my course southeast, and called at the cabin of

Ezekiel Smith, but got no tidings of my lost cows. I then made my way to John Euwer's, and there I found them, and learned that they had made that place their home, as they came up there regularly every evening, and had first come there nine days before. I drove the cows home; but they were all three as dry of milk as if they never had any, and now what was to be done to bring them back to milk again? Two of them had calves that had been weaned about two weeks before they had gone away, and we now turned the calves back to them, and by this means the milk returned; but the third cow remained dry.

BITTEN BY A COPPERHEAD.

After this cow hunt was over, I and Thomas returned to our business of making rails, and when it was conjectured by Thomas that we had enough made to fence in the proposed lot, he suggested that we should take the rod pole and measure the ground. I agreed, and very unthoughtedly stepped from the log, where I had been chopping in my bare feet, and forgot to put on my shoes, not thinking of snakes among the old dead leaves.

While we were measuring I raised my left foot to make a step, and before I had time to set it to the ground again, a large copperhead that lay coiled on the leaves, unseen by either Thomas or me, took me slap on the left foot, on the inside about an inch below the ankle bone. The instant the fangs of the upper jaw sunk into my flesh I felt the sting to my heart, and looking down, the snake had just withdrawn his head from my foot and was making off. I called to Thomas to come and kill it, which he did in short order. I then directed him to gather a handful of white plantain, and the same of wild touch-me-not, and the same of snake-weed, so that these herbs could be boiled in sweet milk. I then walked down and put on my shoes and started for home, with the pain increasing every moment. When I got home I immediately lay down on the bed to await the preparation of the poultice; but Thomas had to go over to Jesse White's to get sweet milk, for our cows had not come home the night before. He soon returned, and Jesse White with him, who brought along a strip of white walnut bark, which he tied tight around my leg just below my knee, to keep the swelling below the bandage. As soon as the herbs were sufficiently boiled in the milk, and

the milk cooled, I drank plentifully of the milk thus prepared, and had a poultice of the herbs put upon the wound.

This process I had frequent recourse to through each day for just a week, at the end of which time I was able to go to work again. While I was laid up with my snake bite, Thomas was one evening late in bringing home the cows, so that mother did not get the milking done before dark. Thomas waited on her, and had brought in part of the milk, and then stepped across the floor and threw himself down on mother's bed. Just then I noticed by the light of the fire a large copperhead coming crawling out from the left of the fireplace, and it made its way under my bed just as mother came in at the door.

I called to her to hand me the stick that I kept to hop out with, which she did; and I raised up the bed-clothes and saw the snake coiled up on the floor under my bed. I tried to strike it, but it got away, and although Thomas immediately lit a candle and made search, it could not be found. I bade him shake and turn all the bed-clothes, and to take everything off from every bedstead, but all to no purpose, for the snake could not be found; but as there were large cracks in the puncheon floor, I supposed it had crept down under the floor.

So under this apprehension, the next morning I directed Thomas to lift every puncheon in the floor, but nothing was found, and no harm resulted from this unwelcome visitor; but it increased mother's dread, and such experiences made us the more willing to leave the place.

THE CAPTINA FARM SOLD.

It was but a short time after William and John returned that fall of 1811, till William sold the land we then lived on, the Captina farm, to an old Quaker from Philadelphia, by the name of Matthew Wood, for \$563.50. (When in Barnesville, O., February 22, 1890, I learned from Mr. T. S. Bradfield that part of this old Captina farm, 122 acres, is now owned by the heirs of Samuel Russell, and the other part by A. J. Smith. I would have gone out to see it, but the roads were impassable, and it is three miles south of Burton Station, on the B. & O. R. R.—T. J. S.)

It was worth at that time as much more, for we had paid two dollars

an acre for it, Congress price, the principal and interest of which, by the time it was sold, would be nearly \$400. Add to that the hard grubbing, chopping undergrowth, rolling logs and burning them, and chopping and picking and burning brush; then the number of rails made and put up so as to enclose four fields, and the first three-acre lot cleared, amounting in all to forty acres cleared and fenced; added to this, the building of the cabin, stable and corn-crib, all of which at a moderate allowance would be worth \$400 more, and this would make in all \$800, so that we were out at least \$240.

The grubbing was worth from \$2 to \$2.50 an acre, and all the other work was worth \$5 an acre; the rails were worth \$1 per hundred for making and putting up, and the other improvements were worth \$75.

I never could tell why William sold it so cheap, and I did not approve of the sale, as there was no necessity to sell, since William Wood did not want the money for the Rush Run property, provided he got six per cent. interest.

Here was an evident want of judgment on William's part, to whom was confided by the rest of us the management and control of affairs belonging to the family, and the only mistake in judgment to which I can now now point during his administration of our affairs for twenty years.

For, be it remembered, that he was a man of profound judgment, more so than any of his brothers, who all gave up to his judgment, management and control; hence he obtained, even when young, the *sobriquet* of the "old man."

However, William's eagerness to sell the farm may in part be accounted for in the fact that mother never liked to live there, and on her account William felt that it was too far in the backwoods, surrounded by dangers from wolves, copperheads and rattlesnakes, and lonesome.

WHY WE LEFT CAPTINA.

During that summer and fall we had been so much annoyed with copperheads and rattlesnakes coming even into the house, that mother was made very uneasy and nervous, and afraid to rise in the night from her bed, and on the occasion when the large copperhead had come

out from behind the fireplace, and escaped under the floor, the boys tore out the whole fireplace, and found that the creatures had a nest back there where they could not be reached, and this added to the uneasiness of mother's mind. From that one nest behind the fire-place, the boys killed thirteen large copperheads. It was the next morning after that, while William was at home, and I was still confined to bed from the snake bite, that he called the other two boys out of the house, and said: "Boys, we have too good a mother to allow her to live in such a way as this, and she is wearing out her life with the worry and anxiety of such a life, separated from comforts and associations such as she has been accustomed to. For one I am determined that this thing shall last no longer, and that she shall live somewhere else, where she will not have so much to worry her." As a result of this conversation he purchased the Rush Run property that fall, and sold this Captina place as has been mentioned.

LEAVING CAPTINA FARM.

Accordingly, when William sold the place that fall, I was called upon to draw up the writings for the bargain and sale of this land. I was soon after called on by old Jesse White to draw his will. And this was about the commencement of my writing for the public, such as drawing deeds, mortgages, wills and articles of agreement more than I can remember, now March 27, 1853. After the land was sold we began to make active preparations for moving; the corn was got in and husked and put up in the crib, and we next dug and holed the potatoes. After this I was next called on to write the advertisements for the vendue, and when the day of sale came on I clerked, and made out the sale list, and filled up all the notes given.

CONDITIONS OF SALE.

The following is a copy of the conditions of that sale:

"1. The highest and best bidder to be the purchaser; the owner reserving to himself one bid on each article offered for sale.

2. Any person purchasing to the amount of two dollars and upwards, shall have one year's credit; by giving their note with approved security before the property is removed, and all under that sum must be cash; also, all those who can make it convenient to pay cash shall have a discount of 8 per cent.

3. Any person purchasing property and not complying with these conditions, must return the same before sunset with 25 per cent. on the amount of purchase for disappointment of sale.

WILLIAM SHERRARD.

Goshen Township, Belmont County, O.

October 26, 1811."

A YANKEE SCUTCHING FLAX.

It was not long after the vendue till the family all moved off to Rush Run, leaving me behind to dress flax, and feed out pumpkins and short refuse corn to some young cattle, one horse, one beef cow, and ten-fattening hogs.

They left me on November 2, 1811, and Henry Edwards, who lived on Hall's land two miles south of Smithfield, the same who moved us down into Belmont County April 26, 1810, now moved the family back from Captina to Rush Run.

Left behind as I was, I stayed there with little company except two dogs, a large and a small one, and one house cat. I employed a straggling Yankee for the space of four or five days to scutch flax at the rate of two pence a pound; I broke and cropped the flax, and he scutched twenty-two and a half pounds each day by noon, which amounted to just fifty cents.

After dinner he would come out, the weather of all that November being very fine, and would lie down on the shives, or refuse breakage of the flax, and roll about and whistle and sing, and in this manner he would spend the remainder of the day. I asked him why he did not scutch in the after part of the day, so that he could thus earn fifty cents more, but his reply was that fifty cents was enough for a man to earn in a day. By inquiry I found that he was a married man with a wife and three or four children, and yet how content he seemed to be with a little of this world's goods, while thousands are not content if it were possible to grasp all the gold in California.

A JAW OUT OF JOINT.

On one of the days the Yankee scutched flax for me I felt a little alarmed at what took place with me: I was at the time cropping flax, and having occasion to gape, I suffered the jaw to extend a little too

much beyond the proper point, which threw the lower jaw out of joint, and there I stood with my mouth gaping wide open, and it could not be shut, nor could I speak to tell what was the matter. I immediately felt alarmed, and set to work to try to get the under jaw unlocked, that I might once more get my mouth shut, and for that purpose I placed a thumb under the joint of the lower jaw on each side, and by thus working my thumbs for a very short space, the jaw flew to its place, to my great joy and comfort. From that time until the beginning of May, 1813, I kept my jaw in due bounds, but at this latter period mentioned I and my brother William were returning from a general muster held at Bawlding Person's mill, which was up Short Creek, twelve miles beyond Smithfield, and on our way home, about a mile west of Smithfield, I was riding before William, who was in company with some other man, and I had occasion to gape. Just as had happened a year and a half before, because I suffered my jaws to extend too wide, my lower jaw came out of joint as before. I immediately stopped my horse, and strove to put it into place by working my thumbs at the joints of the jaws on each side, but failed.

Perhaps I became too soon alarmed, and too soon gave up the effort, expecting help of my brother William.

When he saw me dismount and make the effort just described, he dismounted also, and asked me what was the matter, but I could not speak, being able only to make signs as to what was wrong and how to give me relief.

He made the effort, but perhaps, like myself, he was too much alarmed to persevere; he soon gave it up and told me to tie my handkerchief over my mouth and ride into Smithfield and get assistance from Doctor William Judkins, who, at that time, boarded with old William Wood.

We went immediately into Smithfield and soon found the doctor, who seated me on a chair, and bid my brother William stand behind my chair and hold my forehead firm.

The doctor then placed a thumb of each hand in my mouth, firmly gripping the jaw with each hand, and by working up and down, and pulling forward, he soon had my jaw brought into its place. No sooner was this done than old William Wood, through kindness, would have

William and me to go and eat supper, as the family had just eaten before we entered. I and William sat down at the table, and after eating a few bites of bread old William Wood handed me a small cut of currant tart, which crust and all was not an inch thick; but, be that as it may, I opened my mouth and put in a bit of currant tart, and in doing so the lower jaw flew off again, and the doctor had to be called in a second time, but to prevent further trouble, I took out my handkerchief and tied the lower jaw fast to my head. And although it is forty years past last May, yet no such disaster has again happened to me at any time since, but I have always been on my guard ever since, and will not suffer my jaws to extend beyond a due limit. (Written in 1853.)

MAKING ROPE.

During the few weeks that I was left behind at Captina, feeding the stock and scutching flax, it was my custom to pull out from the crop-pings the longest shreds and save them, and at night I amused myself, and beguiled the time to a late hour, having nothing to read, neither books nor newspapers, by twisting these shreds into rope yarn. This I wound up into balls, which were carried in a bag to Rush Run, and there made into a bed-cord and put to immediate use the latter part of 1811, and is in use at this day, in 1853, here in my house, and may, with care, last out this century; it is the oldest rope I have any knowledge of.

On December 8, 1811, my brother John, with a young man named Benjamin Tingley, son of an old neighbor from Rush Run, arrived at my hermitage, bringing with them two other horses, so that we might pack on them some articles and that we might ride time about on some one or two of them. After spending the 9th in packing and making arrangements, we spent that night at the house of our neighbor, Jesse White, and the next morning, December 10, 1811, after an early breakfast, we left Jesse White's and drove for home, but we did not reach Rush Run, till after night, for the distance was at least thirty miles, and the days were at their shortest. The hogs and cow cattle drove slowly, but by constant pushing we made headway.

The flax that I paid the Yankee for dressing we tied up at full length,

and put an equal portion on each side of a pack saddle on a horse, and thus packed it home; and as we came through St. Clairsville, the towns-people gazed at us, but the long flax attracted the most attention.

SECTION V.

1811-1815.

THE RUSH RUN MILL.

ON our return home from Captina, we learned of old Mr. Tingley and wife, who had just returned from a visit to New Jersey by way of uncle David Cathcart's, that my aunt Susanna was lying very dangerously ill of a fever, and word had been sent by them for some of us to go up and pay a visit, and bring back word whether she was living or dead. Accordingly it fell upon me to go, and after getting my horse shod, on the morning of the 16th of December, 1811, I started for old Fayette.

On crossing the river at Wellsburg I was asked if we had felt any shocks of an earthquake up Rush Run the night before, but I said that we had felt none. They said that they had felt several shocks in the night, and we afterwards learned that it was no wonder, as the seat of a young earthquake had its home on the Mississippi River bordering on the State of Tennessee, where considerable damage was done. But I, unconcerned about earthquakes or anything else, pursued my journey, and on the evening of the second day a little after dark I arrived at my uncle's, and found my aunt better and sitting propped up in a large arm chair. But she had been so low that they had thought her at one time dead, but she had revived again. She recovered her health, and enjoyed good health for more than fourteen years after that, until she took some kind of erysipelas, and died April 21, 1826, aged seventy-eight years.

AN IMPORTANT INTRODUCTION.

During my visit in the old neighborhood where I was brought up, I enjoyed myself exceedingly well. About the first week in January, 1812, old Joseph Kithcart called at my uncle's on his way home from Court at Uniontown.

He lived across east of the Youghiogheny, six miles beyond Connellsville, on the road to Mount Pleasant, Westmoreland County, and just half way between Connellsville and Mount Pleasant, near the mountain.

On being introduced to him as a brother of David A. C. Sherrard's, he very kindly invited me and my brother David to pay him and family a visit, which invitation we complied with in less than two weeks. We found ourselves seated in a comfortable room by a good fire at the old 'squire's in company with his two eldest daughters, young and handsome and old enough for marriage, but they were not allotted for us. But be that as it may, the visit was a very agreeable one, and laid the foundation of my marriage four years after to the third daughter, Mary, whom I now saw at this visit for the first time, and she was then about fourteen years of age.

When I and David returned to uncle's from our visit to 'Squire Kithcart's, which was on the 14th of January, we found a card of invitation for each of us to attend on the 16th at the house of John Clark to be present at the marriage of his eldest daughter Peggy to Alexander Johnston, store-keeper in Connellsville. We attended at the time and place, and had a very fine time of it.

About the first week in February I left my uncle's and returned home, and found my mother and brother's all well. While I was away at Fayette my brother William made and put up a turning lathe, and my brother Thomas turned the wood for several sets of split-bottomed chairs.

William made and set the backs, and after the backs had got their set, he put them together and made splits and put bottoms in the chairs. Some of these chairs they sold, and some they kept for our own use, and one or two of them I have in use at this time, now more than forty years. Besides making the chairs they did other work useful for ourselves and neighbors, and thus the winter of 1812 passed.

PREPARING THE OLD SAW MILL.

The fall before, as soon as they moved to Rush Run the boys, William, John and Thomas, with the help of Benjamin Tingley, began the repairing of the old saw-mill by making a new fore-bay and penn-stock, and a new wheel, pitman and mill saw. One day while John was at work he jumped down from the penn-stock on a pile of dirt, and so jarred his liver and caused such injury to that organ that he did but little work for more than a year after that, up to February, 1813, when he was drafted. He then served his tour of duty in the militia, in Captain Gilmore's Company of 250 men, who were stationed for three months at Lower Sandusky, now Fremont, where they built Fort Stevenson.

As soon as the ground was sufficiently thawed, the spring of 1812, the work of repairing the saw-mill went on rapidly, until it was soon ready for sawing, and I was appointed sawyer, and the saw was set running.

BUILDING THE RUSH RUN MILL.

The object in getting the saw-mill into running order first was to saw lumber to build the new merchant flouring-mill, as we had purchased this property for that purpose. William and a hired man cut the timber, and Thomas hauled the logs to the saw-mill with an ox-team, while I sawed the logs into thick and thin plank and boards to make mill wheels, weather-boards, flooring, plank and scantling for framing and joist for the mill.

As soon as the water had dried away, I and Thomas set in to open up the seat for the mill, and then to digging out the tail race and wheel pits,—then the raising of flat stones, which were very plenty in the channel of the Run. I then went a mile up a run called Dumpy Run and split large free stone for a part of the mill walls, and Thomas, with the oxen, hauled them. After harvest a stone-mason was employed at one dollar a day, and he and William built the stone work of the mill walls. These stone walls made up the first story of the mill, and they were finished before the close of November. The winter came and passed without any special occurrences. I attended the saw-mill when there was water, which was the case in and about the middle of January, 1813. It rained at this time for a day or two, and then harder rain for two days more, which, with the melting of the snow, raised the Ohio

River nearly as high as the pumpkin freshet of the 18th of November, 1810.

THE WAR OF 1812.

This rain in January, 1813, was very general, especially in the valley of the Mississippi, for our troops in the northwest under General Harrison at this time, lay in the Black Swamp, some twenty miles beyond Lower Sandusky, where, from the nature of the ground, it was with difficulty that the troops could find dry ground to stand on, much less to sleep on at night. The hardships endured by these men during that winter campaign were such as not only to try men's souls, but to try their mortal bodies also, for many of these brave men died on their way home, and many of them died a lingering death after they reached home, while many of them are still living, and have obtained a bounty land warrant, calling for eighty acres of land, which was obtained under a law passed September 28, 1850, and well they all deserved it, and much more had they got it.

By the 1st of February, 1813, orders were brought from General Harrison for a DRAFT to be made, and sent on in time to relieve those whose time would expire by the month of March. I had remained clear of the muster-roll from the time I was eighteen years of age till the private muster of September, 1812, a period of five years. But as soon as it was discovered that men would be drafted and taken out to stand a tour of duty, it made each man that was enrolled be anxious to have every other man he knew enrolled ready for a draft as well as he, and this got me enrolled.

' At the time of the first private muster, the first Friday of September, the first draft had been made, and Captain David Peck and Lieutenant Joseph Davis, of our company, had gone to the northwest in command of the first drafted troops, which left our company bare of officers. We had Ensign Charles Bucy, who did not know a letter in the alphabet, and we had but one non-commissioned officer, except one, Daniel McDade, who had been appointed First Sergeant, but being a very poor scholar he was in no wise qualified for that position even, as he had to perform what was called orderly duty, and hence was called Orderly Sergeant.

When the draft of February was made, my brother John, who stood in the third class, was called on, with some others from Captain Peck's company, and they were ordered to report at Steubenville, where a Court of Inquiry was held for the purpose of hearing such as thought they ought to be excused because they were invalids.

But scarcely a man got off from these officers, as they thought it best to try the supposed invalids to see if they could stand travelling, and if they would give out on the way, or after they reached camp, it would be time enough to discharge them as invalids. My brother John applied to the Board that sat in Steubenville on the ground, that he had been for fifteen months at least afflicted with rheumatism and liver complaint, so that he could perform no hard labor at home. He was, however, sent forward on trial, but we feared he would give out before they would reach Cleveland; but he wrote us from that place that he had stood the journey of one hundred miles so far better than he had expected, and said that he had improved in health each day as he marched onward.

He continued to amend during the whole six months of his term of service, and it continued so until he reached home on the 19th of August following. And the very next day both he and his lieutenant, Barkimer, about the same time of the day, took the so-called fever.

The excitement was over, and there was nothing to excite or stimulate them, and it shows that mankind are all acted upon by something like the same motives in action and the same hopes and fears.

After Captain Peck got home, my brother John wrote to us from camp at Fort Stephenson, suggesting that if any of us were drafted we had better try to secure a position as sergeant, or even as corporal, rather than come out as a private soldier, and under this persuasion I rode over to see Captain Peck, and inquired of him if there were any openings in his company for sergeants.

MY PART IN THE WAR.

His answer was that there was but one sergeant, and that was Daniel McDade. I then asked him for the post of second sergeant, and said that my brother Thomas wished the position of third sergeant. This he promised me if I would act as orderly, as McDade could not perform the duties of first sergeant. I promised that I would do so,

provided I should be exempt from manual exercise on the muster-field, and said I would be willing to make out a muster-roll spring and fall, call the same twice each muster-day, mark and return delinquents, keep the class-roll, detail the men drafted, make out a list of their names, hand the list of the names thus made out to the other sergeants, and order them to go and notify the men thus drafted to meet on a certain day named at Steubenville, with knapsack and blanket, ready for marching.

To this Captain Peck readily agreed, and directed me to make out a sergeant's commission for myself, and another for my brother Thomas as third sergeant, and these he signed and I returned home.

Being thus commissioned as sergeants kept Thomas and me from being drafted till the war was over, in March, 1815, nor could we have been called out for a long time to come, for the rules of the army, adopted and issued uniformly all over the United States, required the first sergeant to go with the captain, the third to go with the lieutenant, and the second and fourth to go with the ensign. But the captain and lieutenant had gone and served their turn, and the ensign had been but recently chosen and commissioned, and since there were so many older-commissioned ensigns in the different companies that must take their turn according to the date of their commissions, the war might have lasted six years more and neither I nor Thomas would have been called out.

Fort Meigs was besieged the early part of May, 1813, and this caused General Harrison to send orders throughout the State for heavy drafts of the State militia; and although we had had no draft since my brother John was drafted, and he stood in the third class, yet to obtain four men the quota required out of Peck's company, we had to pass over the whole class-roll before we obtained the number. My brother William stood the sixth man in the eighth class, and he obeyed the call, made ready his knapsack and blanket, and reported at Steubenville, where they spent three or four days in preparation before the troops could march. Finally, the British and Indians raised the siege, and General Harrison sent out messengers countermanding the draft, and so William came marching home very unexpectedly to us, as we were not looking for him. But right glad we were that he had returned, for we had

rather paid two substitutes than that he should go, for the very good reason that he was our head workman, as carpenter, joiner and mason at the work of building the mill, the work of which had now made considerable progress.

JACOB ZOLL THE MILLWRIGHT.

The millwright, Jacob Zoll, had been employed at \$1.25 a day to perform the wheel work of the mill, and he had begun his work the 15th of March, 1813.

I was kept sawing posts, sills and caps for the forebay leading from the forebay to the trunk, and the forebay over the water-wheel; also timber for the husk, and flooring for the same three inches thick, cants for the water-wheel, shafts for the bolting and screen works, and a great variety of other necessary sawing, till the water failed, which was not till the latter part of June.

William and a hired man by the name of John Jordan, who was hired for six months at \$10.50 a month, worked at hewing frame timber and making the shingles, and framing the mill-house. We were all ready to raise by July the 5th, and on that day and the next I went around the neighborhood and asked hands to come and help raise the frame of the mill-house on the 7th.

RAISING THE RUSH RUN MILL.

July 7th, 1813, more than forty hands came and assisted in raising the mill, and no injury was done to any one, and it was finished before night.

Immediately after the raising of the frame I and William proceeded to driving on weather-boards, and finally I and Thomas finished driving on the weather-boarding, while William and Jordan finished riving and shaving the shingles. By August the mill was enclosed, and the windows and doors hung, and by this time Jacob Zoll had made such progress with the millwright work that the water-wheel was framed, and we commenced putting it together on the shaft. It was framed in eight pieces. Each piece had a mortise fitted on to a tenon on the end of an arm. We had put on three parts out of the eight, and had brought the fourth forward, when I stepped on the scaffold to attach the

fourth piece in its place, and just then a pudlock broke, and down I went nine feet and lit on my feet, and away went the parts of the wheel attached to the arms, and there it played back and forth coming very close to me, as I had but one foot from the wall against which I stood with my back close against it, till the wheel stopped its motion. Had it struck me one blow as it came close past me, it must have killed me on the spot, and this was the third time I was spared from the jaws of death,—once when I fell into the stream in my childhood, as stated on page 43, and again during the summer of 1812, when we were building up the stone walls of the mill. After the walls of the wheel-pit were raised nine feet high, a scaffold was thrown across, and we had brought on it about two or three tons of stone, when William directed me to go down below and throw up the spalls to fill in the wall. I had no sooner got down in there than some of the pudlocks broke, and down went that end of the scaffold next to me, and I was so near being caught by it that the ends of the boards next to me scraped gently down the calves of my legs. One foot further back, and the weight of the stone would have killed me instantly; but, thanks be to God! he preserved me, and had more work for me to perform thereafter.

RELICS OF RUSH RUN MILL.

(I have in my possession now, February 11, 1889, some pieces of the wood of that old mill, the building of which father has described so minutely,—a piece of the weather-boarding, which father sawed and nailed on,—it is half inch poplar. Also a piece of the shafting of the bolting machine, which is walnut, and a piece of that very old wheel described on the preceding page, which is white oak. I have also a piece of a log of the old house in which father lived there at Rush Run, to which he brought his first bride, Mary Kithcart, and where their five children were born—the same house to which he brought his second bride, Jane Hindman, and where their first child was born. It was on Wednesday, October 3, 1888, that I visited that old place for the first time, and brought away those pieces of wood as relics. My visit was made in company with my brothers Robert and John. John, like myself, had never been there, and Robert had never been there since the family had moved away when he was a little boy. The old house in which father

lived, which stood just above the mill and on the same side of the Run as the mill, was entirely gone, and only one log remained which I could find. The mill was still standing, and in reasonable preservation, although it was all in ruins and disorder, and had not been used for fifteen years. I can recognize everything about its construction from father's description here given, and there was the old wheel, mostly rotted away, but evidently in eight parts, and some of the parts sound yet, especially the great shaft, the wood work of which was beautifully done, and all the work about the mill showed very fine carpenter work.—T. J. S.)

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

In the month of March, 1813, my brother John was out at Fort Stephenson, near where Fremont now stands, serving his tour of duty. William and Thomas were from home on business, and I was some distance from the house, say forty perch, boiling sugar-water, when my mother called me to come home. I obeyed the call and went to the house, and was told that that young woman sitting there wished to be employed to do housework, and mother said she wished me to bargain with her, as Mrs. Fleming had sent her there to get a home. I asked the girl what wages she wished to have, and she answered that she was willing to take seventy five cents a week. I said that we would pay her that at the end of every week, or any time she wished to have it, and she agreed to come and begin work the next Monday.

According to promise she came, and continued diligent and faithful for one year, at which time she put in for higher wages, and said if she did not get it she would leave, for at Joseph Steer's she was offered \$1.00 a week. I asked her what wages would satisfy her, and she said eighty cents a week. I felt sure she would have asked us more, as she had such an offer from Steers', but she explained that she would rather take eighty cents a week with our work than \$1.00 a week and do Steers' work.

I was satisfied and promised her eighty cents a week, and she was ever after that content with her wages, and lived with my mother in all eight years,—one year at seventy-five cents a week and seven years at eighty cents a week, and the amount paid in cash for the eight years amounted in all to \$330.20.

The fall season of the year 1813 brought round its abundance of work. After the mill-house was weather-boarded and shingled, the doors made and hung, and window-sash and glass in, the hurry was to frame the husk and put it up, and next to plow and groove boards and lay floors, and make stairs and put them up. I jointed boards, and Thomas and John Jordan plowed and grooved, and William laid the floors.

As soon as the mill-wright, Jacob Zoll, had finished the water-wheel, the cog-wheel, the counter-wheel and wallower, and trundle-head, he then began to make heads for the two merchant bolts, and then William and John had to dress the bolting shafts, and next shafts and gearing must be made for the rolling screen. And next the five feet Laurel Hill stones must be faced and dressed ready for grinding wheat, rye, corn and buckwheat.

THE MILL AT LAST STARTED.

All the work was now so far accomplished as to start the mill to grinding by January 3, 1814. This grinding process was new to us all,—not one of us knew for some time at what gauge wheat ought to be ground, but all other kinds of grain, such as corn, rye and oats we soon learned how to grind. I was to be the miller, although Thomas wanted it, but the vote carried that I should be the miller; William and John did not want it, for they could make a living at other mechanical work.

For two years Thomas had been driving the oxen, hauling timber, stones and sawed lumber, and no doubt by this time he was tired of driving and hauling, but poor fellow, he knew nothing about the difficulty of attending mill to grind and bolt grain. Attending saw-mill was not so difficult, but I knew as little about the difficulties of milling at that time as Thomas did. And I have many a time since that thought, that could I have known all the ills that attended a miller's life and occupation, as it was pursued at that time, I would have given it up, and tried some other way of making a livelihood.

DIFFICULTIES IN A MILLER'S LIFE.

The first thing that makes milling disagreeable is that he must be a lackey for every one, and then he has a thankless public to wait upon, and let him do his best to please, and still there will be complaints. The next difficulty was the hard and oppressive work night and day.

The loss of sleep is a great drawback to the miller, and I often thought that the Sabbath as a day of rest once a week, for both mind and body, was one of the best institutions in the world, nor did I ever before that reflect much about it as a benefit and blessing to mankind if well improved. I believe that a person brought up to the mill business from boyhood in these days, where machinery of all kinds is erected and used, could stand the occupation better than if taken into the mill at twenty-five years of age as I was, always used to the sunshine and heat to draw the sweat out, and compelled to miller without elevators or hopper-boy, and every barrel of flour to be well shovel-packed before it was adjusted and pressed.

It is now easier by one-half for one man to attend a mill than it was for two men to do it when I first began, forty years ago, for it is just forty years this day since I first began to attend mill, on January 3, 1814, and this day is January 3, 1854.

I often think that if I had kept myself at the farming business, with my temperate habits, it would have been better, for I had a constitution given me by the Creator, if care had been taken of it, that might have lasted ninety or one hundred years.

VALUE OF A GOOD CONSTITUTION.

But like the prodigal son in the gospel, I got my portion, and a goodly one it was, and spent it, not, indeed, in riotous living, but foolishly for want of care taken of it as I should have done.

(These words were written by father when he was sixty-five years old, and he lived in the best of health for just twenty years longer, and for fifty years before his death he had no serious illness, showing that his constitution was a remarkable one.—T. J. S.)

It may be asked how I injured my good constitution, and I answer: First, by leaving the outdoor work, which is generally performed in the

pure air, and often under the rays of a hot sun which made the sweat flow freely.

Secondly, the indoor work in the mill was irregular; sometimes too much power of body and mind must be exerted and sometimes not enough; and be the mill work hard or easy or none at all, it rarely brought the sweat out of the body. Thirdly, attending mill and saw-mill required at times a greater amount of strength than was needed in the farming business.

TESTS OF PHYSICAL STRENGTH.

It was common in those days, forty years ago, to use large bags that would hold usually four or five bushels, and then sometimes to use a coarse bed-tick or a sheet made of coarse tow linen sewed up and filled with wheat.

And then attending saw-mill for nineteen years by turns, with heavy logs to roll on and heavy plank and joists and scantling to carry and throw off, and besides, oftentimes in the fall, winter or spring season, getting wet about the wheel-pits, made it hard. But above and beyond all this, was foolish heavy lifting where there was no need for it, only for young men to try their strength, and have it to boast of. Trials of strength at mills were various, but the most common was who could lift the most fifty-sixes tied together, and raise a fifty-six in the right hand higher than the head by straightening up the arm, which I have often done with a seven-pound weight laid on the fifty-six. The next test was to lay down the lever or handle of the press by which flour was packed into the barrels, take hold of the press with both hands and place the knee under the hands, and move up the press so as to raise up the lever off the floor to any given height. This exploit, which required strength of bone, muscle and sinew, I have also performed hundreds of times. One purpose which I had was to have it said that I could out-do any man that came to the mill, and I did do it, for none that came to the mill and made the trials could lift the fifty-six above their heads with any more than one pound on it, and if they could lift the handle or lever of the flour-press off the floor, it was as much as any of them could do, while I could raise the same off the floor with a SEVEN pound on the end

of it, as well as raise the fifty-six above my head with the SEVEN pound weight added.

I had four brothers, stout young men, and yet none of them could take a dead, heavy lift with me. I remember about forty years ago, when I was in my prime, that I was sitting at the table writing, and it was cold winter weather. William and Thomas went out to the wood-yard to bring in a back-log, but they concluded the log was too large for their strength, and under that impression William came to the door and called to me to come and help. I answered, but wishing to finish the sentence, I wrote on for a minute or so, but he, becoming impatient, spoke very short, which had the effect to rouse me into action. I sprang to my feet and walked out quick, took hold of one end of the log, and raised it up on the other end, and then took a tight grip of it in the middle, and stepped off with it into the house, and laid it to its place for a back-log in the fire-place. William and Thomas walked in after me looking a little disappointed, while I turned round and begged them not to trouble me the next time to aid them to put a log on the fire that one man could carry, since there were two of them to do it. William chided me for my foolhardy work, as he was pleased to call it, and told me I was injuring myself, but all the cautions I got were of no avail, for lift I would and lift I did until my back gave out the fall season of 1830, and from that time to this it has been but little that I could lift or carry compared with what I could do up to the time I was forty years of age.

LOSS OF SLEEP.

But there was one drawback to the milling business which was of no ordinary kind, and that was the loss of sleep. I often thought that if I could be relieved from mill work and mill watch each night through the week, Sunday excepted, and commence work at daylight each morning, how happy I would be ; but instead of that I have often and repeatedly run the mill day and night for three weeks, Sundays excepted, and kept two pairs of mill-stones grinding all the time. And when the water was very flush I have sawed several hundred feet into the bargain, but for those three weeks it was doing two men's work through the day, to say nothing about the night watch and night labor, which was very consider-

able for the first eight years, for it was during that period that we had no elevators to carry up wheat and flour.

LABOR-*SAVING* MACHINERY NEEDED.

Both wheat and flour had to be taken up by means of the hoist rope ; and then, aside from all this, the first two years we had but one run of stone, and no country bolt, and no hopper-boy. Both merchant and country work had to be ground on the one pair of stones, and all wheat and buckwheat had to be passed through the fine cloths, and must be hoisted to the upper floor for that purpose, and all this was man-killing work. I would not do it again, if I could, for all I made by it.

But under the progress of the times, no man will, I think, experience the hardships that I did while I worked at it. But others had experienced harder times than I had. For a proof, Jacob Lowry built a grist-mill on Dunbar Creek, when I was a boy about ten years old, about 1799, with two run of Laurel Hill stones and a country bolt. But all the flour had to be carried up-stairs on the miller's back, and pushed into the country bolt by hand ; and if any flour was packed into barrels for sale, it had to be well shovel-packed, and then a cloth laid over the top of the barrel, and the flour well packed or hammered down with a fifty-six. I remember, at the same period that Lowry built his mill, that a man by the name of Sturgeon had a mill on Redstone Creek, three miles below Uniontown, in which he had one pair of French burrs and a merchant bolt ; but he had no other method of packing flour in barrels but by beating it in by a fifty-six.

Yet notwithstanding the want of fixtures and improvements on mills on the western side of the Allegheny Mountains, still on the eastern side many improvements had been made, but for these patent-rights had been obtained, and many millers did without rather than pay a dear rate for a license to use the new improvement.

PATENT-RIGHTS.

Old Oliver Evans and the Ellicotts were among the first to improve mills. Oliver Evans, as long ago as 1794, obtained a patent for elevators and hopper-boy, and for the improved plan of packing 196 lbs. of flour into a barrel without using a fifty-six to beat it in. His patent

expired in 1808, and after an interval of three years he got his patent renewed, commencing back at the time his first patent expired. Benjamin Ladd, formerly of Smithfield, now deceased, informed me that he fell heir to his father's mill near Richmond, Va., a short time before the first patent of Oliver Evans expired, and knowing that his father had refused to pay Evans \$300 for privilege to use the packer, elevators and hopper-boy, concluded to wait for the expiration of the patent, and did so. Then in the recess of two or three years before the second patent was obtained, Ladd erected all the machinery patented by Evans, not expecting any after-clap.

But Evans brought suit against Ladd and all others that had taken advantage of the expiration of the first patent, and had erected their machinery in the interval before the second patent was granted. All these suits were carried up to the United States Court, and were decided in favor of Oliver Evans, which was thought strange at the time by all men who took any notice of or interest in the matter, knowing that the Constitution of the United States forbids the passage of any *ex post facto* law, and this law passed by Congress, by which Oliver Evans renewed his patent dating from the expiration of the first, and lapping back over the interval, was considered such a law, by which millers who had innocently erected the improvements in the interval, when no restraint was on them, were compelled very unjustly to pay.

My brother John was in Pittsburgh the spring season of 1819, and knowing that the second patent of Oliver Evans would expire in 1822, I instructed him to inquire of young Oliver Evans, who at that time had sole management of his deceased father's affairs, what he would ask for the privilege of erecting and using the elevators and hopper-boy, and his answer was no less than \$300.

The elevators were not erected till the fall season of 1822, at which time we knew that the patent of Oliver Evans had expired.

After the mill started, January 3, 1814, I being appointed miller, knew nothing about the nicety of grinding wheat, and it required me several weeks before I had learned to judge by the feel of the hand, but it was a nicety of judgment that had to be gained by experience.

The first merchant work that we made on the new mill was in the month of March, 1814, and amounted to only sixty-five barrels. The

wheat was purchased the November of 1813 at ninety cents a bushel, but wheat raised through the winter to be worth \$1.00 a bushel. These sixty-five barrels my brother William sold some time in the month of May to a man named Murdock from Pittsburgh at \$7.00 a barrel, on which he paid down \$100, and agreed to pay the balance when the flour was delivered on the river bank at the mouth of Rush Run, which was to be in two or three weeks, but time passed on and no word of Murdock, and flour was falling in price. But we kept the flour until some time in July, when William thought it best to sell it and not wait any longer for Murdock, and being offered \$5.87 a barrel by Bob Patterson, he took it. But some time in August Murdock appeared through an agent and demanded the flour, but we claimed that the contract was void, as we had kept the flour a month or two longer than we had agreed to do, and, to make ourselves safe, we had sold it again. Murdock brought suit against us at Steubenville, and he feed lawyer Jennings, and we feed old Ben Tappan; lawyer Jennings had not yet quit the law and gone to preaching the gospel; be that as it may, the suit lingered in Court, and at last was ordered by the Court to be stricken from the docket, after remaining there for a year or two without being pushed to a final issue.

We kept the \$100, and after paying Tappan his fee out of it, and other expenses, we were nothing the gainers; it is true, if Murdock had forfeited the \$100 manfully at first, then we might have been the gainers, but thus ended the first flour scrape.

THE BURSTING OF THE DAM.

In August, 1814, the water in Rush Run being very scarce, and but little chance to grind, except by gathering heads, as it was called, I had to leave the mill, and in company with my brother Thomas, mount the hill south of the mill and fall to work at chopping logs and clearing the land on twelve acres where Elias Pegg the former owner had very injudiciously deadened several hundred good black-oak and white-oak trees, very suitable for saw-logs.

But they had now been dead for five or six years and were good for little but to be burned. And this was what I and Thomas were employed at for a good many days, but it so happened that we were stopped in our work on the hill for three weeks. And the cause was this: on

the 12th day of August, 1814, about two o'clock in the afternoon, a large thunder cloud appeared in the west, and another as large at the same time appeared in the north.

They each rolled up by swift degrees, each thundering by turns as they came rolling onward and upward, and as they rose higher and higher, it evidently appeared that attraction had taken place, for as we were on one of the highest hills in the neighborhood, we could see each cloud drawing toward the other, and when they became completely joined or mingled together, soon the wind brought the cloud over us, and down the rain poured as if it was spilled out of buckets. Old Sam Pegg was with Thomas and myself up to the time it began to rain, which soon started us down to his house, about twenty perch away.

We had not been in his house more than half an hour when Sam Pegg prognosticated that the way the rain was pouring down the mill-dam would be broken, and added that he would go and see, and out in the rain he went, followed by Thomas, and I would not stay behind. Away down the hill we went, but before we got quite in view of the breast of the mill-dam, it burst with a noise like thunder, sweeping clean by and with the force of the flood thirty-four feet of the breast of the dam.

This stopped the grinding for some time, but by hard and diligent work in three weeks the breach was made up, and the spill of the dam was made sixty-four feet wide instead of thirty-four, which was the old width which Elias Pegg and Joe Pumphy left it at when they first built and started the saw-mill. This fall season was the most wet and rainy of any fall during the nineteen years that we lived at Rush Run, and after the mill was once more set running, I worked but little out on the farm. The winter of 1814 and 1815 was not so cold and freezing as many succeeding winters proved to be, and there was a good deal of grinding done through the winter.

During that winter and spring my brother Thomas was employed in hauling saw-logs, and having often to splash through mud and water, and to cross the Run often with nothing but shoes on,—for in those days boots were worn only on Sundays, and to weddings and parties,—I say for want of good strong thick leather boots, Thomas frequently had his feet wet and cold, which brought on inflammation of the eyes. This

was so severe that for many weeks he was entirely blind, and after using ointments and doctoring in one way and another for three months, we sent over to West Liberty, Va., for lame Doctor Wilson,—the same who attended my brother John in his fever after his campaign in 1813. Doctor Wilson came, and at once told Thomas that he would have to be patient, for as the inflammation had been there for three months, it would be three months before it could be removed, for it was a case that could not be cured in a day or two. The treatment was very severe; but he finally recovered entirely.

SECTION VI.

1815-1816.

FIRST COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

ABOUT the latter end of August, 1815, I made ready and went up to pay a visit to my uncle, aunt and brother in Fayette County.

But although I had a desire to see these relatives and other friends, still there was one above all others that I had a strong desire to see, and that was Mary Kithcart, the daughter of the deceased Joseph Kithcart, Esq., and his wife Elizabeth, at this time a widow, for Joseph Kithcart had died February 24, 1814.

I have already mentioned a visit that I and my brother David made to Kithcart's in January, 1812

It was in consequence of that visit that my brother David wrote to me some two or three months previous to this time, that he had paid a visit to the friends, the Morrisons, in Westmoreland County, and that he had called and stayed all night at the widow Kithcart's. And he observed in his letter that as I had thought well of the two older girls who were now both married, the third one was now grown to be a young woman, and he thought she was the best of the three, and was calculated to make some young man a fine wife, and that the estate of

the deceased father would be sufficient to give each child a good beginning if taken care of.

This information set me all on fire, and I longed to see the young heiress once more, now grown to a fine young woman, who, when I saw her in January, 1812, was too young and too small to attract notice. And still further, I thought if there was some cash to come along with a fine young girl, I was the young man that could take care of both. These considerations, as I said before, made me very anxious to go and see for myself.

Accordingly, on the 28th of August, 1815, I left home and proceeded to my Uncle David Cathcart's in Fayette County, Pennsylvania, and found them all well and glad to see me. I remained here for several days making daily visits amongst my old friends and acquaintances, but none of these brought to view the object of my visit to that part of the country.

A BROTHER'S HARD BARGAIN WITH A LOVER.

At length I mentioned to my brother David that I wished to go over to the widow Kithcart's to pay them a visit, that I might have an opportunity of seeing her daughter that he had written to me about; and I requested him to accompany me, thinking in my own mind that by this means the ice would be the easier broken.

To this proposition he readily consented, provided that I would work for him two days for each day we would be away, at the same time observing to me that while we were out we would visit the friends in Westmoreland County.

I readily consented to his terms, which was proving the old saying that "the course of true love never runs smooth," but on the other hand it proved another old saying, that "true love, like hunger, will break through stone walls." Only think of it! that I must work two days for him for his one; but again, some one will say if that was the hardship endured, you were quite a lucky fellow.

Well, I met with no disappointment, but what proved disagreeable to me afterwards was that my brother in this matter took a known advantage of me at the time, as I shall show hereafter. (His brother David was actually courting his own intended wife, Betsy Irvine, on that same expedition, and Robert did not know it.—T. J. S.)

In due time my brother David got ready, I being always ready, and away we went, and in due time arrived at the widow Kithcart's, where my brother in due form introduced me to the old lady and then to her daughter that I had so long and so anxiously desired to see.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

And I must confess that I was struck at first sight with satisfaction at the beauty and appearance of one that I inwardly felt a desire should be my companion through life, and I found by conversation with her afterwards that she, like myself, had fallen in love at first sight, and I believe that this is no uncommon thing.

David Humphrey, an old friend of mine, living at the present time (1854), in Bellefontaine, O., but formerly of Rush Run hills, told me that he had an uncle, an old bachelor, who lived in 1814 on the Miami, and who had sent for him to come and live with him, which request he complied with in the spring of 1814. Late in the fall of that same year, when the nights began to lengthen, he heard of a singing school about three miles from his uncle's, to which he went, and as he had been accustomed to sing bass, it, according to usage, placed him on a seat opposite to the ladies, which gave him a fair view of them, and that view was not without its effect. For amongst the ladies who sang treble on the opposite seat, he noticed one, a perfect stranger to him, that drew his attention, and without any effort on his part, except the glance of his eye, he found his affections drawn out toward this strange girl, and he was fully determined to find out who she was, as he had more than once noticed her stealing a glance at him during the time of singing.

Therefore as soon as the singing broke, and the time of picking up hats came, he kept his eye on his girl, and soon discovered a young man paying attention to her by helping her on with her riding coat, and then she put on her bonnet and linked arms with the young man, who helped her on her horse, and he mounted his and they rode off together. This made Humphrey feel bad, as he came to the conclusion that the young man was her beau; but finding that they took the same road he had to go, he followed on for some distance, until they at length came to a mud hole in the road, and this caused the young man to keep to the right, and the young lady to the left, while he, Humphrey, took ad-

vantage of the separation, and spurred his horse on and dashed right through the mud hole, and brought his horse up right alongside of the strange girl, and immediately got into conversation with her.

He then learned of her that the young man, of whom Mr. Humphrey was so jealous, was her own brother. He learned her name and residence, and let her know that he was the nephew of the old bachelor, Mr. Humphrey.

Before they parted he asked the privilege of calling to see and converse with her, which was readily granted, and in the course of the next week he called, and was well received; and he continued his visits in regular order till they finally got married, lived very agreeably, and brought up a fine family of boys and girls.

A second case that I shall relate was that of William McCormick, who lived with his father near Smithfield; he went up to visit some relatives between Pittsburgh and Monongahela City, and while on a visit to a cousin who lived on the public road side, he was seated on a porch overlooking the road one day, and singing a song for the amusement of his friends, when a young lady passed by on horseback, going towards Monongahela City. He eyed her, and she eyed him, and both were love-struck at first sight,—so much so that McCormick said that he soon felt all over so, and could not rest. He asked his cousin who that young lady was, and where she lived, and the answer was that she was Betsy Gaston, and lived with her father on the next farm. “Well,” said McCormick, “I must go and see her to-morrow, and you must go along, and introduce me to her and her family,” which the cousin promised, and the evening of the next day over they went; but little introduction was needed between William McCormick and Betsy Gaston, for they appeared to know and understand each other, as if by instinct or some mysterious operation. They sat near each other and conversed with freedom and ease; nor was it long till she asked him to sing the same song she heard him sing the day before, with which he readily complied, and also a few more to beguile the time and for amusement. But long before this his cousin had slipped off home, and left McCormick to make his own way among his new acquaintances; but it was not many days or weeks until they had their match made, got married, and, like Humphrey and his wife, lived comfortably happy so long as I

knew them; but they finally moved off down the Ohio River, and where they settled I never learned. But here is so much for falling in love at first sight, and I believe such matches are always happy matches, for the reason that the love and affection on both sides is strong and mutual, and flows from one to the other by strongest consent.

Attest—ROBERT A. SHERRARD, Jan. 19, 1854.

THE MORRISON FAMILY.

It was on Thursday that we arrived at the Widow Kithcart's; and we stayed all night, and left the next morning after breakfast, and in due time arrived at the house of Mr. John Morrison, near what is now Beatty's Station, Westmoreland County, who was married to Jane Irvine, a kinswoman of our own, and whose sister Betsy lived with them.

(The kinship was this: Jane (Irvine) Morrison and Betsy Irvine were full second-cousins of father and Uncle David; for their mother, Mrs. Rachel Irvine, was the daughter of William Gamble, one of the brothers of my great-grandmother, Ann (Gamble) Cathcart.—T. J. S.)

These relatives appeared to be glad to see us, and on Saturday, after breakfast, a young lady by the name of Maxwell came to Morrison's to get Betsy Irvine and her niece, Nancy Morrison, to go with her home to attend a singing-school, which was to come off that afternoon in their neighborhood. Miss Maxwell asked David and myself to go with the cousins to the singing-school; but David and Betsy Irvine refused to go, at the same time strongly insisting on my going in company with Nancy Morrison. We agreed, and went over to Maxwell's some six miles, took dinner and attended the singing-school where there collected a goodly number of young people of both sexes, and good singers, because they practiced well and took delight in vocal music. After the singing was over, Nancy Morrison and I returned to Maxwell's, and stayed over night; and in due time, after breakfast on Sabbath morning, in company with the young people of the Maxwell family, we went to Congruity Church, and heard a discourse delivered to a large and respectable congregation by the Rev. Samuel Porter, who was at this time (September, 1815) pastor of that church. He appeared old and frail, inasmuch as he delivered his discourse sitting in the pulpit in a large armed rocking-chair.

GOING HOME FROM CHURCH.

I found that John Morrison, my brother David and Betsy Irvine had come over to Congruity to hear old father Porter preach, although the distance was nine miles.

After sermon was over we all mounted our horses and took the road for Morrison's, but we had not gone far before an opportunity offered, and I embraced it, of riding up alongside of Betsy Irvine; but I had not time to exchange five words with her till I was abruptly ousted from that place and position by my brother David, who, seeing my position, spurred his horse forward and ran him with some force right up between us. This forced me off to the right, and I was thereby compelled to fall back to the company and conversation of Nancy Morrison, with whom I had conversed so much on Saturday and Sabbath morning on our way to church that I thought that most of the subjects of interest were exhausted, and that a change of company would give a chance of bringing up and discoursing over the same subjects. But in this I was sadly disappointed by the abrupt and unmannerly conduct of my brother David, for I then thought, and I still think, that it was the most unmannerly conduct that I had ever known him to perpetrate with me or any one else; had he been just married to the girl three days before, he might have been excused, and hardly then; but finding no other chance, I contented myself, and taxed my memory and ingenuity to bring forward matters new and old to beguile the time, and to keep the conversation from running out or flagging. And what was consoling somewhat was the fact that the girl whose company I enjoyed was young, not more than twenty (as a matter of fact she was then only sixteen and a-half years old. See Egle's "Genealogies," p. 59 — T. J. S.), and very handsome, while the one my brother David seemed to set so much store by was at least thirty, and very homely, but well-read and well-informed.

OLD-FASHIONED SABBATH-KEEPING.

By the time we arrived at Morrison's, after a long service at church and a ride of nine miles, we had a sharp appetite for dinner, which was ready for us and we for it. Towards evening Betsy Irvine went to her drawer and brought out a handful of pecan nuts and divided them, and

we cracked them with our teeth; but she could not do that, and therefore had to use some instrument on the hearth. But she had not cracked more than two till old John Morrison, who was reading his book, called out: "Who is cracking nuts on the Sabbath?" He said nothing against his daughter or David and me, who continued to crack the pecans with our teeth, as if there could be so much difference between jaw-cracking and hearth-cracking.

His conduct in this respect reminded me of the Yankee deacon who, when the congregation talked of putting a stove in the meeting-house to keep it warm, objected to the putting of it there, alleging that it would be a desecration of the Sabbath. "Well, but Deacon," said his friend, "there is no more harm in using a stove in the meeting-house, than for your wife to use a foot-stove in her sleigh to warm her feet coming to and going from church." "O," said the deacon, "I had not thought of that; I suppose we'll have to get the stove."

The Sabbath passed away, and on Monday morning we still found ourselves at John Morrison's, and we must stay this day, and Betsy Irvine proposed that we should accompany her and Nancy Morrison on a visit to the widow Miller's. After breakfast we all made ready and had a pleasant walk of about a mile, and a pleasant chat with the cousins, my brother David not allowing me the privilege of walking with Betsy Irvine, neither going nor returning, but he monopolized all her company and conversation, so that it was little of it that fell to my share, for David always kept close to her when out from Morrison's, and always kept up a close conversation with her.

We left John Morrison's after dinner on Tuesday, and stopped for the night at widow Kithcart's, and this was in accordance with my feelings and wishes.

And although I had been as kindly treated at Morrison's as heart could wish, and had the company and conversation of as pretty a cousin as the sun ever shined upon, yet I was not as happy there as might be expected, although I believe now that my brother David was, and the reason was that I had left my heart and affections at the widow Kithcart's with her daughter Mary, who, on our return, was down in the meadow busied spreading flax. And, oh, how I longed to be there helping her at such rural employment, but so soon as she saw us alight

from our horses, she left off the flax spreading, not that she was ashamed to be caught at such out-door employment, but because strangers had arrived, and there was one there she delighted to honor, and he delighted to honor her.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

That evening I had but little opportunity of conversing with her, without being more abrupt than would seem to be proper. I and David retired to rest and the next morning after breakfast, while David was conversing with the widow Kithcart, I passed out beyond the orchard, and as I returned I heard the loom going in the loom-house, on hearing which I repaired to the place, and without further ceremony entered and took a seat on the loom beside Mary; and, oh, how glad I was of the chance.

But time flew on and rolled round, and my brother made the motion to start for home. Before we left we were told that a singing-school would be held on Saturday week at the Baptist meeting-house, about two miles from Kithcart's, and would also be held that same evening at the widow Kithcart's at early candle lighting.

It was conducted by a Mr. Stem, a music teacher, and Mary's brother, Thomas Kithcart, kindly invited us to come over and attend. David excused himself for the want of time, and I for my part spoke of the distance being something of an obstacle (it was only nine miles, three miles from Uncle David Cathcart's to Connellsville, and six miles from Connellsville northeast to Kithcart's.—T. J. S.), but it was mere stuff, for nothing would suit me better, as I wanted more of Mary's company and conversation, and was determined to have it.

And as an excuse to come back to the singing-school, I left a new singing-book that I had purchased in Mount Pleasant when David and I went on to Morrison's, but it was no go, for we had not left the house ten perch till we were hailed, and one of the boys came running out to us with the singing-book; this I considered as unlucky, but it was a mistake, for nothing of the sort followed.

We left Kithcart's on Wednesday and arrived home, at Uncle David's, the same evening, after being absent one week; and I must confess it was the most pleasant week that thus far I had ever put over in the progress of my life. I turned in and commenced to help my brother

David to work according to contract, being ignorant at the time that he had taken advantage of me, not knowing at the time, nor for a month and a half afterwards, that he was as deeply interested in the visit to see Betsy Irvine, who became his wife, as I was to see Mary Kithcart, who became my wife. But I helped him to labor till the next Thursday week, and the next day, Friday, I started over on my second visit to Kithcart's, accompanied by old Uncle Cathcart. We arrived there in due time, and were kindly received by both mother and daughter, and indeed by all the family. I put in my time very agreeably till after dinner on Saturday, at which time I and Mary and her brother Thomas went to the singing-school at the Baptist meeting-house, two miles away. The attendance at the singing was large, and when brought to a close, Mr. Stem, the teacher, gave notice that there would be another singing at early candle lighting at the house of Mrs. Kithcart. We returned to Kithcart's, and there was a number of relations of the family came home with us, and some few acquaintances. When the hour arrived for singing, the house was well filled with a number of good singers, as well as with a number of spectators. After the singing was over, and all had gone home that intended, Mr. Stem stayed, and he and I sang a great variety of tunes, principally from my new book, not long published by a Mr. Wise, of Virginia. This book contained a great variety of Methodist tunes, which I, as well as the teacher, had learned, and which we sang, as we thought, well.

LOVERS GOING TO CHURCH.

The next morning being the Sabbath, the friends from the "Neck," which is the triangular piece of land lying in between Jacobs' Creek and the Youghioghenny River, left to go to Tyrone church to hear Mr. Guthrie preach, while I went with the Kithcarts to the Mt. Pleasant church and heard Mr. Power preach. Mary and I rode together five miles to the place of preaching, and when sermon and service were over, we rode back home together, and oh, what an amount of agreeable conversation we had during that ride to and from church! I thought it a privilege and a pleasure to have five miles to go and return after sermon. On Monday I and uncle Cathcart did not leave the widow Kithcart's till after dinner, and this gave me another fine opportunity of discoursing with Mary, which

completely broke the ice between her and me at that time and forever. I was now privileged to come and go as often and at such times as I thought proper, which privilege I made use of by going over from my uncle's once in two weeks, and then I would stay at least two days. This visiting continued till the end of October, by which time Mary and I became engaged; for we both felt we could not live apart.

THE KITHCART ANCESTRY.

(Joseph Kithcart, the father of Mary, who was his third daughter and fourth child, was the son of John and Sarah (White) Kithcart, or "Cathcart," who were born in County Antrim, Ireland, the one in 1737 and the other in 1740. They emigrated to America in early times, but it is not known at what time they removed west of the mountains, nor where their children were born.

It is a tradition among the Kithcarts that the name was originally "Cathcart" when their ancestor John came to America, but that when he settled in Fayette County, Pa., his grant of land was by mistake recorded as "Kithcart" in the title books of Virginia, which at that early day claimed jurisdiction over that part of Western Pennsylvania, and in order to hold the title, the family took the name of "Kithcart." My father says there was no relationship existing between the Kithcarts and old Uncle David Cathcart, although they lived only nine miles apart and visited each other. The Kithcart homestead was in that part of Fayette County east of the Youghiogheny River, near the old Mount Vernon Furnace, six miles from Connellsville, on the road to Mt. Pleasant, or near that road. Here John Kithcart died October 26, 1812. His wife, Sarah White, had died before him, on March 4, 1798.

They had three children: Mary, b. 1766; d. Mar. 4, 1788; Thomas, who was killed at a barn raising on October 5, 1792, when he was twenty-four years of age,—he was to have been married the next week; Joseph, the father of Mary, who was married to Elizabeth Cunningham,—they had in all ten children.

Of the ten children of Joseph and Elizabeth Cunningham Kithcart, only one is now living, Mrs. Martha Sharon, who is now, at this writing, Feb. 16, 1889, almost eighty years of age. In October, 1888, my brothers, Robert and John, and I called to see her at her home in Mt. Pleasant, O.—T. J. S.)

THE CUNNINGHAM FAMILY.

Barnett and Anna Cunningham, the father and mother of Elizabeth Cunningham Kithcart, removed April, 1770, from Peach Bottom, York Co., Pa., on the Susquehanna, and settled in that part of Fayette County called the "Neck," or the "Forks," lying between the Youghiogheny River and Jacobs' Creek on the east, on a farm in Tyrone township.

They had ten children, seven sons and three daughters, and the mother, Anna Cunningham, lived to be eighty-six years of age, and died August 4, 1825. She had in all—of children, grand-children, and great-grand-children—two hundred and fifty. She was born Sept. 18, 1739. Barnett Cunningham died in 1804.

The children of Barnett and Anna Cunningham were as follows,—the order of their ages is not known :

1. ELIZABETH, b. Oct. 4, 1772 ; m. first, March 22, 1792, JOSEPH KITHCART, who died Feb. 24, 1814 ; m. secondly, Feb. 7, 1818, JOHN GALLOWAY of Mercer Co., Pa., a worthy and wealthy widower who died Sept., 1819. She then removed back to her old Kithcart homestead in Fayette County, where she remained until 1823, when she came to live with her son-in-law, Robert A. Sherrard, after the death of her daughter Mary.

She continued to live with his family at Rush Run for four years, until after his second marriage, when she removed to Mt. Pleasant, and lived there until her death, August 20, 1854.

2. JOSEPH, b. 1776 ; d. May 19, 1858 ; m. KEZIAH NORRIS. He lived all his long life on the same farm on which he was born, the same on which his father and mother first settled in April, 1770.

His wife Keziah did not long survive him ; they had fifteen or sixteen children, and they all lived to grow up, and were all married, except one daughter, Anna, and she was engaged to John Clark, Jr., but she died before the wedding.

The other children of Barnett and Anna Cunningham are : 3. William ; 4. Benjamin ; 5. John, of Miller's Run ; 6. Hugh, of Delaware, O. ; 7. Anna, m. Joseph Hutcheson, and lived near her father's ; 8. Mrs. John Morrison of Hickory ; and two others whose names are not given.

ELIZABETH CUNNINGHAM KITHCART GALLOWAY.

Although she lived as the widow of John Galloway for thirty-six years after his death, yet she was always known everywhere and called by the familiar title of "Grand-mother Kithcart."

She was two years old before her parents could have her baptized, though both her father and mother were members in full and good standing in the Presbyterian church where they came from at Peach Bottom, on the Susquehanna river. But it pleased Providence in due time to send the Rev. James Power out over the mountains, a very worthy young Presbyterian minister, to look after Presbyterians among the early settlers. It was his mission to organize churches, ordain elders, hold communion services, and baptize children that had been deprived of the ordinance for want of a suitable clergyman of the Presbyterian order to perform that rite.

Such was the case with Barnett Cunningham and his wife, Anna Cunningham, as also his half-brother, James Torrance, and his wife, who came out over the mountains with the Cunninghams, and both families settled near together in the "Neck" between the Youghiogheny and Jacobs' Creek.

These four persons brought their certificates of Presbyterian church membership with them in 1770, and in the summer of 1774 the Rev. James Power came out on his mission, and he organized at that time the new church of Tyrone, with the Cunninghams, and Torrances, and others, as members, and Elizabeth Cunningham, with other children, was at that time baptized. Barnett Cunningham and his half-brother, James Torrance, were chosen and ordained Elders in that church, and the first meeting-house was built on a piece of Barnett Cunningham's land.

ENGAGEMENT OF ROBERT A. SHERRARD.

After the engagement of myself and Mary Kithcart I returned home to Rush Run Mills, in some respects, quite a different person from what I was when I left home. I was now always in a good humor; always merry, courteous, kind, affable, blithsome and gay, and while awake and by myself, most of the time whistling or singing. It was evident that all this change was brought about by female influence; and if it were not for that influence, man would be but a rough, uncouth being.

It was the 1st of November when I arrived home, and about the 10th of December I returned to Fayette County to visit Mary and make the final arrangements for our marriage. Passing through Brownsville I stopped with my cousin, John Johnston, who kept a wholesale tailor shop with cloths, vestings, trimmings and hosiery.

(He was the son of a brother of Margaret Johnston of Ireland, the wife of William Sherrard, and was therefore a full cousin of father's father, John Sherrard.—T. J. S.)

I left my measure with him for a new suit from top to toe as I had returned homeward the last of October, and expected to find them ready, but I found there was little done on the suit, and I had to wait for it two or three days, and it was not finished till Saturday by noon.

By this time my beard had grown so as to require the hand of a barber, and on inquiry I learned that the barber was sick. My friend Johnston told me that he sometimes borrowed a razor from his friend, Mr. Rhodes, when the barber was sick or absent, and he sent his boy to borrow the razor for me, as I told him I desired to go across the country below Connellsville and see Mary that evening, instead of going to my Uncle Cathcart's, which would retard my progress till Monday.

But to my chagrin, when I tried the razor it was so dull that all I could do with it I could not get the one-half of my beard whittled off, and I was therefore obliged, however grievous the disappointment, to put off my visit to Mary for that evening, but she was not looking for me, as there was no particular day set for my return at the time I left her. I therefore made the best of my way to my Uncle David's, and got my brother David to be my barber, and the next day, Sabbath, I accompanied him to Laurel Hill meeting-house to hear the Rev. Mr. Guthrie preach, instead of going with Mary to Mt. Pleasant to hear the Rev. James Power preach.

However, I went over to Kithcart's on Monday, but found that Mary was not at home; her mother and grandmother Cunningham were also away on a visit, but they returned before the close of the evening, and Mary was sent to come, as she had been staying with her sister, Sarah Andrews. I had on the new suit, and being thus dressed up, I cut a very decent and respectable figure. But this was the first time that I and Mary's grandmother Cunningham had met, and at first sight it appeared that she formed but a poor opinion of me, as the intended

husband of Mary Kithcart. The old lady considered me too much of a foppish fellow, and, as I believed, for no other reason than that I was neatly and well dressed from head to foot, far beyond what she expected.

She had heard from Mary's mother that Mary was to be married to a young man from Ohio, and the old lady being an old frontier settler, associated all that belonged to the frontier with frontier customs, and knowing that Ohio was at that time, in 1815, a frontier settlement, she had embraced in her association the hunting-shirt, moccasins and the log-cabin.

But when I found out through Mary the opinion that her grandmother had formed of me, I did all I could to ingratiate myself into the old lady's favor ; I attended to all her foibles and whims, and knowing that she used snuff pretty freely, I always, before going to see her, purchased a quarter of snuff and took it as a present, and by these means I soon had her to boast of Mary's husband.

Mary's grandmother, Anna Cunningham, made her home, at this time, with her son, Joseph Cunningham, on the old homestead, near the Tyrone Church, six miles from Kithcart's.

THE BANNS PUBLISHED.

During this visit I stayed with Mary three days, and we arranged the time of our marriage to take place on the 25th of January, 1816, and it was also arranged that the banns, or intention of marriage, be published between Robert A. Sherrard and Mary Kithcart by the Rev. James Power on three succeeding Sabbath-days, which was done accordingly. I made my brother David acquainted with the day we had fixed for the wedding, and on hearing that he made a wager with me that he would be married before me.

I took him up, and won the wager, as the event proved afterwards, but at that time I was left altogether in the dark as to who his intended bride was, for he refused to tell me. Before I left for home I took the opportunity to let my uncle know that the wedding-day was set, which pleased him very much, and met with his entire approbation and approval. At the same time he observed to me that he wished that my brother David would find some one to his pleasement, and especially one that would please also his uncle and aunt, when I mentioned that David had just made a wager with me that he would be married before me. " And who is that ? " asked uncle, hastily. I replied that it was more

than I could tell, for he had refused to tell me. "I'll lay a hundred to one it is to Betsy Irvine," said uncle. "That may be!" said I, for at the mention of her name it flashed on me that this explained his conduct during our visit to Morrison's the September before, and how he had treated me, first, in over-reaching me by compelling me to work two days for each day he lost in going with me, when he was in reality going to see and make a match with the girl of his own choice; and secondly, that he would neither give nor allow me any chance while on said visit to Morrison's to discourse with his intended, Betsy Irvine, as related on page 119. David afterwards, on my return to get married, informed me that it had been his intention to be married on Tuesday, January 23d, and leave John Morrison's on Wednesday 24th, and come to Kithcart's that same day, and of course be at our wedding on Thursday the 25th, and both parties would proceed together to Uncle Cathcart's on Friday the 26th, and make one infare answer for both. The idea was a good one, if it could have been carried out, but his intended wrote to him that she had been sick, and could not make the necessary preparations in time, and this put off David's marriage till the 14th of March, 1816.

I returned home in fine spirits and high glee; and while I must acknowledge that I found a great deal of happiness in pursuit, yet the happiness of pursuit would in no way compare with that of enjoyment.

Shortly after I returned home the winter set in in good earnest, so that the Ohio river became difficult to cross on account of the running ice. My brother Thomas was to accompany me to the wedding, and we concluded to start on our trip sooner than we would have otherwise done lest we might not be able to cross the Ohio when we wished. Accordingly we started on the 12th of January and went to LaGrange to cross the river on the ferry-boat, but found it was not running on account of the ice. We had to wait there till three o'clock in the afternoon until a sufficient number of travelers had gathered.

The ferry was kept by old Tom Johnson, and he then announced that the boat would start, and he charged me \$2 for taking Thomas and me across, which was extortionate, for the danger was not great at all. He never thrived after his ill-gotten gains, and seven years afterwards he was a broken merchant, although by the ferry and a tavern he had gathered together several thousand dollars. But be all this as it may, I and

Thomas mounted our horses on the Virginia shore at three o'clock in the afternoon, and rode on to Middletown, twelve miles, where we fed our horses, and then by 8 P. M. we were in Washington and stopped at John Johnston's tavern, and it was very cold and frosty.

The next day we went on to Brownsville by noon and stopped at our cousin Johnston's, and he was then the best tailor to be found in Western Pennsylvania or Virginia.

Our object in stopping at Johnston's was to get him to make a new suit for Thomas, which he did to full satisfaction. Besides, I had left my measure and orders for my wedding suit on my way home the last time, and I got it at this time. The next day we went on to Uncle Cathcart's, and the day following that I went over to see Mary to let her and the family know that I was still alive and ready for the wedding day.

The next day, which was the 16th, I and Mary's brother, Thomas, went to see the Rev. James Power at Mount Pleasant, and I invited him to come on the 25th and perform the marriage ceremony. The next day I returned to my uncle's. I would here remark that I searched all the stores in Brownsville, and all in Uniontown, and all in Connellsville, to get a pair of white gloves that would be large enough to fit my hands, but could find none large enough, and was obliged to have recourse to a pair of fine white lamb-skin gloves belonging to my brother David. He had used these gloves while acting as captain of the militia, and they fitted my hands exactly, and served my purpose on this occasion.

MARRIAGE OF ROBERT A. SHERRARD.

Time rolled on, and brought the welcome day,—Thursday, January 25, 1816. I had made choice of James Clark as my waiter, and had his two sisters, Polly and Betsy,—the one to ride with my brother David, and the other to ride with my brother Thomas. We rode over in the following order: I and James Clark, before; David and Polly Clark, next; and Thomas and Betsy Clark, next; and this composed the groom's party.

When we arrived at Kithcart's, it was twelve o'clock; and a goodly number of Mary's relations, friends and neighbors were present to witness the marriage ceremony.

We found also the preacher, the Rev. James Power, present ready to perform the ceremony. As soon as I was dressed up in my wedding suit, I was conducted into a neat little room with my waiter, James Clark, where we were introduced to the bride and her bridesmaid, Betsy Walker; and as soon as all things were ready, we were called out, and we stood up before the preacher and all the company present. The ceremony was said with our sanction of it, and we were now husband and wife, both in the eye of the law and before God and man.

We had agreed beforehand, as it had lately become customary, not to trouble the waiters to draw off the gloves before joining hands, but to join the hands with the glove on. To be in the fashion we kept our gloves on; but Mary said to me afterwards that she thought it more to the intended purpose to join the hands with the gloves off.

THE WEDDING FEE.

The ceremony being over, and the dinner, too, the old preacher, Mr. Power, made ready to leave for home, at which time I sent my waiter, James Clark, with three dollars to give to him, which I considered would be sufficient for his trouble. Some may think it was a poor fee, and so it would be in these days of wealth and progress; but I can assure such that one dollar at that time was worth three now, and but few persons forty years ago gave more.

The afternoon passed; and after supper, as there was no fiddle, the bride's brother Thomas sang, and several of the young people seemed to enjoy themselves trying to dance four-handed reels, which was a simple, old-fashioned dance. At length Thomas Andrews, who was married to the bride's sister Anna, led out the bride's mother, and they danced several jigs with some degree of nicety and precision, and well they might, as in the case of the old lady, dancing in her young days was very common, both at weddings and at all kinds of gatherings; and as to Thomas Andrews, he had been taught dancing at the dancing-school in Ireland as an accomplishment. I could not dance at all; but I had an accomplishment that some of them did not have, and that was ability to calculate interest.

For example, the next morning the bride's uncle, Joseph Cunningham, wished to pay off a note of hand held by the old lady, his sister;

but neither of them was able to calculate the interest on the note. On that account the old lady called me to them at the desk, and asked me to calculate the interest due for one year, nine months and nineteen days. This I did in short order by multiplying the dollars and cents by the number of days; then cut off two figures at the right for cents, and divide the remainder by sixty, and I had the interest in dollars and cents; and I was more proud of that accomplishment than all the dancing I ever performed.

EARLY EDUCATION.

Had I been unable to calculate the interest due on that note, how little I would have felt, and it would have been a wound inflicted on mother-in-law. She called me in full confidence, for she did not know, but felt sure in her mind that a young man versed in many branches of an "English Education" could certainly calculate the simple interest on a note of hand. Although neither she nor her brother could do it, still a vast allowance must be made between the time that she and her brothers and sisters were brought up and schooled, and the time that I and my brothers were brought up and schooled, and yet there was not so great a difference between their time and my time, as between my time and the present time at which I write, February 15, 1854.

Mother-in-law was born in 1772, and brought up during the unsettled times of the Revolution, and the excited state of the early settlers in Western Pennsylvania and the Pan Handle of Virginia, until peace was made with the Indians in 1774 and 1775. Nor did education take anything like a rapid start till some time after I was a married man. I got but a poor education at school, but my knowledge of reading, writing and arithmetic was principally gained at home, and so of my geography and English grammar, so that I became, in a measure, self-taught.

And it is very evident that the education obtained at the common schools in former times, as well as in the present, without being practiced and improved upon at home, was and is in too many instances lost, or nearly so, and there are but few of the young men and young women of the land who do much to improve the education they get at the common schools; they become careless, and it becomes uphill work to attempt to improve on books, slate and paper.

SECTION VII.

1816-1817.

MARRIED LIFE.

BUT I have been forgetting that it was the morning after my marriage. Breakfast being over, there was a very considerable bustle and stir in making preparation to start over to my uncle's where the infare was to be held, but in due time the horses were brought, and the infare party all mounted and took their stations in order on the road as follows: I and Mary, the bride, first; James Clark and Betsy Walker, the waiters, next; David Sherrard and Polly Clark next; Thomas Sherrard and Betsy Clark next; while Thomas Kithcart and Rachel Carr brought up the rear. We rode into Connellsville, six miles, and on out to Uncle Cathcart's, where we enjoyed ourselves that day to good purpose. We had the company of George Graham and wife, lawyer James Todd and wife from Uniontown, and among others, old Matthew Neely called in and was made welcome, for he was an old acquaintance of my father's, and was among the early settlers in that neighborhood, and after the decease of old George Paull, with whom my father boarded and lived as early as 1773, Matthew Neely married the widow Paull and lived with her on the land that fell to her as dower.

We stayed at my uncle's till Monday after dinner, and then went to John Clark's; Tuesday to Alexander Johnston's, in Connellsville; Wednesday to Kithcart's, and on Thursday, February 1, 1816, we went down to the "Neck" to Joseph Cunningham's, Mary's uncle, with whom Mary's grandmother, Anna Cunningham, lived at that time. We visited also at James Torrence's and Joseph Hutcheson's, and returned by Saturday evening to Kithcart's, and on Sabbath we made our appearance at church at Mount Pleasant.

On Wednesday following seven of Mary's cousins came,—a son and daughter of William Cunningham; a son and daughter of Benjamin Cunningham, from Beaver; a son and daughter of John Cunningham,

from Miller's Run, twelve miles southwest of Pittsburgh; and a son of Hugh Cunningham, from within four miles of Delaware, Ohio.

The next day we all went up to Mason's Mount Vernon Furnace, a mile from Kithcart's, where we all got weighed; I weighed 186 pounds and Mary weighed just 140 pounds, she being but a little over eighteen years old.

The next Monday, February 12th, we left mother Kithcart's for home at Rush Run, and Mary rode a young mare which her mother had purchased for her at \$60, out of the money due her from her father's estate; her mother also paid me \$200, for which I gave her guardian, Mr. Tinsman, my note as a receipt and security for so much of Mary's own money. We stopped at Connellsville and also at Uncle Cathcart's, and on Wednesday my brother Thomas started with us on our way home. We stopped in Brownsville, where I paid for my wedding suit, \$40, and Thomas paid the bill for his suit at \$30. On Thursday we left my cousin Johnston's, and we came twenty-five miles to Washington and ten miles farther to half a mile below Hickory, where we stopped at Aunt Morrison's; she was a sister to Mary's mother. The next day, Friday, the 16th, we left Morrison's and came on home to Rush Run, where we arrived that evening, and I presented to my old mother her first daughter-in-law. Happy days flew round and no end to them, and I have no doubt in my mind, if hundreds of men who become old before they marry, or, as many do, never marry at all, only knew the sweets and comforts of a married life, they would not linger so long on the shores of a single state of blessedness, but would launch away, and strive to make themselves and at least one more comfortable and happy.

FIRST VISIT AFTER MARRIAGE.

By the 1st of June that year, 1816, the water had run so low that no grinding could be done, and Mary and I left home on the 4th day of June to make a visit to her mother. This time we went by Steubenville and stopped at Dick's tavern in that place, took dinner and had the horses fed, and previous to starting I offered pay, but they would take none. Their uncommon kindness and attention to us quite astonished me, but it proved to be no loss to them at last, for during the

space of thirteen years afterwards I made that my regular stopping place whenever I would have business in Steubenville, and during that period was well treated and had but moderate bills to pay. James and Robert Dick were born and brought up to be young men in County Antrim, Ireland, in the same neighborhood with William and Thomas Andrews, who married the two elder sisters of Mary, and the Andrews' had been to Steubenville to visit the Dicks, and in this way Mary came to have knowledge of them.

I and Mary crossed the river at the Middle Ferry and took the road through Eldersville and past Cross Creek Village, that is, the Cross Creek meeting-house, for there was no village there then. Six miles beyond the Cross Creek Church we stopped at John Morrison's; next day to Brownsville, to Johnston's; next day to uncle's, where we stayed over Sabbath; Monday, for dinner, at John Clark's, and home to Mary's mother's by evening.

Our stay and visit among our friends and relations embraced the short period of three weeks, and in that time Mary quilted a beautiful green stuff quilt, at which time I suffered very severe pain from a double tooth.

As soon as Mary had finished her quilt we returned to my brother David's to complete our visit, as we had spent but little time as yet with him and his wife, they having been married the 14th of March preceding, and his wife had not seen nor conversed with Mary until we arrived there on our way this time from Brownsville to her mother's, and as we intended returning home by Williamsport (now Monongahela City), we concluded to finish our visit at my brother's at this time.

It is worthy of remark here that when we stopped in Connellsville with my jaws bound up, inquiry was made as to what was the matter, and I had but one answer to make, and that was toothache. James Johnston, the brother of Alexander, told me that an easy cure was at hand, if I would submit to the trial.

TOOTH-ACHE CURE.

I inquired into the nature of the cure, and was told that it consisted in nothing more than to have a small vein on the inside of the ear burned off with a small instrument that was made and kept in Robert Long's

smithshop, just across the way, and if I wished to have the cure performed, he would step over with me, and point out the vein in the ear, and Long would do the surgical part in using the burning-iron. I thanked Mr. Johnston for the tone of his civility, and told him I would accept his kind offer. We then stepped across into Mr. Long's shop, and as he and I had been old school-mates twenty years before, it was not hard for us to renew our acquaintance.

Long then showed me the instrument, which was small and shaped like a little tomahawk. He put it into the fire and brought it to a red heat, and I then turned my left ear down on the anvil, while Johnston with his finger-nail made a mark in the vein of the right ear, and Long applied the red-hot little instrument. It was but a twitch, and over in an instant, and I then turned up my left ear and had it burned. The tooth-ache had for several days caused me much pain, but it had ceased to ache a day or two before this, but after this neither that tooth nor any other of my teeth ached for nearly twenty years. This cure by burning the little vein in the ear was performed in June, 1816, and the first tooth that ached afterwards was in January, 1836.

But although I had no tooth-ache for so long a period, yet I was often troubled with some slight touches of neuralgia, which would take its start mostly in the chin or lower jaw, and would soon shoot up into my temples, and then up into my head, and I would feel it spread all over the top surface of my head, but it was gentle, compared with the excruciating pain I often suffered from tooth-ache; and I thought it was a happy circumstance that I got my ears burned, if that was the cause of the change.

SUPERSTITIOUS CURES FOR TOOTH-ACHE.

But I am very certain that there are a very great number of foolish and superstitious cures for tooth-ache, as well as for many other diseases that men and women are heir to. When I was about 14 years of age I was much afflicted with the tooth-ache, and was told by two or three of my young neighbors that a young man by the name of Wilson had cured them of tooth-ache, and recommended his performance so strongly that I was resolved to go to him and have him perform a cure on me. In due time I went to Wilson, and he examined the tooth complained

of, and said he could cure it, and added that he had had great success for some time past in curing a great number of the neighbors. He then took a shoe-knife and stepped to the check reel and cut a few inches in length of thread from it, bidding me at the same time to follow him. He led the way to the woods until we came to a little white thorn bush. From a limb of this bush he cut out a slip about an inch and a half long, which he handed to me and bade me rub the end of it in the hollow of the tooth, and also to rub it well round about the tooth. I did as he bade me, and handed the slip back to him, which he put back into the place he took it from; he then took the thread he had brought away from the check reel, and tied the slip fast in its place; he then cut about three or four inches from the top part of the same limb, the one end of which he slit up fine like a little broom. This he gave me to take home, and bade me take a lump of alum salt, which was very plenty at that time, but very scarce now all west of the mountains, and wash all round the tooth, and in it with the alum salt, using the brush to scrub well at the same time, and then hide the salt and the brush under the dropping of the eaves of the house, where I should never see them.

In all this I followed his directions, but it was all of no avail, for in a short time after I had fulfilled his directions, the tooth began to ache with redoubled vigor, and I was forced to get it extracted; and this ended Wilson's cure and the tooth-ache at this time.

ANOTHER TOOTH-ACHE CURE.

Long afterward I had the tooth-ache and got the following receipt from an old Irish woman by the name of Fay. Said she: "You must take a nail from a horse-shoe that you have found yourself, and you must rub the nail all round the tooth and in it, if the tooth be hollow; then you must drive the nail in a log behind the door; then you must walk backwards from the nail nine times, and each time you must say the Lord's Prayer backwards, and each time you say the Lord's Prayer backwards you must say 'Faugh yeagh, Faugh neagh.'" I asked old Mrs. Fay the meaning of those words, but she said that she did not know, but believed it was Latin. I, for my part, believed them to be words belonging to the native Irish lingo; and I further believed that to cure the tooth-ache by using charms or any other superstitious method,

might be left to the ignorant and superstitious, who could put faith and confidence in such foolish whims and notions.

My mother had taught me when a child to say the Lord's Prayer forwards, but now to say it nine times backwards as a cure for the tooth-ache was more than I could do.

WEDDING OUTFIT.

But to return: I and Mary finished our visit to brother David's and all the friends on that side of the Youghiogeny river, and returned to Kithcart's, where we made preparations for our return home. Before we started, mother-in-law called in Mr. Jacob Tinsman, Mary's guardian, and spread out Mary's outfit, consisting of bed and bedding, sheets, blankets, quilts and coverlets; also pillow-cases, table linen, towels, and a variety of articles too tedious to enumerate; and she asked me and the guardian if we were satisfied to take all these articles in full pay for Mary's services performed for her mother from the death of her father up to the time she left with me for her new home in Ohio, which was just two years.

Our answer was that we were both well satisfied, and the bed and bedding and other articles were then packed up. The next day we left for home by way of Robstown, Williamsport, Hickory and Wellsburg, and on up to Rush Run, crossing that stream seventeen times from the mouth up to our Mill, a distance of three miles.

Mary's brother John was sent with us to pack the bed and bedding on horse-back, as light wagons, called "Dearborns," were not as yet brought into use west of the mountains, and it had been common for thousands who crossed the mountains to pack out all their movables on the back of an old horse or cow, as they might own one or both, and at this time, in 1816, it was still the common way of moving among many.

In the latter part of April of that year (1816) I took horse and started out to look up a good quarter section of land to enter. I steered my course to the place of our old residence, on the waters of Captina Creek, where I staid over night with my old Quaker friend, Jesse White, and while staying with him that night he told me the following incident from his own experience.

INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE.

Jesse White had spent his early life in Chester Co., Pennsylvania, and removed to Ohio while he was yet a young man. He told me that the day the Battle of Brandywine was fought, which was the 11th day of September, 1777, he and two or three others were mowing for a farmer who lived and kept a tavern on the hill above Brandywine Creek, in sight of the place where the battle was fought.

But the meadow in which Jesse White and his companions were mowing lay on the other side of the hill from where the battle was raging. They could hear the noise, but this was not satisfactory, and prompted by curiosity, they wished to see as well as hear; they therefore dropped their scythes and went up to the tavern to see, but in that they were disappointed, for the valley of the Brandywine was so filled with smoke that they could not see the operations of the two armies. Jesse and his comrades had been but a short time at the tavern when a sergeant with a file of men came up from the battle and pressed the landlord's two horses and wagon into service for the purpose of removing some of the wounded from the battle-field, and they also impressed Jesse White to drive the team to the spot and bring away a load of the wounded.

But to this Jesse demurred, thinking it too dangerous an undertaking, but the sergeant ordered him to mount and drive down or he would run him through with the bayonet. Jesse, finding it was little use to parley, mounted and drove about half way down the hill, where he met an American officer with his thigh broken, which hung dangling by the side of the horse he rode. The officer asked Jesse where he was going, to which he replied that he was ordered down to bring away a load of the wounded.

"Turn about, turn about; don't you see the Americans retreating, and the British in pursuit?" said the officer. Jesse did turn around, but in such haste that he overset the wagon and turned it completely bottom upwards. In this dilemma he took the shortest method and cut the hame strings, threw off the gears, mounted and brought the horses off safe and put them in the stable, and cleared himself home. The next morning he went back to the tavern, and found the British army encamped near the tavern, and saw the landlord's wagon, that he had left

on the road, now standing in the British camp loaded with their baggage. Jesse said this was all the part he took in the Revolutionary War, and that against his will. (In my visits to the battle-ground I have not been able to locate that tavern.—T. J. S.)

Leaving Jesse White's the next morning, I steered my course southward, passing out of Belmont County into what is now Monroe, stopping all night within four miles of Woodsfield with an old acquaintance, John Mitchen. The next day I passed on westward into the bounds of what is now Noble County, and stopped all night with a family named Bates, who had a mill, if mill it might be called, for it was certainly built on a cheap plan, for the house was not more than sixteen feet square, one story high, and built of round white walnut poles, some of which were very crooked; and it was covered with clapboards, but it was neither chinked nor daubed. I got leave to stay all night, and called for supper, which consisted of hard dry pone, some dried venison for meat, a little butter and milk. I had the same fare for breakfast, and had to pay a high bill for such fare. I understand that at this place there is now, and has been for many years, a village called Batesville. Thence I passed on until I fell into the main road leading from Marietta to Cambridge, in Guernsey County. This road I took, and turned northward toward Cambridge, which I passed through, and concluded to make my way to John McClure's, who was married to Mary Ferguson, a second cousin of my own, and who, I understood, lived ten miles west of Cambridge. But after I had travelled seven miles out of Cambridge I stopped at a house by the roadside merely to inquire how far it was to McClure's, and I found the owner of the house was a man by the name of Mitchell, who formerly had kept tavern six miles west of St. Clairsville, on the road to Captina.

I asked him if there was any good land to enter near the road, and before he would answer my question he asked me if I wished to purchase land to come and live on, or to enter for speculation. I told him it was my intention to make a home on it. He then said to get down and stay all night with him, and the next morning he would show me a quarter section about a mile north of the road which he thought would please me. He said it had been kept in the dark for some time, as several in the neighborhood wanted to enter it but had not the money.

CONGRESS LAND ENTERED.

He said we must keep quiet about it, or some one else would be to Zanesville before me. Under his persuasion, I staid with him all night, and next morning Mitchell and I were off by daylight to see the land.

We called on a man by the name of Tom Dickson, who lived on the quarter section south of it, and got him to go with us and show the lines, for which I gave him two dollars,—the usual fee in such cases. I and Mitchell returned and had breakfast, and I paid my bill for his services, as well as for lodging and meals; and I then took to the road, but did not call at McClure's, but made my way direct to Henry Edwards',—an old neighbor who lived five miles this side of Zanesville. There I stayed over night, and the next morning he went with me into Zanesville, where I made a deposit of sixteen dollars with the Land Office, which secured the quarter section to me for forty days.

I had to do this, for the money I had received—\$200—of Mary's guardian I had loaned to our mill company to buy wheat with; and as no flour had been sold previous to my leaving home, I was obliged to pursue this course.

I returned to Edwards', and staid all night, and the next day came on to my friend, John McClure's, where I staid one night; then came on to William Ferguson's, who now lived near Harrisville, six miles west of Mt. Pleasant.

The next day I arrived home, and found all well after an absence of ten days, and a prospect of a better market for flour. In the early part of May, 1816, there was quite a brisk demand for flour to be shipped abroad, and we made sale of ours at \$6 a barrel, after which my \$200 were returned to me, and I was soon off again to Zanesville to pay up the balance of my first payment.

Arrived in Zanesville, I soon found my way to the Land Office, and paid in \$64, the balance of my \$80, entry money. While in Zanesville, I went and took a view of the canal with its mighty water-power. This canal was a company concern, which company had a bank of their own creation, known as the Canal Bank of Zanesville.

ZANESVILLE, OHIO, IN 1816.

The notes of the Canal Bank of Zanesville and those of the Muskingum Bank of Zanesville passed very current on to the year 1819, which was a year that smashed up a very great number of banks, both in Pennsylvania and Ohio, as well as a number of banks in other States. Banks chartered and unchartered went by the board in many instances, so that out of some forty banks chartered and unchartered in Ohio, only six withstood the shock.

The names of these six banks are as follows: Western Reserve Bank, Warren, Trumbull County; Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank of Steubenville; Bank of Mt. Pleasant; Marietta Bank; Chillicothe Bank, and Bank of Lancaster. After I had viewed the canal, I took a view of the Granger Mills, supported in their operations by water from the canal. This mill was built on an extensive plan for grinding, had six run of burr-stones and all kinds of necessary machinery for the purpose of making flour.

I next went and took a view of a new kind of nail factory carried on by horse-power, and here for the first time I saw nails cut and headed complete at one stroke.

I had been accustomed to see cut nails made by the slow process of cutting by hand, and then heading by hand, which made the cut nail come high; for I have paid in Smithfield for hand-cut nails seventeen cents a pound by retail, and I paid in Connellsville the fall of 1815 for a keg of flour-cask nails as high as twenty-two cents a pound by the keg; but at that time bar-iron retailed at twelve and a half cents a pound.

I next purchased my wife a new dress of bombazet,—seven yards at 87½ cents a yard. This kind of goods had just come in fashion, and was very high at the time; but in the course of a few years the price came down to 37½ cents, although 50 to 62½ was more common.

I next left Zanesville, and proceeded homeward, well pleased that I had made a commencement to secure land for a farm of my own. I now thought that I would be fully and well satisfied if I only had it paid for; but when the time arrived that I had it fully paid for, I was far from being satisfied or content with one quarter section. The pos-

session of one only made me the more anxious to be the owner of another; and this is human nature.

A NEW HOUSE BUILT.

In August, 1816, my brothers William, John and Thomas, began to provide logs to build a house for me and my wife, Mary, to live in, as I must necessarily attend the mill.

We built the house at a convenient spot below the head-race, a little distance from the saw-mill. It was built of green sugar-tree logs for the most part, with a few logs taken out of an old cabin near the mill dam; it was chinked and daubed, and covered with clap-boards, and we laid the first floor with sugar-tree plank an inch and a half thick, that had been sawed for boat bottoms.

We built a wooden stick and clay chimney, with a wide space below, but it smoked some, and the next year I threw it down and rebuilt it with some alterations, but it was no better, for if a common sized, round log was put in for a back-log it would smoke, but split the same log in two halves and put in the one half and it would not smoke. But for some cause, to me unknown, we could make no ashes of any strength to make soap, yet for the fourteen years that we lived in that house, we burned the best wood, but still the ashes were too weak, and we had to buy ashes made in other houses no better in appearance than our own.

FIRST HOUSEKEEPING.

In due time our log house was finished, and we moved into it on the 6th day of September, 1816. I got my brother, John, to make us a table at five dollars; it stands in the kitchen now, 1859, and has been in constant use for forty-three years. (Yes, it was made of solid walnut, and I well remember it in my boyhood, of which fact I here make record this 25th day of February, 1889. That log house was the very one mentioned on page 104, of which I have a piece in my possession as a relic.—T. J. S.)

HAPPINESS OF MARRIED LIFE.

Besides the table, John also made me yon trunk which stands in my bed-room, with two drawers in it; he also made me a bureau which is also in use yet, as good as ever.

(That "trunk" was one of the curiosities of my childhood, and to me there was always an air of mystery in it and around it. It was really not a trunk at all, but a chest standing on little turned feet which were about four inches high. It was made of poplar, painted red, while the lid and feet were painted black. It was filled with curious old things, relics, such as an old compass in a little box about four inches square, an old horn spoon, and many old letters. In my day it was never kept locked by father, but there was a little till inside that he kept locked, and in this he kept his large old pocket-book, and some curious old money, and several specimens of Continental money. The "trunk" always stood on the bureau mentioned above.—T. J. S.)

No old bachelor can ever conceive the convenience, comfort, pleasure, happiness and satisfaction of a married life in a house of your own, but this my wife and I enjoyed for days, and weeks, and months, and years, till death separated us.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

It was not long after we had moved into our new house until my brothers and I dissolved partnership, after which each member of the firm had to work for himself.

I took the mill and saw-mill to attend on the following conditions: I got one-third of the toll for all country work, and as it was then customary to saw timber on the halves and the sawyer take the slabs, I was to get the one-third of the one-half of the plank when sold.

As to the merchant work of the mill, I was to purchase the wheat for the merchant work, grind, bolt, pack it into barrels, sell flour by wholesale and retail, and sell all the offal such as middlings, shipstuff, shorts and bran; keep an account of the outlaying and inlaying, the profits and loss; I was also to find the mill grease, and for my pay on that score I was to have the sweepings of the mill.

DIVISION OF PROPERTY.

We divided the personal property share and share alike, allowing my mother a sufficient share to herself first set off. All the balance of the personal property we set up and each bid for it, and the highest bid took it. For example, I bid my father's old Lough Neagh hone to \$2,

and got it. When the personal property was disposed of, we then disposed of the real estate and mills. We held the undivided half of 198 acres of land on which the mills and other improvements were erected and made. We agreed to divide our undivided half into twenty-four shares; then allow my mother first two shares; then each of us to take shares, one share for each year he was over twenty-one years of age. William was nine years over twenty-one—of course he took nine shares; John six shares; myself, Robert, five shares; and Thomas two shares.

When William announced the division as above, according to the time each had wrought over twenty-one years of age, I found fault because my share was not equal to John's, upon the ground principally that from boyhood, even from five years old, I was the stoutest, the strongest, and had the best constitution to work and stand work of any kind.

And as a proof, as I have stated before, I was, from the time we came into the State, sent to all the raisings and rollings as a thing of common occurrence; I was sent with the cross-cut saw to be worried and worn down by unskillful hands at the other end of the saw-handle; I was the man to chop and split rails, and to grub and chop logs, and clear the new ground ready for corn and wheat.

And when we moved to Rush Run and went about the preparation to build a merchant and grist-mill, and repair the old saw-mill, I had to go into mud and water, dig out the new tail race and foundation for the mill, and at such work, with a hired hand or two, I had to take the lead, while John was complaining, and able to work but little from November, 1811, up to the time he was called to serve his tour of duty in February, 1813. Then at his return from camp he took the camp fever the 19th of August, 1813, and was not able to work all winter; then in the next April, 1814, he took a relapse, and nearly all that summer he was not able to do much but ride out and do some errands and light work. It was a remark of old Sebastian, an old Dutch neighbor, who passed our place almost daily, that the other boys imposed on me, for he always found me employed at the hardest work; so that John had, for the last five years, an easy time of it, up to the time of the division. But I could not prevail to get any more than five shares

in place of five and one-half, and John five and one-half instead of his six shares.

But I gave it up manfully, observing at the time, that if Providence still continued my health and strength I was much more able to work and get along in life than he was, and he might keep and enjoy his six shares.

But from my heart I pitied poor Thomas in view of his two shares; he even wept at what he considered an uneven division; and to satisfy and reconcile him in some measure, William gave him one-half share off his nine shares; William's shares were then always rated and counted on all dividends afterwards at eight and one-half and Thomas' at two and one-half shares, and thus the division of the property, both real and personal, was gotten through with in a manner satisfactory, in most respects, to all parties.

That fall of 1816 I made the best fall grinding I ever made at the mill; in the month of September I ground 300 bushels of wheat and barreled the flour up.

The summer of 1816 corn was scarce and high; it sold mostly at \$1 a bushel, and wheat at the highest that summer did not exceed \$1.06 a bushel of sixty pounds, but before January following wheat rose to \$1.25. That winter the mill stood frozen fast for six weeks, up to the middle of February, 1817, and snow lay on the ground six to eight inches deep, which made fine sleighing, which was the death of many a fine horse in large towns.

BANKS IN EARLY TIMES.

That winter of 1817 while the mill was frozen fast, the fine prices offered for wheat, and the goodness of the roads, caused the wheat to come in plentifully on pack horses, and also on sleds and wagons used by people who had them. At this time bank paper was very uncommonly plenty,—the most so that I ever knew it before or since.

Banks both chartered and unchartered started into existence throughout the different states without capital, and most of them had but little specie in their vaults to redeem their paper with. The Land Offices would rarely take any paper but that of chartered banks, but there was a great deal of unchartered paper circulated by speculating flour

merchants, and by them passed into the hands of the millers, and by them to the farmers, and the farmers could spend it for store goods, or for any farm stock. But in the purchase of land from individuals or from the government it was a rare thing that unchartered paper would go; and add to that, the western store-keepers could not purchase goods in the eastern cities with unchartered paper; and even the chartered paper of our western banks when taken to Baltimore, Philadelphia or New York, was at a shave of five cents on the dollar.

To carry on the purchase of wheat at \$1.25 a bushel was a business at this time that called for money, as the quantity bought in by me at our mill some days amounted to three hundred and some days four hundred bushels of wheat, principally of the red chaff beardy and red chaff smooth. The Smithfield Bank was organized, unchartered and put in operation the fall of 1816, with shares at \$50 each. My brother Thomas having only $2\frac{1}{2}$ shares in our real property after the division, became dissatisfied with it, and sold it out to John for \$250 in cash, and took shares to that amount in the Smithfield Bank.

Stockholders having the preference in the chance of drawing money by loan from the bank, I and William agreed with Thomas that if he would become the drawer, we would become the endorsers for a loan of \$900, and as he was not now a stockholder in the mill, we would divide the profits share and share alike, all four equal.

This plan was adopted, and Thomas drew out the \$900 with the express understanding that it should be paid back in any unchartered paper passing current at the time, and this contract the next April was complied with, and the debt discharged, and that but a short time before the Smithfield and many other unchartered banks broke and went down forever. The \$900 laid out on wheat at \$1.25 a bushel, and the flour made from it at \$8 a barrel for unchartered paper, brought us a profit of \$500, which gave us \$125 each. This was the best profit for the amount of capital invested that we ever made at that mill.

OVERWORK.

When the thaw came at the breaking up of the winter of 1817, I had not looked out for any help to aid me in the mill, and for the first two weeks I did the work principally myself; but finding it was cutting me

down rapidly, I proposed to my brother John to help me, and take half the profits, which he readily consented to do.

But at the end of my third week I was so exhausted in body and mind, and my spirits became so depressed, that my wife noticed a change in my countenance, and asked if I was displeased with her, but I told her no, it was the world I was displeased with, and not her. But in a day or two after this I went to bed, and a slight fever came on me, but after I had rested two days and two nights the fever left me, and I felt much relieved. I got out of bed and staggered off to the mill, a wiser, if not a better man, for I resolved that let the world go as it will, I will keep up a light heart, for the world is bound to support me, if I cannot do it myself.

And from that time on I have realized the benefit of that resolve in the darkest hours and in the worst of cases; and although now 42 years have rolled round and passed over me, with all their varied scenes of pleasure, pain, grief, sorrow, disappointment and trouble; and I can recommend to every man, woman and child, to keep up a stiff resolution and a light heart, and to cultivate a cheerful disposition as much as possible, and I will insure that under such cultivation, that virtuous plant will grow daily, monthly, yearly and forevermore, strong and vigorous, until its roots will be deep and wide-spread, and its top shall reach the skies.

But on the other hand, if a contrary disposition is let grow, such a peevish, fretful disposition, together with great anxiety of mind, indulged in from day to day, and from month to month, and year by year, will prove a source of continued trouble and turmoil to the possessor, a destroyer of peace and happiness, and will grow worse and worse, until finally, when too much indulged in, may and will undoubtedly destroy the possessor.

It has been observed by many that the Quakers never indulge in passion, or those turmoils of mind mentioned above, and hence they live to be older men and women than any other denomination of professing Christians.

FIRST CHILD BORN.

On the 26th day of March, this year, 1817, our first child, Mary Ann, was born, which no doubt had a tendency to keep up the spirits of both me and the mother.

Old Dr. Leslie, who had emigrated from Ireland, County Tyrone, from Stewartstown, was called in on this occasion, and hence became our family physician until he moved to Steubenville in July, 1825. He had settled in Smithfield the fall of 1816. And when we settled on our present Sugar Hill Farm, he resumed practice in our family till age forbade him to leave the town of Steubenville.

(In a book of old letters copied by father, I have found the following, written by uncle David A. C. Sherrard, to father, which gives an idea of the appearance of Mary Ann at about twenty-nine years of age, when she was on a visit to uncle David in Fayette County, Pennsylvania :

“LAUREL HILL, FAYETTE CO., PA.

January 22, 1846.

Dear Brother :—The aunt and myself were much pleased to see Mary Ann. She is in my view the only living image of my old mother that has come under my notice.

Affectionately your brother,

D. A. C. SHERRARD.

To Robert A. Sherrard.”

She was called for her mother, Mary Kithcart Sherrard; for her grand-mother, Mary Cathcart Sherrard; and for her great-grand-mother, Ann Gamble Cathcart.—T. J. S.)

VISIT FROM UNCLE AND AUNT CATHCART.

My uncle and aunt Cathcart came down in the month of May, this year, 1817, and staid with us and my mother for several weeks. When they were ready to go home again to Fayette County, I and my wife made preparations to go up along with uncle Cathcart and aunt Susan, and the day before we started uncle came over to my house, and asked me for one dollar to help carry him home, saying that he was afraid he would not have enough to meet his expenses till he would get home. Remembering as I did that when he parted with us the 4th of April,

1805, a little way on this side of Plumpsock, he gave each of us boys, William, myself and Thomas, one silver dollar, I went to the till and brought out two dollars in silver, and gave to him, allowing one of them to pay the interest.

But I find by calculation that the interest at six per cent. would be only seventy-four cents and five mills, and at eight per cent. interest it would amount to ninety-nine cents and 3 mills; so you see I paid my uncle eight per cent. (That dollar is mentioned on page 49.)

OLD LAUREL HILL CHURCH.

Uncle and aunt arrived at home just in good time to attend their sacramental Communion at Laurel Hill Church, and I and Mary staid at my uncle's and my brother's over Sabbath, and attended each day's service. Mr. Guthrie, the pastor, had obtained the assistance of the Rev. William Johnson, of Brownsville, who was a full cousin to my present wife's mother—his father was old William Johnson, who had other sons, John, Richard and James Johnson, who lives near York, Jefferson County, Ohio.

On Saturday of that communion season, old Mr. Power, formerly pastor of the Mt. Pleasant congregation in Westmoreland County,—the same who married me and my wife, Mary Kithcart,—after sermon on that Saturday, Mr. Power rose up in the pulpit at Laurel Hill, and addressed the congregation by telling them among other things, that it was forty-three years since he had gathered that congregation together, but not at that place,—it was about a mile east where the old meeting-house was built, which made it the summer of 1774 that the Laurel Hill congregation was formed. But at what time the old meeting-house was built, I have not had any chance of knowing, having let the chance slip of making inquiry of old Billy Carson while he remained at his old homestead in Fayette County.

Carson told me more than fifty-five years ago, that his brother, Alexander Carson, undertook the cutting and hewing of the logs for that meeting-house, and that Alexander would cut, score and hew 200 feet in length of logs each day, which must be allowed to be an uncommonly good day's work.

Billy Carson further told me that Alexander blazed a number of white-

oak trees to mark a road to his work, and which would serve afterwards to show the family the road to pass along to meeting.

Sacrament being over at Laurel Hill, I and wife pursued our course of visiting our relations, and we found Mary's mother and all our other relations well. Mary's brother John had gone to Robert Long in Connellsville, to learn the blacksmith trade, and he had to serve four years, which he performed faithfully to the end of his time. After an absence of five weeks we returned safe home. I had left brother John to look to the mill and retail flour and offal, for there was no water to grind, as only a small head would gather in twelve hours, and he charged me for his services while I was gone the sum of thirty-three dollars,—a very heavy bill for all that was done.

And brother William charged me ten dollars cash for boarding a boy, John Scott, the five weeks, which was two dollars a week, a double price for these times, for if the mill company had hands hired to make repairs about the mill, race or dam, I boarded the hands all the time they made repairs, up to the time I left the mill, the 1st of April, 1830, at fifteen cents a day, which when summed up made but ninety cents for six working days.

I demurred against the above bills, but the only satisfaction I got was the reply that I might stay at home, and under the whole ill treatment, and that from brothers, I had to “grin and bear it.” I could not stay at home,—I had married a young girl, worthy and of some fortune, and away she was now, caged up in my coop, far from her mother, sisters and brothers, and it would take time to wean off her affections from these, and fix them on new objects, around which they might twine and centre in place of the old ones; but who ever heard of a young girl or boy even up to riper years, that could forget their fond mother and “home, sweet home?” None.

But I knew that those two brothers were at that time old bachelors; they had never known the sweets or happiness of connubial bliss; they had no knowledge or experience or just notion of how a refined, tender-feeling wife should be properly treated; and they never knew.

SECTION VIII.

1817-1821.

TRADING DOWN THE RIVER.

THE fall of 1817 my brother Thomas took a notion that he would build a boat and load it mostly with flour, and run it down the river on a trading trip.

The Mill Company sent with him one hundred and forty-three barrels; Jacob Zoll fifty; Joshua Wood, our partner's son, fifty; William Blackston, storekeeper of Smithfield, ten; and the balance of the load Thomas supplied himself. He left port, at the mouth of Rush Run, on the 30th of January, 1818.

The river, from recent rains, had risen and flowed from bank to bank, so that in the short time of three days he had reached the mouth of the Kentucky river, and landed safe for the night. But so sudden was the change in the weather that by the next morning they found their boat frozen fast in the ice, where they remained frozen up for fourteen days. During this time Thomas hired several men to help him and his two boat-hands roll out the flour up on the table land. Before they had finished taking everything out of the boat, the ice on the river gave one loud crack, and soon all was a moving mass, and away went the boat with the ice, and about three thousand feet of cherry plank and scantling in the boat, all lost to the owner.

When Thomas saw his boat and the ice go off together, and his flour piled up on the land, he was at his wit's end what to do, but was informed that boats were built about fifteen miles up the river. He then started up the Kentucky river fifteen miles, and found a boat for sale, large enough to hold and carry his flour; the only objection to it was that it was all made of poplar. The price of it was one hundred and fifty dollars, and he made arrangements with the owner for its purchase; so Thomas got the boat and soon had it down, where he reloaded his flour, and he and his men were soon under way for the Falls of the

Ohio, which, in due time, they passed over in beautiful style, as the river was now very high. They then proceeded on down the Ohio and into the Mississippi, and nothing worthy of note took place till they had gotten within seventy or eighty miles of White river, in Arkansas. On trying to make a landing, one evening, just before sunset, the boat was swept sideways against the point of a sharp snag, which struck the side of the gunnel, and glanced up and ran into the soft poplar gunnel plank, and in trying to turn the boat off the snag, it pulled the gunnel plank off, and in rushed the water, and in less than ten minutes the boat sank to the roof, which kept it from sinking any deeper. At the same time the water floated off the oars, which left the boat to drift with the current, and the men were powerless to do anything. There was a narrow ridge running the whole length of the roof, that was left dry, and on this narrow strip Thomas and his men sat or stood, and kept a lookout the whole livelong night, without sleep or any other refreshments, as the provisions were all down in the boat, and now well soaked.

At length the day dawned and daylight came, but with it no help, and they were still floating down the Mississippi; but after awhile the boat was drawn into what the men call a "cut off;" such are very common at the head of bends in the river. Into this "cut off," as the current was the strongest, the boat was drawn for a few miles, but was suddenly stopped by coming in contact with a large collection of drift-wood. Here they succeeded in getting out some provisions from the boat, which was the first they had had to eat since the disaster, and then they began to take the flour out of the boat and place the barrels on the drift-wood to drip. But after taking out about thirty barrels, Thomas concluded that it would not long be safe there, at any rate, and leaving one of the hands, Morrison, there, he and the other started and traveled on foot, through a dreary wilderness, forty miles to the White River settlement, where they obtained a keel-boat and men to help.

When they landed back at the boat, Thomas found Morrison busy fishing out flour, and for assistance he had decoyed a hand from a boat that was passing at some distance. He had hailed it and told the men on board that he had found a boat sunk, which was loaded with flour, and if any one would come and help him get the flour out, he should have the half. At this proposal a passenger on board of the passing

boat concluded to try his fortune, and for that purpose he came in a skiff and landed on the drift-wood, where he assisted Morrison to get the flour across the drift-wood on to the main land.

When Thomas and his men arrived, he began to give orders, which alarmed the strange hand, and going to Thomas he inquired if the boat belonged to him, and Thomas replied that it did. "Why," said he, "that rascal told me that he had found it, and that if I would help to get the flour out I should have half." "That you cannot have," said Thomas, "but if you will work well in taking out the flour, I will pay you well for your work." The fellow agreed to this, and Thomas had all the flour taken out, but found that about fifty barrels were missing, which he supposed had floated out of the bow the night after the boat had sunk.

A BOAT-LOAD OF DAMAGED FLOUR.

The flour he put on board the keel-boat and run it down to the mouth of White river, where he made an unsuccessful attempt to re-pack his soaked flour, but this he had to abandon, for the water had soaked through the staves at the joints, and this caused dough all around the staves; and then the water had run in through the inspection hole, which formed a mass of dough that would weigh from fifteen to twenty pounds. Thomas soon came to the conclusion that he must sell the flour, just as it was, at a sacrifice, to the best advantage he could. Accordingly, he sold two hundred and fifty barrels to a man by the name of John McLain, for \$2.50 a barrel, and agreed to take his note, with such security as he could give, and wait sixty days for his money. The balance of his flour he reshipped and ran it down to Natchez, and sold it off as best he could, at from \$3.00 to \$3.50 a barrel.

As he had to wait sixty days until John McLain's note became due, and, to pass the time away, he hired himself to a carpenter, to do journey-work, at two dollars a day, and find his own board and lodging.

SLAVERY IN 1818.

During this protracted stay of two months in Natchez, Thomas had the curiosity to go and see a man hanged for stealing and selling two negroes which belonged to the Governor of Mississippi, which, by the

law of the State, was death. He stood and gazed at the scene before him, seeing what he could, until the sheriff took up the hatchet to cut the rope that held the drop; but at that moment he turned his back, and the man was launched into eternity. I asked him why he turned his back on the gallows, and his reply was that he could not bear to see a fellow-mortal launched off the stage of action for stealing and selling a negro or two.

When the sixty days were over, Thomas went up to the mouth of White River to get his money from McLain; but, to his grief and disappointment, McLain could not pay him, for he had sold the flour to people of the poorer classes who could not pay him. When he found he could get no money, he agreed to take in part pay a Revolutionary land warrant, the right to which descended to John McLain, as the only surviving heir of Laughlin McLain, a soldier of the Revolution from Virginia. This warrant had never been lifted from the War Office, although made out, numbered and dated in 1786, and signed by General Knox, Secretary of the War Department. The warrant called for one hundred acres of Virginia military district land, and might be found laid off in lots by actual survey, by order of Congress in the following counties in the State of Ohio: Muskingum, Guernsey, Coshocton, Tuscarawas and Holmes. Thomas had the right of said warrant made over to him in due form by John McLain; but how much Thomas allowed him for his right I never knew. As he was always silent on that point, I did not put the question to him; but it was always my opinion that he allowed him at least \$125, the full amount of the land when located at \$1.25 an acre. But for the balance of his note of \$625, Thomas took an old worn-out negro, and took him down to Natchez and sold him low for cash, at a loss of \$200, and thus the transaction between Thomas and John McLain ended.

HOMEWARD-BOUND FROM THE SOUTH.

Thomas then made preparations for his journey homeward, and for that purpose he purchased a large, fine-looking horse; but he was one that could not stand hard travel, for he proved afterwards to have the ring-bone and spavin. Before he left Natchez, a Kentucky gentleman, who had to go to New Orleans, came to Thomas, and made arrange-

ments with him as a suitable man to safely conduct back home through the wilderness two of his slaves, which he did not wish to take with him farther south. He made out passes for the two slaves, and gave them into the hands of Thomas; but not knowing the law of Mississippi, he found that he must have new passes made out for his slaves in compliance with the law, and countersigned by the Governor; and as Thomas and the slaves, in company with eight or ten white men from the upper country, had already started, the Kentuckian had to ride after them several miles to give them the right kind of passes. It was a long, lonely journey through the wilderness, and they had to lodge mostly with the Indians of the Chickasaw and Cherokee tribes. These tribes, with the Creeks and Choctaws, were the most civilized at that time (1818), and they inhabited the southern part of Alabama and the northern part of Georgia.

Sometimes the two slaves would get away ahead of the rest of the company, and on one occasion they were captured as runaway slaves and taken to an Indian agent, as they were without passes; but when Thomas came up and showed the passes, they were released, and this made the blacks more careful not to get too far ahead. Still, through the day they would sometimes be out of sight, and occasionally Thomas could see a third negro with the two others, which they believed to be a runaway slave.

A RUNAWAY SLAVE.

Thomas questioned the two slaves about this third one, and learned from them that he was a runaway slave from Mississippi, and that he was hobbled with a pair of iron hobbles; one of these he had got broken off, but the other was still on, and he held it up off his ankle by a piece of chain to which had been attached a fifty-six when he left his master, for this was not his first attempt for freedom, but with stones he had broken a link and had left the fifty-six not far from the home of his master. Thomas told the negroes to tell the runaway to keep out of view of their company, or some of the whites with him would be very apt to make the attempt to take him, and for the sake of the reward return him to his master, and this advice was taken by the runaway, for the white company saw him no more. Thomas supposed that he might yet get his escape made, as he was, at that time, not very far

south of the State line of Tennessee, and he might, with the assistance of these two slaves, get over into Indiana or Illinois, and so on to Canada.

Thomas observed that it was no wonder that a slave would run away at that time from the South, for with most of their masters they were treated more like beasts than human beings, badly fed and badly clothed, often whipped, and that for mere trifles, and worked hard. At that time, 1818, many of the slave masters of the South gave the poor slaves each a peck of corn for a week, and they had a large mill at the negro quarters made like a coffee-mill. At this mill they might grind it, and bake or boil it in mush, and no molasses or milk with it; or they might beat it into hominy, and boil and eat it in that way; and that was allowing each slave just two pounds of corn for each day.

After passing up into Tennessee, Thomas parted with most of his companions in travel through the long, lonely wilderness, and he gave their master's pass to the two slaves, who, with that in their hand, could go on homeward to Kentucky, going themselves through Tennessee.

Crossing the Mississippi River at New Madrid, Thomas, with some of his comrades, took their course on horseback for St. Louis, a distance of 175 miles by land. When he arrived at St. Louis he had some business to transact with Captain Clark, the companion of Captain Lewis in the exploring expedition undertaken by order of Congress up the Missouri River and over the Rocky Mountains, and down the Columbia River to the Pacific Ocean during 1804-5-6.

Captain Clark was at that time a government agent, and was at that time, the latter end of June, 1818, actively engaged in making a treaty with the Indians,—the chiefs of the Pawpaws, Pawnees and Kickapoos, for the cession of their lands lying within the Missouri Territory.

After two days spent in St. Louis Thomas crossed over the Mississippi to the Illinois side early in the morning, and stopped at a tavern near the ferry for breakfast. Here he found his horse so lame with ring-bone and spavin that he left it with the landlord rather than have any further trouble with it. He then took to the road on foot, and in due time, after traveling through Illinois, Indiana, and at least 250 miles through Ohio, he arrived safe at home about the middle of July, sound and healthy, after an absence of six months and a half.

A SECOND TRIP DOWN THE RIVER.

During the spring of 1819 Thomas made preparations for a second trip down the river with flour, and for that purpose he took in a partner, a David Fleming, a nephew of old Thomas Fleming, who paid for half the boat, and furnished half the load, and sent his nephew, David Fleming, as supercargo or agent. While Thomas and William were building the boat, I was busy day and night grinding wheat that Thomas had stored in the mill for making flour for this trip, and I ground every twenty-four hours on our five feet Laurel Hill burrs 150 bushels. By the time I had finished the flour the boat was afloat, and I sent with Thomas to help him along forty barrels made principally out of my own toll wheat, but I sent to my own loss, for my flour was worth \$3.50 at home, and Thomas sold it for only \$3.50, while I paid him out of the sale price \$2 a barrel, and then I had left only \$1.50 on each barrel.

But I learned wisdom by experience, and from this time forward I sent no more flour on freight.

When they arrived at Natchez Thomas bought out the remaining part of flour that David Fleming had on hand, and so anxious was the latter to be off that he sold out to Thomas at a bargain. But Fleming traveled round by Philadelphia by ship, where he purchased store goods with his uncle's money, and had them hauled out to Pittsburgh, and shipped thence by boat down to Kentucky where he set up a store in Cynthiana; and it was some considerable time before his Uncle Thomas Fleming, of Smithfield, heard of him.

TRIP FROM NEW ORLEANS TO PHILADELPHIA.

After Thomas had bought out Fleming's flour, he had but poor encouragement in selling out at Natchez, and concluded to coast it down to New Orleans, and sell all he could to planters all the way down. He found ready sales, and by the time he reached New Orleans he had sold everything but the boat itself. The roof, which was made of thin poplar boards, he sold for \$60, and the boat brought \$20, which was considered a good sale, for many boats sold, after the roof was off, for only \$10.

Thomas then took a deck passage on ship for Philadelphia, for which he paid \$25. After landing safe in Philadelphia he made but a short stay in the city, but started on foot, traveling forty miles each day, until he arrived at my brother David's residence, in Fayette Co., Pa.

This was in July, 1819, and the roads at the time were dry and dusty, and after traveling seven days without change of clothing or shaving his beard, he no doubt looked shabby. It so happened that the day he arrived there an elderly clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Adams, from nine miles west of Massilon, O., whose wife was a daughter of old John McClelland, had come on a visit with his wife to my brother David's. No doubt Aunt Betsy felt wounded on seeing a brother of her husband coming in off a journey from old Philadelphia in such shabby order, and she took Thomas to task for coming in that order, and asking him why he did not take the stage and come out like a gentleman. To which Thomas replied: "Madam, I am a poor man, and have to make my living by the sweat of my brow; they asked me ten cents a mile for riding in the stage, and I have walked forty miles each day from Philadelphia, and made me \$4 a day, and that is three or four times as much as I can make at home."

Whether it was the occasion which she took before the minister and his wife, or the manner or the freedom, I know not, but I do know that he took it as an offense of some magnitude; he never forgot it while he lived, and ever after that he did not like her as he ought a sister-in-law.

FLOUR INSPECTION.

When Thomas had loaded in his flour for the trip the spring of 1819, he did not call on the flour inspector, nor had he so much as one barrel inspected, as the greatest loss he sustained last year when his boat was sunk, was occasioned by the inspection hole, and he felt determined, cost what it would, he would have none inspected.

But the deputy inspector, Joseph Jeffries, was on the lookout for all boats that took away flour without inspection, and Thomas was marked, and at the August term of court, Jeffries made complaint, and the grand jury found a true bill. When Thomas was notified of it, he was scared, and he began to think that his troubles would never end. It would seem that

from the time he got his boat frozen fast at the mouth of the Kentucky River on his first trip, troubles flowed in upon him thick and fast; yet up to this time he had borne up under them all, and had battled with them manfully, but now he was like to shrink away from them, and he would have done so if it had not been for my advice. He came over to the mill immediately to see me, and told me his troubles, and said he would take his horse and ride up to his brother David's and stay there till this case should blow over. But I told him that would be of no avail, for if he staid a whole year the parties would still prosecute him, and it would be far better to meet the case. I advised him to go to Steubenville and give a lawyer five dollars to throw him on the mercy of the court, and plead guilty, and the court would fine him as low as the law would allow, and then pay the fine and he would be clear. I saw at once that his countenance cleared up, and he looked cheerful, turned on his foot, went over home, (my uncles William, John and Thomas lived with their mother across the run from the mill on the west side, while father lived on the same side of the run as the mill, and a few rods above to the north.—T. J. S.) and shaved and fixed up, and in a very short time was off to Steubenville to look up a lawyer to throw him on the mercy of the court. And the first that he met on the steps of the court-house was old lawyer Doddridge of Wellsburg, and Thomas stated the case to him and handed him a five dollar bill. Doddridge investigated and discovered that Jeffries the inspector had never lodged his bond with the proper county officer, and the court decided that the office of inspector was vacant, and there was no case against Thomas, as he had on that account committed no breach of the law.

But Thomas had experienced so much loss by inspection that he was bitterly opposed to the inspection law as it then was, and he drew up an amendment to the law by which it should be left to the flour trader to have the flour inspected or not. This bill he put into the hands of John Barrett, Esq., of Wells township, our member in the Legislature, and during the session of 1820-21 it became the law, and the inspection remains to this day as it was then modified, now March 1, 1859.

A THIRD TRIP THE SPRING OF 1820.

But Thomas was not discouraged yet, for he soon began to buy wheat for another trip the next spring of 1820, and he gave at first 75 cents, but soon fell to 62½ cents a bushel, and after some time it fell to 50 cents, at which time he laid in as much wheat as he had cash to buy with. Thomas and John and William all set in to work at making bedsteads, bureaus, tables and split-bottomed chairs, which Thomas took on his trip, for he had found by his trading experience that such articles would sell at a good profit in the coasting trade along the banks of the Mississippi. That spring of 1820, he had made a trade for several barrels of salt, and he had brought it to the mill and exchanged it for wheat.

He put \$8 a barrel on the salt and 50 cents a bushel on the wheat. Who ever heard of 16 bushels of wheat for a barrel of salt? This price for salt was equal to the price of that article in 1780, when it had to be packed out over the mountains on horseback. But I remember that for several years from the time the first salt was made at the Onondagua salt works, until salt was made in quantities at the Kanawha salt works, the lake salt so called sold for \$6 to \$8 a barrel; and the fall of 1820 wheat would not readily bring 25 cents a bushel.

MRS. ELIZABETH KITHCART'S SECOND MARRIAGE.

On January 28th, 1818, two days before Thomas left on his first trip down the river, I and my wife Mary left home at the mill to go to Fayette County for the purpose of being at the wedding of her mother, who on the 7th day of February, expected to be married to John Gallo-way; he had been formerly a resident of Westmoreland County, but at this time lived in Mercer County, Pa. We crossed the Ohio river in safety, as it was much swollen from the recent rains, and was now running from bank to bank, and that night we spent with Mary's aunt, Mrs. Sarah Morrison, who still lived half a mile this side of Hickory Village.

We had with us our little daughter Mary Ann, now ten months old, and just beginning to walk.

We stopped on our way to see uncle David's, and then went on to Mary's mother's and found all in good health.

Before my wife's mother was married to John Galloway she gave each of her children some part of her property that she had kept at the appraisement after the decease of her first husband Joseph Kithcart. To her eldest daughter Sarah, married to William Andrews, she gave a milch cow; the same to Anna, wife of Thomas Andrews; the same to her eldest son Thomas; and as her third daughter, my wife Mary, lived so far away, and it would be inconvenient to drive a cow 80 miles to her home in Ohio,—and as she held a note of hand on her brother-in-law John Morrison, for the sum of \$30 which she had loaned to him three years previous,—and as her daughter Mary had received no cow with her outfit after her marriage, her mother thought it fair that Mary should have this note in lieu of the two cows she was entitled to to make her equal with her two older sisters.

This note was put into my hands for collection, but it was not paid for three years after uncle Morrison's death, and when it was paid it amounted, principal and interest, to \$43. To her son John she gave the old family Bible; to her youngest son Joseph she gave his father's silver watch, which her son Joseph did not get possession of till long afterwards, and which he kept until his death. But after Joseph's death his mother in due time sent word by me to Joseph's widow that she must give up that watch, and the widow gave it up, and the old lady then gave it to her son Cunningham's son Joseph. This did not appear to me to be right, knowing that it had been given to her son Joseph some 36 years before, and had been in the possession of him and his family; and there remains no doubt but that her son Joseph, while thus in possession of the watch, might have swapped it off, or sold it to any one as best suited him.

But the object of the old lady in taking it away from the widow who had no male issue living, was to keep the watch in the male line of the Kithcart family.

THE ESTATE OF JOSEPH KITHCART.

After the death of Mary's father, February 24, 1814, the law allowed the widow and children the use of the farm rent free for one year, until administration could be had and guardians appointed. For that purpose the widow and her son-in-law William Andrews were appointed admin-

istrators ; Jacob Tinsman was appointed guardian for the four minor children, Thomas, Mary, Joseph and Kezia ; and Thomas Boyd was appointed guardian for the other four minor children, John, Cunningham, Betsy and Martha.

These guardians acting for their respective wards rented the homestead farm to the widow for two years at the very high rent of \$200 a year. Thomas Kithcart had remained at home and worked for his mother during the four years that had passed since the death of his father, and he had received no wages for his services, except his victuals and clothing, and now his mother felt that it was only just that she should compensate him for his services. She therefore called upon me to take an inventory of the articles she wished him to have, and I rated them each at a fair value, which when added up made the sum of \$200, which for four years, was at the rate of \$50 a year, clothing and washing and boarding in.

THE QUESTION OF CONTRACTS BEFORE MARRIAGE.

While I was engaged making out the inventory of the property allotted to her son Thomas, the thought struck me and I let it out by saying, meaning no harm : “ Mother, I think that old folks like you and Mr. Galloway, before you marry, ought to have an article of agreement drawn between you, that on the death of either of the parties, the property or money that formerly belonged to each should go back to the original owner or their legal heirs or representatives.” But I soon found that I had given great offense to mother-in-law, from the way in which she snubbed me off, for in the two years that I had now been married to her daughter I had never been treated by her or spoken to in the way she now spoke. As near as I can now recollect, she said : “ What is mine is my own, and I will do with it as I please. When your father-in-law made his will, he put a clause in it, that if I married again I was to have nothing but as much as I brought as an outfit to him, and that was a coarse tow bed-tick, one bolster case and two pillow cases ready to be stuffed with straw, one blanket and two coarse tow sheets,—this was my outfit when I married first, and by that will, if it had stood, and I should marry again, such would be my outfit, and now I feel thankful that I have not to abide such a will. The will was

broken, and the law gave me what I have, and I will do with it as I please."

The outfit spoken of by mother-in-law as her marriage portion was perhaps as good or better than that of many others who married east, and then packed all they had on one old horse over the mountains, and settled in early times west of the mountains.

I saw that she felt hurt at what I had said, but I could not help that, —I coolly observed: "I meant no offense; I admit that you have a right to do with your own as it suits you. If it all goes to Galloway and his heirs, I and my wife can live without it. I only expressed my opinion as to what I thought would be best in most cases where old folks marry, each having children by a former marriage,"—and so the matter ended, and I continued to put down the articles and to put a price to each article.

John Galloway and Mrs. Elizabeth Kithcart were married by the Rev. James Power, February 7, 1818; the same who had baptized her at two years old in 1774; who had married her to Joseph Kithcart March 22, 1792; who had married her daughters Sarah, Anna and Mary; and who afterwards married Thomas to Deborah Wright and Betsy to John Sloneaker.

John Galloway at the time of his marriage with Elizabeth Kithcart was sixty-eight years of age, and she was forty-five.

After the wedding some days there was a sale of stock and articles of household and kitchen furniture.

Mother-in-law reserved twenty-six sheep, worth at that time, with the wool on, \$3 a head; also one young mare worth \$80, and these the old gentleman took with him. Besides she took with her in cash \$150, with a good assortment of household and kitchen furniture—articles enough, with beds and bedding, to load a four-horse team, together with Betsy, Martha and Kezia seated in the wagon. Their mother rode on her own old mare, "Kate," with her own saddle and bridle, and they landed safe home at old Mr. Galloway's residence in Mercer County.

The last time I saw the old gentleman was at the old Kithcart homestead, about a year and a half later, as he had come there to collect some money due for articles sold at the sale just after their

marriage, and from that sale arose the chief of the money she took to him.

She had taken to herself more property and money than was her share of her deceased husband's estate by \$300, as was shown ten or fifteen years afterwards, when the administrator settled up the estate in the Orphans' Court. On his way home at this time in September, 1819, he was taken ill, and three weeks afterwards, having just completed and signed his will, he suddenly took his departure from time to eternity, but he was prepared for the summons. He had educated and left a son who was a minister of the gospel, who survived his father only two or three years; this minister of the gospel was married to a daughter of a Mr. Junkin, of Mercer County, who was a soldier of the Revolution, and he raised up two sons who became ministers of the gospel in the Old School Presbyterian Church (these were the Rev. George Junkin, D.D., and the Rev. David X. Junkin, D.D.) and a third son, Matthew O. Junkin, who now lives in Steubenville. And besides the daughter that was married to the Rev. Mr. Galloway, old Mr. Junkin had another daughter married to the Rev. George Buchanan, who for forty years was pastor of the Associate Reformed Church of Steubenville, and he in turn had two sons who became preachers.

SEQUEL TO THE STORY OF MARRIAGE CONTRACTS.

After the death of old Mr. Galloway, mother-in-law soon began to find that their home in the Galloway mansion-house would be no longer home for them; his will left her \$600 in lieu of dower, which she accepted, and with that money in prospect she might seek her old home on the first husband's property, which she did.

In October of that year (1819) I visited her and her daughters on the old Kithcart homestead after their return from Mercer County. I had made no inquiry respecting John Galloway's will, but of her own accord she commenced and told me all about his will, and the sum of \$600 left her in lieu of dower. And then she observed that she came away from Galloway's farm \$300 worse than she went; and then she burst out and cried, saying that she now wished she had taken my plan, which was, that when two old folks married, they ought to article and agree that if

death parted them, the property of each should go back the way it came; she said she could now see the propriety of such an agreement.

For, said she: There was that young mare, he was offered \$80 for her and he refused to take it, saying she was worth \$100, and the twenty-six choice sheep, worth \$3 each, that he got of my property; and the money that was due for my property, sold at the vendue after he and I got married, he collected and kept. She went on to state that there had been a long web of flannel made from wool off her own sheep, and made principally by her own hands; this web was made for the express purpose of clothing herself and her own three girls, and a daughter of John Galloway, and he, before his death a very short time and after his will was drawn, said to William Rankin, one of his appointed executors: "Now there stands that web of flannel for the use of the women of the family; it was made for them, and I allow it to go for their use, and although it is not mentioned in my will, that makes no odds, it must go for their use." "Well, after his decease there stood the web of flannel uncut or not made up into garments, and the appraisers of the estate finding it there took and appraised it as part of the goods of the estate, and it was afterwards put up at the sale and sold for what it would bring. And so I and my girls lost our winter clothing, and came away back to our old home with little clothing." I said to her, "Why did the executors and appraisers refuse to be guided by Mr. Galloway's verbal will?" "Why," she answered, "they said if the flannel had been cut into dresses, although not made up, in that case, according to law, they could not have appraised it, for it would then have been considered a part of the family clothing."

CROSSING THE ICE AT CONNELLSVILLE.

But I must now go back to the vendue that mother-in-law made after her marriage with Mr. Galloway. Two days after the sale I and Mary bade adieu to her mother and other friends and pursued our way home. But when we came to Connellsville, it seemed dangerous to attempt to cross the river. There was no bridge at that time over the Youghiogheny river, and when it was not frozen over it was most of the year forded on horseback or in wagons, but during the hard freeze that set in

the first week in February that year, 1818, it froze over so solid that there was a free bridge over the river for three weeks.

I had crossed and re-crossed it some days before on a visit to my brother David's and uncle Cathcart's, but now when I and Mary and the baby, Mary Ann, came to the river and looked at the place where I and others had crossed, the ice had sunk in a dish form, and the water was lying some inches deep over the sunken part, so that I was afraid to attempt the crossing without a guide.

Seeing a man not far off, I called to him to know if it was safe to cross on the ice, and he said it was if I would pass round in a certain direction. I told him if he would first lead the two horses safe over, and then come back and conduct us safe over, I would give him \$1 for his trouble. He consented, and took the horses over, and returned and took Mary Ann in his arms and conducted us safe around the bend of the sunken ice on high solid ice, and I paid him his dollar, glad to get safe over. We stopped that night with my brother David, and the next day came on to Brownsville, where we could have crossed the river on the ice that evening, for there was no bridge at that time over the Monongahela river at Brownsville, except this ice bridge. But we stopped that night to visit my cousin, John Johnston, and when I arose the next morning and looked out of the window to see what the ice was like now, behold! it was broken into many thousands and millions of pieces which were pushing one another onward, and tumbling about in a manner that would not warrant any man, beast, boat or craft to attempt to cross and expect to live among the ice; so we had to content ourselves during the day and another night with my cousin Johnston and his very worthy family.

The next day we were able to cross the river by the ferry, and we came on to Samuel Fry's residence, one mile east of Beallsville. It was late the next day when we left Fry's, and as the traveling proved to be bad, dark night overtook us five miles from Hickory, near which Mary's aunt, Sarah Morrison, lived; and, to add to our vexation and trouble, Mary Ann, who was now only eleven months old, woke up, being tired of riding, as I had to carry her before me on a pillow; and the child, finding it dark, began to cry and scream, and although I gave her over to her mother, yet she refused to be comforted; but we persevered, and

by and by reached aunt Morrison's. The next day we reached home, and I felt glad to be relieved from traveling and carrying a baby before me, as I was compelled to do the two last visits Mary and I made to her mother's.

This I had to do of necessity, as this mode of travel on horseback, and this mode of carrying small children, was heretofore and at that time, in 1818, common all abroad in the country west of the mountains. Improvement and refinement and wealth had not as yet made much advance; roads were steep and bad, and wagons and dearborns, to say nothing of buggies and carriages, were not introduced yet, and at the time here spoken of it was thought no shame for a man to carry his child on a pillow before him, go where he would.

KATY FERGUSON'S WEDDING.

Some time the early part of June, 1818, I and wife, and William and John, were all invited to the wedding of our second cousin, Katy Ferguson, eldest daughter of William Ferguson, who lived at that time a short distance from Harrisville, six miles west of Mount Pleasant.

Thomas had not yet returned from his Orleans trading trip, and John would not go, but I and Mary and William went over the evening before, for if we detained till the morning of the marriage, we could not reach the place in time, as it was fourteen miles we had to go. The groom was an old bachelor of fifty-eight and the bride was thirty-seven years of age, and they were married by the Rev. Joseph Anderson. The name of the groom was William Boggs, and he lived near Cambridge, in Guernsey County. The morning after the wedding the bride and groom and the infare party left, and I, and my wife, Mary, and William returned home that evening, and thus ended that wedding. The morning the marriage was to take place the bride came to me and insisted that I should go as the leader of a gang of young men to meet the groom and his party,—I demurred, but agreed and went.

On the 11th day of August this year, 1818, our second child was born, a boy, and as I had named our first-born, a daughter, Mary Ann for my mother, Mary Cathcart, and my grandmother, Ann Gamble Cathcart, so now my wife Mary named this, our first son, Joseph Kithcart Sherrard for her own father.

In June of the year 1819, I and Mary my wife left home and visited the friends once more in Fayette County.

We left Mary Ann, who was now two years old, with her grandmother Sherrard, and I carried Joseph, who was now ten months old, on a pillow before me as usual. We found all the friends well, but Mary missed her mother, who was now married and living in Mercer County, Pa., and she would rather have seen her than all the other connections together. While on this visit I went to Uniontown and obtained an order of Court to sell the old Kithcart homestead, and I advertised the same for sale on a certain day in September, 1819. After an absence of three weeks we returned home.

The following September I returned to Fayette County to be present at the sale of the old Kithcart homestead, but on the day appointed there were no bidders present, and no sale took place. It was at this time that I saw old Mr. Galloway for the last time, little thinking that I should never again look on his benevolent face.

After a stay of eight days in Fayette County, I returned home, but on my way back I came to Wellsburg about 11 o'clock on a moonlight night, and passed on below town about two miles to old Walter Cain's ferry. The ferry was kept by a man named McMullen, but he would not get up and ferry me over the river for the extra pay that I offered him, for he said that he would not get up at that late hour for any man or for any price.

SWIMMING THE OHIO RIVER.

I then attempted to ford the river at Pumphrey's bar; for some time the water was but shallow, but it began to get deeper and deeper, till the mare I rode had gone about half way over, when she stopped stone still, and there I sat with the water running over my saddle under me, and I had to draw up a tight rein to keep the mare's head out of the water. Although the moon shone but dim through thin fleecy clouds, I could see a part of Pumphrey's bar above the water some thirty or forty rods below me, and to gain the bar I turned the mare's head down the stream with full intention to make the bar, and then try to find my way out, but I could not get the mare to move one foot. I then tried to turn her head toward the Virginia shore, but she still would not move. I now

thought that the mare wanted home as well as I, and that she would swim if she had headway.

I then buttoned up my great coat, so that if the mare floundered I would swim, and I imagined that the coat floating on the water would assist to bear me up.

But I now, February 21, 1859, believe I was wrong in keeping my great coat on; I ought to have pulled it off, but I did not. I let the bridle-rein loose, and took fast hold of the mane, and the moment the mare found herself free of restraint, she raised on her hind feet, turned again straight across the river, and darted off, swimming most beautifully until she landed me safe on the Ohio side. Although wet up to the watch fob, I arrived home safe at one o'clock in the morning, and waked Mary up to unbolt the door, and without waiting to eat or refresh myself, I retired to rest and was soon fast asleep, after thanking God for bringing me safe across the Ohio River in the middle of the night, when I might have been drowned and no one would have known when or where to look for me.

BUILDING AN ADDITION TO THE HOUSE.

During this summer of 1819, I was employed when at home in framing a small building and weather-boarding the same. It was built as an additional room to the house in which we lived, and was fifteen feet square, but as I had to be absent frequently that summer on business, I found I had not time to shingle it; so I let out the making of the shingles and driving on the same, for which I paid Abel Ashby six dollars. After I had the frame weather-boarded, as I had John Scott hired by the month and no other work for him to do just at that time, I had him work clay up in a rough manner, and fill in from the sill to the top of the joists, and this caused the room, when finished, to be one of the warmest I ever occupied.

And I made further addition to the heat of the room by having it lined with boards all round and under the joists, and the under story was only seven feet high; I also bought brick at Centreville, from old Tom Johnson, and had a good chimney built, and a two-foot grate put in, and the following winter we enjoyed ourselves more comfortably than for three winters previous to that time.

A TRIP TO MERCER COUNTY.

In October, 1819, after the death of Mr. Galloway, and before mother-in-law had decided to leave the Galloway homestead and return to Fayette County, her daughter Betsy wrote to me that if I would come up to Mercer County for her, she would come and live with her sister Mary.

Mary was so glad of this offer that she wished me to go at once for her sister. I prepared and left home immediately and took the road to Steubenville, crossed at the upper ferry, took the Pittsburgh road through the Cove, and onward to Briceland's cross roads, now Florence, and there turned square off to the left and took the Georgetown road through Frankford, and when I got several miles beyond that town I came into a region of very poor land. By evening I reached and crossed the ferry opposite to Beaver at the mouth of the Big Beaver River.

Here I stopped for the night at a tavern, and the next morning I went on up the Big Beaver seventeen miles to uncle Benjamin Cunningham's. As it was then Friday at noon, I staid with uncle Benjamin until Saturday after dinner, when he accompanied me to uncle William Cunningham's, where I staid till Monday morning.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS IN EARLY TIMES.

On that Sabbath they had no preaching at their meeting-house, but about nine o'clock Uncle Benjamin came along with his young people, and took with him Uncle William's young people, and they passed on to the meeting-house where they held Sunday-school, a rather new thing, and not yet extensively established over the western country.

The superintendent gave the young scholars so many verses in the Old or New Testament, or so many verses of psalms or hymns from Dr. Watts' version to commit to memory. This Sunday-school had been in operation only since May, 1819, and up to the time that I was there in October, many of the young people of both sexes had committed as many as 800 verses of Scripture, and an equal number of verses of psalms and hymns.

I learned from the Cunninghams that their sister, my mother-in-law, after the death of her husband, John Galloway, had already returned with her three daughters, Betsy, Martha and Kezia, to the old Kith-

cart homestead; but this did not change my intention of bringing Betsy down to live with her sister Mary, and I therefore concluded to go on to Fayette County by way of Pittsburgh.

Therefore, on Monday morning I took my course for Pittsburgh, which was said to be distant fifty miles, and for some miles the road lay through a beautiful and productive country, but at length I got into extensive barrens, which continued for many miles without a house or any land fenced in.

NARROW ESCAPE ON ALLEGHENY BRIDGE.

It was beginning to be dusk when I arrived at the end of the Allegheny bridge opposite to Pittsburgh, and seeing a man standing near the end of the bridge, I asked him if the bridge was in a condition to be crossed.

"Oh, yes," said he, "it is, for they have had a great dinner on it this day, and you can pass over on it."

I felt sure the man was telling me the truth, and so far as I could see in the dusk of the evening the tables occupied the right hand avenue, and the left as far as I could see was laid with a good floor of plank two or more inches thick. I further asked the man, who, by the brogue on his tongue, I took to be a native Irishman, if there was any toll to pay, and he replied: "No, there is no towl to be paid this day, for shure this is a public day, and ivery one goes free the day." I spurred my mare on to the new bridge, proud of having a chance to cross the same; on my right hand in the right hand avenue pine plank were laid on trestles for perhaps the distance of 150 feet, but horror of horrors! to my astonishment, amazement and wonder, when my mare had arrived just half way over this new bridge she stepped on a very narrow passage-way of the latter half of the bridge.

This consisted of only two middle sleepers hewed and laid close to each other, and the upper surface of each sleeper seemed to be about eighteen inches broad, which would give three feet of a passage-way for the mare to walk on.

She had advanced but a little way on this new and narrow passage-way, when I first perceived that there was no plank on either my right hand or left, and there on either hand below was an awful gulf, so that

if the mare would slip or make a blunder, we would both in a moment of time be hurled an awful distance to the bottom of the river below. I might think and reflect, but I could only ask God to preserve and bring me safe over, for I could not turn back, nor could I dismount, as the passage was too narrow for that. I could only let the mare go on, while I must await the issue; but I was not long kept in suspense and dread, for it required but a few minutes' walk till I was safe at the St. Clair Street end of the bridge in Pittsburgh. I returned thanks to God for His almighty preservation through the danger just passed, and I have always considered it a greater risk to travel half away across the Allegheny River on logs three feet broad than to have the same mare to swim and carry me on her back half way across the Ohio River.

I took courage, and went on my way rejoicing, never doubting but that if God had more work for me to do, he would preserve me to do it, and he has thus preserved me for nearly forty years since that narrow escape took place; and God has not only kept me until now, Tuesday, February 22, 1859, but he has given me a great deal of work to do; and be it done well or ill, I must render an account of my stewardship.

After landing safely in Pittsburgh, I rode up Liberty Street, and on out as far as East Liberty, five miles out from Pittsburgh, which made fifty-five miles the dun mare had carried me that day. I put up at a very good tavern,—the only one in the place at that time, where I had supper, of which I was much in need. Next morning I rode on seven or eight miles to Neal's tavern on the Turtle Creek hill east, where I took breakfast, as it was customary in those early times for travelers to rise early, pay their bill, and travel onward a few miles, and feed horses, and take breakfast.

I then passed on, and arrived safely at the old Kithcart homestead, and found the friends all well; but I found that my long journey was all for nothing, for Betsy, who was now back among her old associates, could not be persuaded at all to come and live with her sister Mary.

But mother-in-law said that as Betsy would not go, and as she had never been down to see Mary at her own house, she would go with me, and so she did.

Mary was exceedingly glad to see her mother; for it was now twenty-one months since they had been separated, and her mother staid with us two weeks, and then went home.

CHURCH RELATIONS AT CENTRE.

During these years past, since our removal to Rush Run, we had attended church services at Centre under the ministrations of the Rev. Abram Scott. He had been called as pastor for a period of four years from May, 1810.

This call was for only one-half his time at a salary of fifty pounds per annum, but even that was not fully collected and paid over to him. For two years the services were held in a frame tent set up against a sugar tree, but on the 16th day of June, 1812, a hewed log meeting-house was raised, which was thirty feet square, and after that the old tent was used only on sacramental occasions, but it was finally blown down and broken by the wind in 1836. As the time for which the Rev. Abram Scott had been engaged drew near the close, a congregational meeting was held on April 29, 1814, to make arrangements for continuing services for the congregation. I was sent up to the meeting as a representative from our family, and I was appointed to act as secretary of the meeting.

Mr. Scott was chosen to act as supply till the fall meeting of Presbytery, but the action of the meeting gave dissatisfaction to some of the people who were not at the meeting, and the result was that the Rev. Abram Scott never again acted as supply of the church, although he continued to live on his farm in the bounds of the congregation. But in consequence of the dissension in the congregation over this matter, there was much barrenness and unfruitfulness in Centre Church for the space of six or seven years, during which time there was little preaching and the gospel ordinances were not often dispensed, until the spring of 1821, when the Rev. Jacob Cozard was invited to preach on trial for six months, which he did to acceptance.

PAYING CHURCH DUES.

It was during that time after Mr. Scott had been rejected by the congregation that I was asked to pay my subscription, which had been

made on the understanding that Mr. Scott was to be employed in accordance with the action of the congregational meeting, April 29, 1814, and I refused to pay until I had asked Mr. Scott what to do, after the way that he had been treated. But he replied: "Pay it over to them; let them have it, and make no disturbance in the congregation; it is but weak at best, and do you strive to strengthen and uphold and keep it together; make no strife on my account."

And now that nearly half a century has passed since that advice was given, yet that advice remains as a memorial of Mr. Scott's Christian character as a minister of the gospel. And I declare it did me more good than any of his sermons I had ever listened to. His conduct in that case was truly noble and disinterested. It did me good, and has been truly of benefit to me in the long years that have rolled over me since. For I have made it a point, let who would find fault with their pastor, or make a disturbance in the congregation, I was at my stand-point ready to meet difficulties, and roll off every imaginary grievance, whether the complaint was levelled against the minister, elders, or lay members.

And let who will make trial of such a course, they will find the longer they pursue it, the more they will find they are pursuing the right course for the peace and prosperity of the church to which they belong.

OUR CHURCH MEMBERSHIP.

After our marriage, January 25th, 1816, my wife Mary, brought her certificate of church membership from the Mount Pleasant church, Westmoreland County, and the summer of that year she was received as a member of Centre.

The next year, during the summer of 1817, I made application to the Rev. Abram Scott, as he was not preaching at Centre, and there was no pastor there, to appoint a day to preach at the house of our mother at Rush Run, and then and there baptize our daughter Mary Ann.

This he refused to do unless I would first obtain the consent of the two Elders of Centre Church—John Jackson and John Hindman. On my application to them they freely gave their consent, not only that he might preach and baptize the child, but that he might moderate the Session for the examination of myself and my brothers, John and Thomas,

as candidates for membership in the Centre Church, and the Sabbath week was appointed.

The service was announced throughout the neighborhood, and on the Sabbath appointed in September, 1817, the Rev. Mr. Scott was present, and his wife, and the two elders and their wives, and a very respectable congregation from the surrounding neighborhood for a considerable distance, embracing a goodly number of members of Centre congregation. Mr. Scott first preached, and then baptized the child Mary Ann, then six months old, after which he dismissed the congregation.

The Session then convened, and we three brothers, John, Thomas and myself, were examined as to our knowledge of the Scriptures and experimental religion, after which we were received by the Session as members in full communion of Centre Church.

The Rev. James Dunn, a suspended preacher from Ireland, came out to Fayette County, Pa., the spring of 1794, and commenced preaching, baptizing and marrying around Mason's old Furnace. The fall of 1794 my father had Dunn come and preach at his house, when uncle and aunt Cathcart brought my brother David over, and David, John, Thomas and myself were all baptized by Dunn.

But in after years, when these boys applied to join the Presbyterian church, their baptism was disputed, on the ground that the baptism of Dunn was not valid, because he was a suspended minister. Thereupon David was rebaptized at Laurel Hill by the Rev. James Guthrie, and John, Thomas and I were re-baptized by the Rev. Abram Scott the fall of 1817, when we joined Centre.

My brother William had been baptized in infancy by a regular minister of the Episcopal church, in which my mother and uncle and aunt Cathcart had been brought up, and to which they belonged in Ireland. But as no such church had been organized in the neighborhood where they lived, they remained for many years out of the pale of any church. And this may account in some measure for their submitting to have the children baptized by Mr. Dunn, not knowing but what his official acts were as good, legal and binding as those of any other minister of the gospel.

On the 10th day of January, 1820, our third child and second son was born into this world of trouble, and he has had some share of it in buf-

feting the world now going on forty years. He was from the first the heartiest and strongest child that we had yet had, and we named him David Alexander Cathcart, for my brother David, of Fayette County, Pa.

FOURTH TRIP DOWN THE RIVER.

During the fall of 1820 Thomas was very busy with our brother William building Orleans boats, as Thomas had persuaded William to go with him on his fourth trip down the river. But as Thomas had for some time been engaged to be married to his second-cousin, Rebecca Conn, it was arranged that they should be married before he started on this trip. She was the daughter of Alexander Conn, who lived on King's Creek, near Ralston's Mill, and her mother's maiden name was Mary Gamble, daughter of Andrew Gamble of Thunder Hill, New London Cross Roads, Chester Co., Pa., who was my grand-mother, Ann Gamble's, youngest brother. Rebecca Conn was at this time staying with her aunt Mrs. Conn, in Steubenville, and as she was not yet of age, Thomas took her across into Pennsylvania to Middletown, where they were married by 'Squire Buchanan on September 20th, 1820. The next day they came over to our house at Rush Run, where my wife Mary had prepared for them an infare dinner in good style, for which I had gone about making ample provision to have a dinner suitable in every respect, and worthy of a prince to sit down to eat.

They remained with us for two weeks, and as the boats were now nearly ready, Thomas took his new wife Rebecca up to Steubenville, and left her to board with her aunt, Mrs. Conn.

About a week or ten days before William and Thomas started, I went over to their yard, and found William standing and leaning against the fence, looking very much down-hearted. Thomas came out at this time and joined him, and I heard William tell Thomas that he believed he would not go on the trip to New Orleans, but would sell his boat and stay at home. Thomas would not hear to this, but turned in and rallied William, and prevailed on him to carry out his plan, and after that I heard nothing about his selling his boat and abandoning the trip.

Why it was that William felt so depressed in mind that he would be willing to sell his boat and give up the trip, I know not; it might be

that he had a presentiment that he would never return, or something else that caused such a conflict of mind, the cause of which I never knew, and will not know this side of time.

BOATS OFF OCTOBER 12, 1820.

Thomas had taken as partner in his boat George Ryan, who had acted as waiter for Thomas when he was married; and all things now being ready for the trip, the two boats left the mouth of Rush Run the 12th day of October, 1820. I and John went with them as far as Wheeling, and from that point we returned home, and I little thought that it was the last time that I was ever to see my brother William.

The boats proceeded on their way down the river, joined by three others from Warren; but from letters received from Thomas I learned that they were much retarded in their downward course, owing to the low stage of water in the Ohio. But a sudden rise of the Great Kanawha River raised the Ohio also, and this soon brought the boats to the Falls of the Ohio. However, by the time they reached the Falls, the increase in the water had, in a great measure, left them, so that they had to unload and pay for hauling the flour round the Falls. But William's boat got injured in passing over the rocks of the Falls, so that it had to be raised for repairs. This accomplished, and the re-loading completed, they put off down stream, and they now had deep water sufficient to carry them into the Mississippi with ease.

But a new disaster was to overtake them; for when they had passed down below the Falls of the Ohio about one hundred and fifty miles, as the water was deep and the evening pleasant, they concluded to run the five boats all night.

However, this design could not be carried out, owing to the wind rising and blowing at a fearful rate, and it was therefore thought best to land. For this purpose Joseph Chambers, William's best hand, was selected to take a skiff and go and seek a deep, safe landing.

This was now the night of November 7th, 1820. The boats were taken to the shore safe to a place where the water was ten feet deep, and there each boat was made fast to the shore by a cable; but the wind caused the boats to surge about so much that William ordered Chambers to go ashore and make their boat fast by the stern.

SECTION IX.

1820-1824.

FAMILY AFFLICTIONS.

CHAMBERS went on shore, but complained that he could not see to drive in a stake for want of a light. William then lighted the lantern, and held it out for Chambers; but, that moment, the wind would puff it out, and this was done the third time, when William passed between the steering oar of the boat and the hatch-hole, and at once stepped over the end of the boat, and sank in ten feet of water; it was supposed that he might have risen, but under the boat. For, be it here recorded that William could not swim.

LEARNING TO SWIM.

After we settled on Rush Run we would often in summer-time when the water was warm, go to the Ohio river and wash and splash about, but it was some time before any one of us four boys could swim. I learned first, and on this wise I learned to swim:—In passing along the mill race I noticed that a frog would leap off the bank into the clear water and swim away out of sight, and then another and another would leap in, until perhaps a dozen would thus swim away. I noticed that each and every frog had precisely the same stroke with their little hands and fore-arms, and the same kick with their hind legs and feet; and I saw at a glance that the strokes thus made by the frog were the same motions in every respect that I ought to make, and that every man and boy ought to make who wished to swim.

On the next Saturday afternoon we all went as usual to the river, and I was so full of the frog-plan of swimming that I waded into the water about neck deep, and then dived about half way from the surface to the bottom, and shot off in imitation of the frogs, keeping my breath as long as I could; then standing up awhile and down at it again, and thus after a few trials I found I could pitch myself on the top of the water,

and swim away down stream with ease. The next Saturday John seeing me at it so successfully learned to swim, and the third Saturday Thomas could swim, but poor William never learned; and for want of knowing how to swim he lost his life by drowning. He often said during the trials we all made to learn to swim, that this was almost the only thing he ever failed to learn, for he could do almost everything else but that, for he was a man of great natural ability, and was able to do almost everything he would undertake.

After William had stepped off the end of the boat and had fallen into the water, one of the hands on the boat heard the fall and raised the outcry, which brought all the hands hurrying from all the other boats. It was dismally dark, and all was silent except the wind and the waves lashing against the shore, while William, poor William! who was as full of life and as active as any now on board only a moment or two before, now lay dead at the bottom of the river.

In the confusion it was some time before they were able to recover the body, and when they did they applied every known means for his restoration, but these all failed to restore William to life.

The next day William was laid in the silent grave, and buried on the bank of the Ohio river in the state of Indiana. 150 miles below the falls of the Ohio, "and not a stone tells where he lies."

It was the intention of the family that we would send a head-stone and foot-stone with Thomas on his next trip down the river to mark William's grave, but Thomas never made another trading trip down the river.

LETTER ANNOUNCING DEATH OF WILLIAM.

The first intelligence we received of this sad calamity was a letter written by Thomas and directed to me, dated:—

ROME, PERRY COUNTY, INDIANA, November 13, 1820.

Dear Mother, Wife, Sisters and Brothers:

I now take up my pen to announce to you the heart-breaking, soul-rending, and sorrowful news that poor William is no more: Oh! it will be woful news to you all, but you must hear it. He departed this life on the 7th of November by accidentally falling overboard; in thinking, no doubt, he was going down his hatchway, when in the dark, he stepped over the stern of his boat, and was immediately drowned. Alas! my grief no tongue can tell; in him I have lost a brother and a father, and a friend.

He is dead ! We found him in about one hour, and we used every exertion to restore life by rolling him on a barrel, rubbing his hands with salt, and in drawing blood from him. But alas ! alas ! the death warrant was served, and my hopes and exertions were in vain. He is gone ; gone from earth, and we shall see him no more on this side of time. On the 8th I got a coffin made by workmen who were on Tarr's boat, who had their tools along with them, and at two o'clock we laid him in his silent tomb, after putting on him a clean shirt and linen pantaloons. I paid \$4.25 for a fine sheet to wind him in. Although in the greatest distress, I attended to have him as decently buried as the nature of the case would admit of. I had his last remains interred on the Indiana shore in a graveyard. But oh ! how shall I express my grief, when I had to follow one so near and dear to me to the grave, and not a relative to mourn over the grave but me. Oh my God ! my God ! my heart is ready to burst ; I am alone ! I was accompanied by the crews of the five boats which started from Wheeling together with us. Mr. Long and George Ryan were all I had for comforters, and they took me in their arms in the deepest distress and sympathetic feeling for me. Oh ! may he never be forgotten ; he was a brother, and one of the best.

" His countenance in death was lovely and pleasant ; his features were natural as life, and seemed to bespeak peace. I would advise you to tell my mother and let her know the worst at once, as I do not believe it will go as hard with her as to keep her in suspense for some time.

" I write this to you all, and desire John to go to brother David's and inform them personally. I cannot write to my dear wife at this time ; therefore, I wish you to go after her, on your receiving this, and bring her home to stay as long as she thinks necessary ; and inform her that my love is still the same, and will be while life shall last. Remember me to all inquiring friends.

" Your loving brother, son and husband,

THOMAS SHERRARD.

" TO ROBERT A. SHERRARD."

We had letters from Thomas frequently during this trip down the river, and he was gone longer from home than on any previous trading trip. This was partly on account of the dull times and the very slow sale of flour and partly because he found it necessary to make up losses on the part of his cargo that did not sell readily, to purchase other articles along the river as he had opportunity, and thus he continued in the trading business all along down the river to New Orleans. From there he returned to Port Gibson, where he was seized with bilious fever, which the doctor checked in such a way that he was thrown into a long spell of fever and ague.

It was on the 26th day of August, 1821, that he finally arrived safe home again, after an absence of more than ten months.

John did not go to Fayette County to tell brother David the sad

news, but I wrote to him about it, and enclosed a copy of Thomas' letter. David wrote to me the following February, and the following is a copy of his letter :

“FAYETTE COUNTY, PA., Feb. 5, 1821.

“*My Dear Brother :*

“I have been silent for some time since I received your melancholy letter of the 7th of December last, which letter I received about the 20th. On casting my eyes on the introduction and then on the copy of Thomas Sherrard's letter, stating that ‘poor William is no more,’ I dropped the letter, for I could read no more. You may judge my feelings by your own; my breast seemed to be filled with an unsupportable weight; my mind was very much agitated, my heart throbbled and my bosom heaved; the scene had changed, for the flower of the family had been nipped by death at noon. Such was the lot of one of the best of brothers; he had numbered 35 years and 6 months to a day. My first exclamation was: ‘I knew it by my dream,’ from which my wife Betsy had taken so much pains to draw off my thoughts, although my thoughts had settled it on my mind for days afterwards, and so sure was I of the notice, that I determined to set down the day of the month. John Morrison and his daughter Nancy came to see us on the 3d, and John left on the 6th and went to Taylor's and stayed all night. I went that far with him, and received your letter containing a copy of a letter from Thomas at the Falls, which letter I read to him. And it was on the night of the 7th that I had the dream of which Baptist Irvine informed you, and which was the cause of my not writing to you sooner, until I would receive another letter from you.

“I received your last letter on Tuesday last, which in some manner relieved my mind as to the particulars relative to the fatal moment of the death of our best of brothers, which may often recur to our memories, but cannot recall him to being until the archangel shall awake our slumbering. But here my thoughts expand to embrace futurity, and, oh! where shall we there meet, or how as a family? In Christ shall we there indeed meet a father, a mother, and as brothers? Thou God only knowest!

“To my mother, my dear, my venerable and disconsolate mother:—Many have been your cares, your troubles, anxieties and disquietudes through life, while watching over the thoughtless days of our childhood, and that unremitting labor and industry, with which you provided for those whom God had graciously given you. And how often has your mind been supported by the fond hope of seeing them virtuous, prosperous and happy. When it pleased the all-wise disposer of all events to render helpless your help-meet, then began your additional care for some years, until it gradually decreased by the steady habits, and wise and prudent management of him who was a second head to the family, and by which means you were relieved from that over anxiety and care, which, with other causes, so much impaired your health and constitution.

“Yours in love. Farewell my mother.

“And now my dear brothers, John and Robert: What shall I say to you on the subject? You know the solemn caution: ‘Be ye also ready.’ It is a good thing to

think—to be always thinking. The most of the wrongs that we do are for the want of thinking beforehand, yet thinking and knowing will not do without the practice. Be cautious not to let in a flood of wild imaginary ideas into your mind respecting the doctrine or plan of salvation, or the Providence of God; for if we follow our own natural reasoning in such cases, we are sure to go wrong, and they have a hardening tendency on the heart and mind.

“One thing respecting my poor brother William is, that from the distance and time we have been apart, I know not what were his views and sentiments respecting religion, nor what effect it had on his own mind. This thought has often crossed my mind. But one thing I know was formerly the case, his life and conversation were irreproachable before men, and his mind was well improved and stored with useful knowledge. But it is vain to trace the field of thought; he is called away; by what? not by the will of man—not by chance; no, it was nothing short of the will of God. He who first gave him life and being has disposed of him as it seemeth him best. The Lord grant us grace to acquiesce in saying, ‘Thy will be done.’

“Affliction generally makes us better or worse. The Lord grant that the present dispensation may be sanctified for our good.

“Yours in the tenderness of love,

“DAVID A. C. SHERRARD.

“To R. A. Sherrard.”

A REMARKABLE DREAM.

The dream referred to in the foregoing letter by my brother David he had written to me about some time before, and it was to this effect: He stated that on the night of November 7th, the same dark night that William was drowned 150 miles below the Falls of the Ohio, he and his wife Betsy had retired to bed as usual, and had fallen asleep. During his sleep he had the following dream: He thought he saw his brother Thomas come in on his homeward journey from New Orleans, and in his dream he thought Thomas looked very dusty, shabby, tired, way-worn and haggard, and not seeing William in company with him, he asked Thomas where William was, and Thomas replied: “Poor William is no more.” These words, as he dreamed he heard them from Thomas’ lips, so affected him that he began to cry and make such an ado in his sleep that his wife was awakened, and she wakened him and inquired what was the matter, and he then told her his remarkable dream.

A VISIT TO FAYETTE COUNTY.

During the summer of 1821 I had a light, one-horse dearborn wagon made, and the first of August I geared up in it the old dun mare, and

placed in the wagon my wife and three children, and off we started on a visit to our friends in Fayette County, Pa. We found that we had to drive five or six miles up on the Chestnut Ridge to visit Thomas Andrews' family, as he and his brother, William Andrews, had contracted to build a mile of turnpike of the old sort, not macadamized, but made of freestone.

They had contracted to build their mile for \$2200, but they made but little profit at that. The turnpike that they worked on started at Somerset on the mountain, and came on down, passing through Mt. Pleasant, Robstown (now West Newton), thence through Williamsport (now Monongahela City), and thence on to Washington, where it intersected the National Turnpike; and it was intended to be a connecting link between that and the Northern Pike.

In the afternoon of September 23, 1821, our fourth child and second daughter was born, and we named her Elizabeth, and my wife Mary and our little daughter both enjoyed good health from the first and on throughout the following winter and summer of the year 1822. This was not so in regard to my own health, for before the spring grinding was over I became very weak, and had for some time to quit heavy work; and from exposure I took a bad cold which stuck by me for three months, until I applied to old Doctor Leslie, and he said I must take two doses of calomel and jalap. This did not seem to do me any good, but I got better during the summer, as I had sent for John Scott to come and work for me in the mill.

I and Abel Ashby, together with a farmer on the hill named Joseph Edwards built a new school-house on the corner of Edwards' land, near the roadside leading from the Ohio river to Smithfield, and the fall of 1822 it was ready for use. We employed a Miss Hannah Graham, who understood teaching a common school uncommonly well for the time, as the education and qualifications of the school teacher of that period were on a low scale. Miss Graham told me she had been assistant teacher in a large school in the city of New York for sixteen years. This was the school to which my oldest children went, and where they all five learned to read. However, only Mary Ann and Joseph went to this Miss Graham, for David and Elizabeth were too young. Mary Ann was then five years and six months old, and Joseph four years old.

ENTERING CONGRESS LAND.

In June, 1822, my brothers, John and Thomas went on a trip to the north-western part of Ohio to look for desirable land to enter, and they finally selected one quarter section each for themselves, and one quarter for me, but the quarter they chose for me proved to be the best of the three. It was rich and strong soil, and well timbered, and what made it more valuable, it had in the northwestern corner of the quarter a large, never-failing spring, near which my son David built, and settled, and from 1844 is living there up to the present time, April 16, 1859. This land selected was near the town of Lower Sandusky, now Fremont, and west of the river. John and Thomas then made their way to Piqua, where the Land Office was opened at that time, and they entered the land they had selected.

CAPTAIN JAMES RILEY.

From Piqua they continued their course westward to Indiana state to look for more land. Their first stopping place of note was about forty miles east of Fort Wayne, at the home of Captain James Riley, the American sea-captain, who was wrecked on the western coast of Africa, in 1815, and after losing his vessel and cargo, he and his men were taken captive by the Arabs. His "Narrative" of that captivity enjoyed a great popularity.

John and Thomas staid with him over night, and although he had been but a year or two settled in these wilds on the heads of the Maumee River, yet he would take no pay from them. John then turned to Riley's little boy Wiltshire, and offered to give him a silver dollar, but the captain would not allow it, saying that he himself had suffered privation and hunger enough while in captivity among the Arabs to teach him to be kind and benevolent to his fellow beings, who at any time might fall in his way. Captain Riley had purchased a large tract of land on St. Mary's branch of the Maumee River, and had built a mill and laid out a town; and he had named the town, township, mills, and his little boy, at that time four years old, Wiltshire, in honor of Wiltshire, the English consul who had redeemed him from Arab slavery.

The captain was a most entertaining companion.

CAPTAIN RILEY'S STORY.

John and Thomas went on to Fort Wayne, where they concluded to remain for two or three days to rest, and wait for other company on their further westward trip. While here, Captain Riley and his wife came to Fort Wayne for a few days and stopped at the same hotel with my brothers, and they had further opportunity of acquaintance with him, and they found him the most lively, conversable companion they had ever come across, full of interesting anecdote.

If any one in the company would tell a tale, Captain Riley could always match it. Thomas said that during the second day of their rest, while in the captain's company, Thomas mentioned that during one of his trading trips to the South he stopped at Natchez and sold out his load; and while there selling out, a man came on from the State of Alabama to purchase flour and other supplies for his plantation. He came in a large canoe or pirogue, and bought forty-eight barrels of flour and two barrels of whiskey, and started off home with his cargo to go up the Alabama River. "That," said Captain Riley, "was a small concern to a canoe I saw at the Island of St. Thomas. I once sailed from Boston to New Orleans with a cargo of Yankee rum, which I traded off for Kentucky tobacco.

"I then ran my vessel to the Island of St. Thomas, where I exchanged my cargo of tobacco with a rich planter of that place for sugar and molasses, to be delivered at my vessel on a certain day, and when the time arrived I looked and waited all day impatiently, being anxious to get my lading and leave for Boston. But to my great disappointment the sun went down and night set in without any sign of my sugar and molasses coming. It was a bright moonlight night, and I paced the deck anxiously, when presently I heard singing and the splashing of oars, and as the sounds came nearer I called out to know who was there. The answer came that they wanted to find Massa Riley's vessel. I told them this was the ship they were looking for, and they said they had on board of their canoe sugar and molasses for Massa Riley. The big canoe was soon alongside of my ship and made fast, and to my astonishment there was hoisted out of that large pirogue, 400 hogsheads of sugar and 700 barrels of molasses; enough to load my vessel, so that

in the morning we set sail for Boston." In addition to the above concerning Captain Riley, I heard my neighbor Mr. James Erwin say that in December, 1826, he was in Columbus, Ohio, in attendance upon the session of the Legislature, and Captain Riley was a member of that body. Erwin said that they both boarded at the same hotel, and that Riley would not suffer the boarders to eat without thanks being offered for God's mercies in giving them plenty of food, remarking to all present that if they had passed through the scenes of starvation that he had experienced on the desert among the Arabs, they would be more thankful for the blessings they enjoyed; and Captain Riley would himself ask the blessing at the table, surrounded, by the great ones, legislators and others, without fear.

JOHN AND THOMAS TRAVEL FARTHER WEST.

On the third day John and Thomas, in company with three or four others, left Fort Wayne for Indianapolis, the distance being seventy miles, and but one house half way where they could stay all night. They passed on through Indianapolis as far as Terre Haute, but found that whole region too sickly to think of buying land. John took the bilious fever out there, and as soon as he was able came directly home in a very weak condition. Thomas parted from John at Urbana, O., and made his way north again to Sandusky County, where he entered three eighty acre lots on the east side of the river back of Croghansville, up Green Creek, where there was a good site for a mill seat. In the same vicinity he also selected a quarter section for me, and one for John, and went to Piqua and entered them, and then came on home, and I paid him \$10 for what he had done for me, although I had superintended business operations at home while they were gone.

THOMAS MOVES TO SANDUSKY.

My brother Thomas made preparations to move out to his land on Green Creek, Sandusky County, and he left us May 3, 1823, and if ever a man made a foolish calculation wide of the mark Thomas did it. The morning he left he borrowed of me \$200, but aside from that he owed me on settlement for money borrowed of me at sundry times \$103;

and further, he went away in debt to brother William's estate \$86, and an equal amount to brother John.

In the first place he got Cunningham Kithcart, who had come down from Fayette county with me the February of that year, and had set up a blacksmith shop at our mill, to make him a complete set of saw-mill irons; he bought of John Dickey six Pennsylvania axes; he employed three young men to go with him and work for him six months each; he hired Eli Sidwell to haul out his plunder at a cost of \$63; and all the expenses of these hands into the bargain, together with the expense of moving 169 miles, and the erection of his saw-mill,—all this to be paid for out of \$200. When he got out there he left his wife and child at a tavern in Fremont while he took his men and went out and built a new hewed log-house, and cleared up the land around the house. This house was built near Ball's Battle Ground, and Thomas was soon settled down there.

On the 9th of June, 1823, our fifth child and third son was born, and he was named Robert, after his father.

For the first four weeks Mary got along as well as she had usually done in such cases. Her sister Kezia had come down from Fayette County with her brother Cunningham some weeks before, and was with us on a visit, and Aunt Nancy Conn staid and nursed and took care of Mary for three weeks. By the end of the fourth week she felt so well that she concluded that she and Kezia could do the washing. Mary had often employed an old woman, poor and needy, to do the family washing, but poor as she was, she did the washing poorly, so much so that Mary had to go over them, and Mary concluded she might as well do it herself. On this occasion the two sisters got through the washing all right, and no serious consequences would likely have followed, but they took the clothes over to the run, ten or twelve rods from the house, to rinse them in the clear running water of the Rush Run. Here there was a broad flat rock raised a little out of the water in the middle of the run, and on this rock they worked, while near by were the falls of the run about two feet high, where the water flowed over clear and cold.

This was on Tuesday, and the next day, Wednesday, July 9th, after Mary had prepared dinner she immediately lay down sick and exhausted.

and in a short time a fever came on. To make matters worse, just at this time Elizabeth, who was not yet two years old, was taken with a fever, and the care of her was very wearing on her mother.

MARY'S LAST ILLNESS.

Dr. Leslie was in attendance, but by Friday morning Mary was much worse, and took a fainting spell, and when she came out of it, she called us all to her bedside, and as if it had been revealed to her, she told us that she would not get well. At this time she asked me what I would do, whether I would marry again, and I told her I could not marry again of a sudden. She then said that if I did not marry again I would have to break up housekeeping, and would have to put the children out.

If I should have to break up housekeeping, she required me to put Mary Ann and Joseph to my mother; David to his Uncle David; Elizabeth to Mary's mother; and Robert, the baby, four weeks and two days old, to be put to his Aunt Sally Andrews, as she had a baby three months old. From this time on she was not able to sleep, and by Saturday night I had taken the fever from her, and by Sabbath, July 13th, I was seriously ill.

For three weeks Mary and I lay sick, Dr. Leslie using all his skill to bring us back to health, and as Mary could neither eat nor sleep she was brought very low by the time the fever broke, which was not till Tuesday, 29th, or Wednesday, 30th. I was not brought so low as Mary, for I could sleep, but I had no taste for food. I cannot remember many occurrences during that sickness, but one thing I shall remember with pleasure while memory lasts, and that is the kindness and attention paid to us during that time, first by our own relatives, and secondly by the neighbors generally. And first, my mother was there constantly day and night, and she did what she could by waiting on Mary, but in this she was much hindered by the constant care required from the little child Elizabeth.

And my brother John did as well as he could in attending to the mill. Mary's brother Joseph was at that time down with us on a visit, and having nothing to do, he attended me and his sick sister with a free good will and to purpose, while Cunningham Kithcart did what he could, in and out of the house, when he was not busy at the shop.

THE KINDNESS OF NEIGHBORS.

The neighbors, both far and near, were very attentive, but I must not forget the kindness of Mrs. Hanson Thomas; as soon as she heard of Mary's sickness she came down from the widow Meholin's farm, where they then lived, to visit her, and finding that my mother had to feed the child, then but four weeks old, and that mother had at the time a heavy charge in attending Elizabeth, Mrs. Thomas freely offered to take Robert, the babe, home with her, and nurse and keep him until other provision should be made. Her request was freely granted, as she had so kindly asked, and she kept the child six weeks, until Sarah Andrews came down in August and took son Robert home with her, and kept him till the 1st of November, 1823.

The fever left me the night of Monday, July 28th, but by Tuesday I was in a worse condition, for I was seized with bilious colic, but I was finally relieved of this by antispasmodic drops which Dr. Leslie gave me, and I slept well the latter part of Tuesday night and part of Wednesday. This was not the case with Mary, for she had not slept for the last three weeks, but the fever was now all gone from her, and by Wednesday night, at eleven o'clock, she fell into a sound sleep. About that time I was wakened out of a sleep by the light steps of the widow Cooper and widow Meholin, who were watching Mary that night, passing through my room, and I heard one of them say to the other: "She is now in a sound sleep, and as she has lost so much sleep, we will let her have a good sleep."

Oh, what ignorance in these two middle-aged widows and myself, not to know that it was wrong to let a weak patient sleep too much!

DEATH OF MARY KITHCART SHERRARD.

Mary slept soundly from 11 o'clock at night until 11 o'clock the next day, and the family and all who called to inquire, were well satisfied that she was taking so good and so sound a sleep, all, all ignorant of the danger of her sleeping too much in such a very weak state.

It was 11 o'clock A. M. of Thursday, July 31, 1823, when Mary's brother Joseph came into the room in which I and Mary were lying, and as I had noticed for some minutes that she seemed to breathe harder

than usual, I said to him that I feared Mary was sleeping her last. Joseph Kithcart stepped over to her bed, and gently turned her over on her side, when she breathed two or three times, and it was her last breath. Thus lived and died one of the best of wives; she died at the age of twenty-five years and seven months, wanting four days. She was kind and affectionate to her husband and children, courteous to friends and acquaintances, and hospitable to strangers; she was too good for me, and the heavenly Father called her home.

The parting farewell we all had with her on Sabbath, July 13th, proved to be the last, although she lived for more than two weeks afterwards. I was disposed to blame Dr. Leslie for neglecting to give us caution to rouse Mary out of sleep every fifteen minutes, but it was not so ordered that he should use any more means than he did. He was allowed to proceed for Mary's benefit just so far and no farther; God for his own glory had foreordained that another state of things should be brought about that no one living at the time of her death could foresee, but God alone who ordered it.

Her funeral, although I was not yet able to be out of bed, was a large one, and her remains were attended to the burying ground of old Centre Church by rather an uncommon concourse of people, which went to show the great respect and esteem the community had for her, although she had resided but a few years among them. She had been a true friend and a kind neighbor; she visited the sick and afflicted, and kindly relieved their wants.

(About 1876 her remains were removed from Old Centre to the Sherrard family vault at Steubenville. T. J. S.)

MY RECOVERY.

In the course of a few days I was so much better as to be able to sit up for half an hour in a large rocking chair, and then walk back to bed without help. In the course of three weeks I was able to be out, and first rode up to Smithfield on some business.

About the 12th of August I had sent Joseph Kithcart with the dun mare in the dearborn wagon up to Fayette County, and he brought down with him his sister Sarah Andrews. They came past my brother David's, and his wife Betsy took the buggy and a quiet horse and came

down along to see my family and mother and John. It was Aunt Betsy's first and last visit to Ohio.

After spending a week with us, Sarah Andrews and aunt Betsy Sherrard made preparations to go home, and I concluded to go along. Joseph Kithcart drove aunt Betsy's carriage, and I drove my own mare in the dearborn wagon, and aunt Sally carried Robert, the motherless babe, in her lap and nursed him. We went past Wellsburg, and on out to Patterson's Mills, and to the old Patterson homestead, three miles above the Mills, and there in the old stone mansion house lived Sally Andrews, and her mother-in-law, old Nancy Andrews, and her daughter Mary Andrews, who now in 1859 lives in Steubenville.

With old Mrs. Andrews and her daughter Mary we staid till Wednesday morning, August 27th, when we left and proceeded on to Brownsville, where we staid with cousin John Johnston, the tailor. The next day, before we left, I got him to go with me to George Hogg's store and choose me a good article of cloth for a full suit of mourning.

He chose me a suit of cassimere at \$2.50 a yard, and I left it with him to make; he had it complete on my return, and I paid him \$7 for making the full suit of black for a mourning suit, and it was a good one. We left friend Johnston's on Thursday morning, and arrived at my brother David's about noon; and now Aunt Betsy was at home. We had brought with us my second son, David, who was now three years, seven months and twenty days old, and I left him with his uncle David until the first of the next November. On Friday morning after breakfast we proceeded on to the old Kithcart homestead, where my mother-in-law was now living since the death of her second husband, John Galloway, and here I was glad to stay and rest myself. The next week, in company with mother-in-law, I went down to the "Neck," where lived a number of my first wife's relations of first-rate respectability, such as John Kithcart and wife; old Uncle Joseph Cunningham and Uncle James Torrence; Uncle Joseph Hutcheson and his wife Aunt Anna. At John Kithcart's we found Mary's grandmother, Anna Cunningham, who was yet living, hearty, hale, and sensible, considering her age, for she was then eighty-four.

After two days we returned home, and I then visited William Andrews and family, but I missed Thomas Andrews and family, and

Thomas Kithcart and family, for they had both moved out past us, and had stopped with us two nights in October, 1822, on their way to their new home in Ohio. They were settled in Richland, now Ashland County, but two of these honest, honorable brothers-in-law are long since gone the way of all the earth.

Thomas Andrews died of pleurisy September 18, 1838; and William Andrews died of apoplexy October 4, 1840.

Thomas Kithcart is yet living this 26th of April, 1859. With these three brothers-in-law I have spent many pleasant hours.

MOTHER-IN-LAW TO KEEP HOUSE FOR ME.

I had left home for the express purpose of persuading mother-in-law to come down to Rush Run and keep house for me, until I could reconcile myself to marry a second time. And that did not appear likely as I then felt in mind; my affections had gotten such a strong hold on Mary from before we were married up to her death, that it was hard to call them thence, for I loved and revered the memory of her, although her body was mouldering to dust in the grave.

I proposed to mother-in-law that as she had three single girls, two of them now at home, and Kezia at my house already, they could do the work if she would consent to go, and she might oversee them, and might spin and manufacture for herself, and I would board her for her oversight; I also proposed to move her down free of cost. She agreed to go for two reasons: some of the heirs were grumbling because she occupied the place, and they got no rent; one other reason was that her family was now so small that there was not work enough of that varied character that would give her girls a chance to learn, but she thought that in such a family as mine they might find those varied sorts of work needed for their learning. These matters being talked over to the satisfaction of both of us, there was one other thing she would like to have understood: "Suppose you should marry again in one year or eighteen months, I would have to leave and go elsewhere to live with some of my children, and the expense would overcome the profit." I told her that if I married a second time in less than three years, I would move her anywhere east, west, north or south, provided the distance was not greater than from where she now lived to Rush Run; this quieted her

on that subject, and she said she would be ready to come down by the first of November. I then returned home about the middle of September, where Kezia and Mary Ann had been keeping house under the direction of my old mother, and this continued until I got mother-in-law moved down.

It was towards the first of November that I returned to the Kithcart homestead, taking with me a man and two dearborn wagons, and after mother-in-law's vendue, we loaded her effects, which made the two wagons full, and she and her daughter Martha came with us, each on horseback. Betsy Kithcart had just been married that October to John Sloanaker, and he made a very kind, good husband to her up to the time of her death, which happened three or four years ago, and this is now April, 1859.

In due time, after a journey of five days, we arrived home, where we were joyfully received by Kezia and Cunningham, as they had not seen their mother and Martha since March last, and my children were overjoyed to have David and the little baby Robert restored to them.

Our family then consisted of myself and five children, and my miller, John Scott, mother-in-law and her two girls, Martha and Kezia, and her son Cunningham, which made eleven of a standing family till the May of 1825, when Joseph Kithcart took Martha to him to keep house for him at Mount Pleasant.

DEATH OF THOMAS G. SHERRARD.

Some time in April, 1824, a letter from Col. David Chambers of Sandusky informed us of an occurrence that once more brought sorrow to the heart of every living brother, and the aged and heart-stricken mother. It was the information that Thomas Sherrard was supposed to be lost in the Sandusky river, and that his wife and little boy, William, were for the time living in his family.

The following is the letter from Col. Chambers :

“BALLVILLE, SANDUSKY, 28th March, 1824.

“*Dear Sir* :—I write a melancholy line to you to inform you that on the 26th instant your brother Thomas G. Sherrard was drowned crossing the Sandusky river, and has not been found as yet, and I fear that he won't be for some time yet. His wife, Mrs. Sherrard, and her little boy, William, is at my house. She is almost in despair ; she

wants one of you to come out on receipt of this letter, and she thinks it best not to delay, for your presence is much needed, as we do not know what to do with the property.

"We have not consulted her concerning her wish, but think she intends to go home with you when you come out.

"The fact is I cannot give you any account what course to pursue until she gets better reconciled in mind. I have taken the stock home to my place. We will do something with the household goods in a few days; that is, we will move them to a place of safety—perhaps to my house. I can't give you any more information at present, but remain,

"Yours,

"DAVID CHAMBERS.

"To Robert or John Sherrard."

SAD JOURNEY TO SANDUSKY.

Thus another new affliction had arisen to the family, and although he was a loving and a lovely brother to me, yet in truth I can say that the stroke did not fall as hard on me as the news of brother William's death, because of my overwhelming affliction in the death of my wife.

But now the question arose who should go to Sandusky and sell the personal property and bring home Thomas' widow and little son. John excused himself as to health and other circumstances, and it was decided that I should go. I hired an Indian pony for the trip from a traveling tailor by the name of Bartley, for which I paid him the sum of \$3, and some time the 18th of April I started. The fourth day out I stopped at Thomas Andrews', where I rested three days, and then spent a day with Thomas Kithcart, and passed on through Mansfield, and on to Tiffin, the new county-seat of Seneca county. From Mansfield to Tiffin I had the company of three lawyers on their way to attend Court at Tiffin, where we arrived a little before sundown, and put up at the only tavern in the place. There were only three shingled houses in the town, if town it could be called, and the next day, April 29, 1824, the President Judge opened the first Court of Common Pleas ever held in Tiffin. That day I crossed the Sandusky river a little above the town, on a large canoe, which was the only ferry-boat there was, and my pony was made to swim alongside. I then passed on down the west side of the river, and in due time arrived at the house of Colonel Chambers, which was situated on the river bank, about two miles above Lower Sandusky, now

Fremont. Here with the family of Col. Chambers I found Rebecca, the wife of my deceased brother Thomas, and her little boy, named William Johnston, now going on two years old.

FREMONT IN 1824.

The next day I and Colonel Chambers went down to the town of Lower Sandusky, which was my first view of it, and it was a poor-looking town. It had two middling stores in it at the time,—one kept by a man named Umstead, and the other by a man named Sears. These stores carried on a constant trade with the Seneca Indians both on Sunday and every day in the week. As we went around the town, I was shown the place where Fort Stephenson once stood, at which place and around it my brother John and his comrades had spent three months in the campaign from the middle of February to the middle of May, 1813. But I could now see little signs of a fort, for the pickets had been cut down, and nothing remained but the stumps of them to show where the fort had been.

At this time there was no word of any Presbyterian or Baptist minister having been sent to that region to preach and organize churches; but the Methodists were already on the ground. The following Sabbath, May 2nd, I went with Colonel Chambers and his family down to town, and attended Methodist services in the square log school-house situated on the hill north of the fort.

On Monday we attended Court in Lower Sandusky, and I and Col. Chambers were appointed administrators of the estate of my deceased brother. I had induced him to join with me by offering him all the fees allowed in such cases, because he was near by to attend to the affairs.

MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF THOMAS SHERRARD.

From Colonel David Chambers I learned the particulars of the mysterious disappearance of my brother Thomas, and of the subsequent finding of his body.

When Thomas had moved out here, John had put into his care the two quarter sections of land which he had entered. The one on the east side of the river had a good sugar-camp on it, which the Seneca

Indians had formerly used; and as John feared the Indians might damage his camp, he gave Thomas orders to rent it to some white man.

This Thomas did, renting it to a man by the name of William Chard, who lived on that side of the river near to the sugar-camp, and the rent was to be the making of all the necessary troughs and forty pounds of sugar.

It seems that Chard and his sons had expressed to the neighbors their doubt that the sugar-camp was not wholly on John's land, and they had said as much as that they would not pay the rent. This talk gave Thomas some uneasiness, and he had been prevented by high water from crossing the river to the east side to see about the rent, until the fatal 26th day of March. That day he came past the house of Colonel Chambers, and found him at work in the barn, and asked him if he thought it safe to attempt to cross the river, and Chambers said he thought it was. Thomas then set off on his horse up the river to cross over on his errand, and that was the last time his neighbors saw him alive and well.

When the evening came on, the Chambers family looked for him, as he generally stopped as he passed; but the night came on, and no word of him.

The next morning early Thomas' wife came over to Chambers' in great trouble, and said her husband had not come home. Col. Chambers endeavored to allay her fears, but by two o'clock in the afternoon all hope was lost, when James Chard, son of old William, was seen on the other side of the river, riding Thomas' horse. He stopped and called over to Col. Chambers and asked him if he knew the horse, and Chambers replied that it was Sherrard's horse.

James Chard told him that Mr. Sherrard had been at his father's house the evening before, and had got forty-two pounds of sugar and had started for home before sundown, but that the horse had come to his father's about twelve o'clock that day, March 27th, with neither saddle nor bridle on. Young Chard then let the horse go, and it came across the river home.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD ALARMED.

Colonel Chambers then immediately alarmed the neighborhood, but as it was now late in the day, little could be done more than to look along the river banks.

The next day, March 28th, they turned out in force, with water crafts and grapples to rake the river, but all to no purpose; search was diligently made the following day, and some crossed the river and searched the woods about Chard's place, but all with no results, and it was resolved to wait until the river would fall.

On April 10th his hat was found about three miles down the river from the ford where he had crossed in going to Chard's, but the hat bore no evidence of having been in the water any length of time; and on the 11th of April his saddle was found below Moor's mill-dam, and although it was soaked with water, it was evident that it had not been long in the water.

However, on April 21st the body of a man was seen floating down the river, by young Jesse Pryor, and he discovered it about half a mile below the ford, where it was supposed Thomas Sherrard had crossed, but as it was late in the evening and no boat at hand, it was impossible to reach it; but the next morning the neighbors collected and search was made, when it was found that the body had floated down the river almost to the town of Lower Sandusky. When it was recovered it was found to the horror of all, that it was the body of their friend and neighbor Thomas Sherrard. It was completely stripped naked, except that it had on overalls, shoes and socks, but the body was divested of a heavy great coat, an under straight coat, a vest well buttoned, and a flannel shirt and linen shirt, each buttoned at the wrist and collar, all of which Thomas had on when he left home.

His left eye was bruised out, the bridge of the nose broken, and the right jaw bone cracked, as if done by one hard blow of a club. The body was not in the least decomposed, and had evidently not been long in the water, nor had it apparently been long since death had taken place.

THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

The coroner was called, who summoned a jury, and then subpœnæd a number of the neighbors, together with several of the Chard family. This was done as some mistrust and suspicions were afloat, that some of old Chard's family had committed MURDER, or was the cause of his death, but there was no proof to convict them.

Old Chard and those of his family that gave in their evidence before the coroner's jury, all followed their father. The tale that he told was that Mr. Sherrard came to his house on the 26th of March, and that he used him well, paid him forty-two pounds of sugar as rent for the camp, and also gave him a cake of sugar of five pounds weight as a present to his wife. And Chard further stated that Mr. Sherrard had put all the sugar into a wallet, placing about equal parts in each end of the wallet, and then to keep the sugar dry he put the middle of the wallet over his neck, back of his head, the ends hanging down, the one end on the right breast and the other on the left breast; he then took hold of the end on the right and threw it over his left shoulder, and that on the left he threw over the right, and thus fixed out for crossing the river, he left us in good friendship. Chard further stated that he supposed his horse had thrown him off into the river, and trod on his nose, put out his eye, and cracked off the right jaw bone, and had also trod on his mouth which drove out the front teeth; and as to that black and blue place on his throat, old Chard supposed it was caused by the wallet which contained the sugar.

And now old Chard's young people, not being separated from their father while he gave his testimony, as they should have been, all followed their father in the track he laid down. The jury having no other ground to go upon, gave in their verdict that he came to death by accident, but none of the jury were satisfied for want of further evidence. He was buried decently, as Col. Chambers informed me, in the graveyard at Lower Sandusky, on the evening of April 22, 1824.

THEORY OF THE DEATH OF THOMAS SHERRARD.

Col. Chambers said to me: "The truth is, none of the friends of Mr. Sherrard believed the statement of the Chard Family, but all of us are

of the opinion that he came to his end by foul play, and I myself, am full of that belief." The idea of the horse setting his foot on his face to do the injuries found on him was out of the question, and in itself inconsistent, for the body thrown from the horse in the high swift water would not have remained in position a single moment so as to give the horse a chance to set his foot on the face.

The general theory of his death was this: When he crossed the river, March 26th, and came to Chard's house, they refused to pay the sugar rent, when an altercation arose, and the two sons of Chard knocked Thomas off his horse with a club. There were evidently two blows, as though struck from each side of the horse; with one the teeth and jaw bone were broken, and with the other the eye was knocked out and the bridge of the nose broken.

In this state he must have bled nearly to death, when the Chards fearing detection took him to their house and secreted him, and kept him stowed away in a weak and languishing condition from March 26th to April 20th. Then fearing if he was returned home in that weak state they would be detected and punished, they finished their foul work by choking him to death, since the black and blue place on his throat was about the length of the grasp of a hand. Then on the morning of April 21st they carried the body stripped as it was and placed it in the water on the east side of the river, and it floated down to the place where it was first discovered by young Pryor that day. The under garments were probably burnt, but some time in June, the great coat and body coat were found by some fishermen in the river under a broad, flat, limestone flag, where they had no doubt been placed by these murderers.

CHARACTER OF THOMAS SHERRARD.

From Col. Chambers I learned that after Thomas had become his near neighbor, in June, 1823, he was known to the community as an industrious man, steady and assiduous to business, placing around him all the conveniences that a man could do. He lived in love and friendship with all his neighbors and acquaintances, and was affable, courteous, friendly and kind with everybody. Col. Chambers further remarked that he was a pleasant and conversable man, fond of information, liberal and friendly,

and in fact he had all those rare qualities combined, sufficient and necessary to constitute a good citizen, a good husband and a tender father.

RETURNING HOME FROM SANDUSKY.

After spending a month with Col. Chambers in settling up my brother Thomas' affairs, and having a vendue, I was ready to start home with Rebecca and her boy. At the appraisement she took the best of the two horses and the dearborn wagon, and these I drove home. But before leaving I paid Col. Chambers for boarding the widow and boy two months, and for my own boarding one month; and on the morning of May 29th, we bade good-bye to the colonel and his family who had been so kind to me during my stay of four weeks with them, and to the widow, and who had taken such an interest in the case of my deceased brother.

Part of the way the roads were very bad, and the load in the dearborn was heavy, so that we could not make good progress, and added to this the horse at one point became fagged out, so much so that I left him on the roadside to die. But the horse had no notion of dying, and managed to pull along, and by feeding him with green sassafras leaves he recovered and was able to eat, and we finally got home at an early hour in the evening of the 4th of June. I drove over to my mother's house and delivered the lone and disconsolate widow and her boy William over to the care of my mother. In October, 1824, six months after the death of the father, a second son was born, and he was called Thomas Sherrard after his father. Nearly forty years have gone by since, and by this time, in 1864, he is the father of six interesting boys and girls.

SECTION X.

1824-1826.

VARIOUS JOURNEYS.

IN the month of November, 1824, I took mother-in-law and her daughter Kezia in my dearborn one-horse light wagon on a visit to see for the last time her aged mother, Anna Cunningham. It was also necessary to settle up some business that she had left unsettled when she came away from Fayette last year. I went with mother-in-law to Shallenberger's, where old Mr. Stevenson boarded, and she paid him \$20 which she had borrowed to pay tax on the three-quarters of Sugar Creek land belonging to the Kithcart heirs. This old Mr. Stevenson was a Scotch-Irishman, and was a retired schoolmaster living on the interest of his money, the principal amounting to \$5,000 or \$6,000, never married, nor had he any blood relations in America. After mother-in-law had become a widow the first time, he made application to her to marry him, but she refused his offer, and afterwards married old John Galloway in preference. After the death of John Galloway, for he lived only eighteen months after they were married, and after she had returned from Mercer County, old Mr. Stevenson renewed his suit in the offer of marriage a second time, but she again refused him.

On reflecting about this offer of marriage I said to mother-in-law that I wished she had taken old Mr. Stevenson at his offer, but she replied that she would marry no man for his money if she did not love him, and so the matter ended.

THE QUESTION OF SECOND MARRIAGES.

While I was on this visit to Fayette County the fall of 1824, I met an old school-mate, James Paull, Jr., and after some preliminary conversation, he asked me how long I had been a widower, and how many children I had.

I replied that I had been fifteen months a widower, and had the care of five children. He asked me if I had no notion of marrying again, and I said that I had not.

He replied that I was wrong, and that the sooner I got married again the better for my children while they were young, for in that case they will not know the difference between their own mother and the second mother.

He further mentioned that he had been married again, and brought in a second mother more than a year before, and he knew by experience that young children knew no difference. I told him I would consider about the matter, and so I did for two years afterwards.

ELECTED RULING ELDER OF CENTRE IN 1824.

While I was gone up to Fayette County on this visit, the old Centre congregation held an election for two elders, and the choice fell on William Matthews and myself, and in a short time we were ordained to the office of ruling elder by the Rev. Jacob Cozard, who was then pastor of Centre Church. This was in November, 1824.

HOW WE STUDIED ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

It was not long after our return from Fayette County, that fall of 1824, until Joseph Kithcart, my brother-in-law, came down, and I employed him to assist me in the mill. About the middle of December a Mr. Scott came and proposed to teach English Grammar on a new Yankee plan by a Mr. Hull. This plan proposed to give the apt scholar a pretty good knowledge of Etymology and Syntax, leaving out the first part of Grammar, for the reason that the author "presumed that Orthography was taught in every well regulated common school in the land."

The course of this teacher, Mr. Scott, was for twenty-four evenings by lectures and a thorough course of parsing, for which he required each subscriber to pay him \$2.

For this course I subscribed two scholars, one for myself and one for my sister-in-law, Martha Kithcart; my brother John one; Cunningham Kithcart one; Joseph Kithcart one; old Mr. Carmichael two; Wesley Smith one; George Tennant one; and if there were others who sub-

scribed to the first quarter I have forgotten. At the end of the first quarter I and Joseph Kithcart came out first in the amount learned and in our aptness to distinguish the different parts of speech ; and what helped us to get on a little faster than the others was the fact that we had both previously studied the nature of English Grammar.

Wesley Smith came out the next best, and George Tennant the next, and though Cunningham Kithcart and his sister Martha made considerable progress, and so did old Carmichael's daughter and son George, yet these four were somewhat behind the rest of us. And as to my brother John he came out behind all the others ; indeed so slight a hold had it on his mind, that in one month afterwards I question if he could remember scarce anything about it, and I have more than once said that he never undertook anything else but he could make some progress at, but English Grammar he could not get along with.

But I knew the reason, and I told him the reason ; during that winter he was courting Sarah Harrah for a wife, and she kept him hanging on, so that they were not married till the 8th day of September, 1825, following.

When a young woman has so far thrown out her enchantments as to entangle and entrap a young man into the intricate meshes of her love, so as to make him feel all over so, and he has become her admirer in every sense, he is but illy calculated to learn English Grammar or any other study, except the one he is bent on.

At the opening of the spring of 1825 Cunningham and Joseph Kithcart bought a tan-yard in Mount Pleasant from old Joseph Gill at \$500, and some time in April Joseph moved to Mount Pleasant, and set in to improve the property, and took his sister Martha to keep house for him.

TRIP THROUGH SOUTHERN OHIO.

It will be remembered that during the first trip of my brother Thomas down the river in 1818, he took in trade for flour the right to a Military Land Warrant from one John McLain. It had been granted to an ancestor of McLain for services in the Revolutionary War, but the warrant had never been lifted from the War Office, although numbered and dated 1786. It called for 100 acres of Virginia military land. The said warrant was, however, lifted from the office in July, 1824, by our

Congressman, John C. Wright, acting as agent for Thomas. When he heard of the death of Thomas he handed the warrant over to me as the administrator of Thomas' estate, and advised me to go to Chillicothe to enter the land which it called for.

Accordingly, on June 8, 1825, I started for Chillicothe, and first stopped at the widow McClure's in Guernsey County, and visited my quarter section of land to see what order it was in. From there I passed on through Zanesville and Somerset, which is half way between Zanesville and Lancaster, and arrived at Lancaster, eighteen miles from Somerset, and put up at King's tavern.

The next day, some time in the forenoon, after I had satisfied myself and my curiosity in looking at the town of Lancaster, I mounted my horse, and a little before noon I arrived at Chillicothe and put up at Medary's tavern. Here I found my old friend, Printer Wilson, of Steubenville, who was out fulfilling the duties of his office under appointment of the President to visit and examine the different Land Offices in the new States.

He soon asked what had brought me to this part of the country, and when I explained to him about the Land Warrant that I wished to locate, he said that he was acquainted with General McArthur who lived about a mile out from Chillicothe, and that he would know all about such matters, and he would take me out to see him the next day. That afternoon and evening Printer Wilson and I spent a faithful time together in discourse, and neither of us was at any loss for something to talk about.

He wished me very much to go with him on his round in visiting the land offices, and he offered to pay my way round if I would go with him for company, but I had to decline his kind offer, as my business required me at home in the shortest time I could get there.

The next morning, which was June 16, 1825, we mounted our horses and rode out to General McArthur's, and he received us very cordially, but when he examined my Warrant he told me I had come to the wrong place to locate that one, for it called for land in Guernsey, Coshocton, Tuscarawas, or Holmes County, if there was any vacant land there, and that John C. Wright was mistaken in sending me here to Chillicothe. Leaving General McArthur we rode over to the next farm, about half a

mile, and called in to see Ex-Governor Worthington, to whom I was introduced as a friend of Mr. Wilson's. While here we three had a warm discussion of the proposed Ohio Canal, as the Legislature this spring, before adjourning, had authorized its construction by a loan of \$400,000 to begin with.

Mr. Wilson was opposed to this measure, while Ex-Governor Worthington and I were strongly in favor of it. From there we returned to our hotel for dinner.

The next morning I left Chillicothe and traveled through the Pickaway Plains, and arrived at Circleville before noon. After taking a view of the old circular Fort made of dirt ten feet high, by human hands, many centuries ago, I forded the Scioto river and traveled ten miles until I came to the residence of Robert Davis, who was married to Peggy Irvine, a sister of my brother David's first wife. I found the Davis family all well, and they appeared glad to see me, as I had not seen them since the fall of 1814. After spending two days with them I bade farewell to Robert Davis and his wife and daughter Sarah Ann and son James, and I have never seen any of these dear ones from that time to this; but I have understood that Robert Davis and his wife are both dead long since. Her mother, Rachel (Gamble) Irvine, was first cousin to my mother.

Fifty years have fled since Mrs. Peggy Davis and the two above named children made their home with our family on Rush Run, from April to November, 1814.

From there I came on Sabbath morning to a Camp Meeting, about eighteen miles from Davis', and here I found my old friend James Clark, and went home with him and his family about eleven miles farther. Monday I returned with them to Camp Meeting, and on Tuesday I left them and came on to Columbus about twenty miles. Here I visited the Ohio Penitentiary, and after dinner I took the road for Newark.

From there I came on through Zanesville, and stopped only for dinner, and then came on to the Widow McClure's, where I staid all night. The next day I came to old Billy Boggs', who was married to my second cousin, Katy Ferguson. Here I found her sister Peggy, who was yet single at the age of forty, and fresh and young looking for her age. Her sister Kate asked me why I did not marry again, and I said I had

thought little of such a change. But she said there was Eva McClure, an elderly steady girl that would make me a good wife, but Peggy spoke up and said in a joking way that she need not be recommending Eva McClure to me, for she was just setting her cap for me herself. But at that time I had neither the inclination nor the power to carry out the joke seriously. But when I did think about Peggy some seven or eight months afterwards, by the 1st of March, 1826, word came that Peggy Ferguson was married to a widower named George McCormick, and that was the end of the matter so far as I was concerned. I left Billy Boggs' and came on home by way of Mount Pleasant, and arrived home the evening of June 24th, 1825, after an absence of better than two weeks. The Land Warrant was not yet laid, and I had gone a long and wild-goose chase. General McArthur had advised me to stop in Cambridge and see Colonel Beattie about it, which I did, but he said that while my Warrant was good, and he would give me 40 dollars for it, yet there was no vacant land in his county to locate. I said I had no authority to sell it, and he advised me to go to Coshocton and call on John Johnson, clerk of the Court, and employ him to lay the Warrant.

Accordingly, early in December that year, I started to go to Coshocton for that purpose, and took with me my mother-in-law, Elizabeth Galloway, and left her in Richland County to visit her son, Thomas Kithcart, and her daughter, Anna Andrews, and family. I went on to Coshocton, and found Mr. Johnson, and left the warrant with him to locate, for which I paid him fifteen dollars, and he agreed to secure the best one hundred acres of land that was then vacant.

Returning, I came through Richland County, and brought mother-in-law home with me. This was a busy year with me at home and abroad, for I had now made three trips away from home. The second was in August, when I took mother-in-law up to Mercer County, Pa., to attend to some business connected with the settling up of the estate of John Galloway, to get the six hundred dollars which he left her by will, in lieu of dower; but she could get no satisfaction from any one of the three executors, as they said there was no money on hand. Thus she was baffled by them for eight or ten years. At length she got her money, but not till suit was brought.

MARRIAGE OF MY BROTHER, JOHN SHERRARD.

On the 8th day of September, 1825, my brother, John Sherrard, was married to Sarah Harrah, daughter of James Harrah, of Beech Spring congregation, five miles northwest of Smithfield. He was within two months of being thirty-eight years of age, and she was twenty. On the next day, Friday, he brought his bride home to his mother, who was then living at Rush Run Mills, and that evening, after dusk a short time, a party of six or eight came with guns, drum and fife to serenade him. Although John himself had been engaged in just such serenading the June before at the time of David Runyon's wedding, yet he looked upon this action now as a grand insult to him.

John continued to live in the house across the run from the mill where the family all lived when we first came to Rush Run, and where John and mother had been living since the death of William. Mother continued to live with John until the fall of 1830, when David, my brother, came down from Fayette County, and took her up to his house on a visit; but she never returned from that visit, continuing to live with her son David and her own old brother, David Cathcart, until her death, October 27, 1833.

In due time my brother John and his wife Sarah had two sons born to them,—William, the elder, and James, the younger. After our undivided half of the mill property was sold to Joshua Wood, the fall of 1829, and my brother John had time to look around, he purchased a mill property on the Piney Fork of Short Creek, four miles west of Smithfield, where he removed with his family, and they were now in the bounds of the Beech Spring Congregation.

His son William was married January 5, 1852, to his cousin, Margaret Jane Neal, of Union County. William continued to live at home and to run his father's mill for several years, and finally moved out to Iowa. James, the younger son, died when a young man, April 15, 1851, and was never married. My brother John continued to live in the same place until his death, July 14, 1860. His wife Sarah survived him little more than a year, and died September 27, 1861. My brother John was not the man that could control his temper; but he was a man of iron will, and would seldom take advice of any one.

SECTION XI.

1826-1827.

SECOND COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

IN the early part of January, 1826, I left home, and went up to Fayette County on business connected with the estate of my father-in-law Joseph Kithcart, and I stopped at my brother David's and found them all as well as usual. But my aunt Susannah Cathcart called my attention to a sore spot at that time about the size of a dollar on the outside of the left ankle. She asked me if it was a ring-worm, and I told her it was not; she remarked in reply, that, be it what it may, "I think it is sent to be my death." And so it proved to be in the end, for in a few weeks it spread, and she died from erysipelas in April, 1826, aged seventy-eight years. Her maiden name was Susannah Guthridge, and she was married in Ireland to David Cathcart, September 3, 1770.

While on this visit in January, my brother David said to me that I had acted so well while a widower, that if he could he would help me get another wife, and asked me how it would do to go and court and marry Peggy Ferguson. I replied that I had not thought seriously about marrying Peggy, and I further added that I supposed there had been not less than fifty widows and old girls recommended to me, as my friends had been very kind to me in that respect, but I said that there was not one in all that number that I would take for a wife. But afterwards I often pondered the matter over in my mind how Peggy Ferguson would do for a wife and a mother to my five small motherless children, and the more I thought about it the better I thought it would do. But it was not so ordered that I should marry Peggy, for before I had taken any active measures about it, I heard about two months after my brother David's advice that she was married to a widower named George McCormick, a man that I did not know, but I was at the time acquainted with two of his brothers.

After that it was not long till I began to throw my mind's eye about to see who I would take for my second wife, for I had now been almost three years a widower.

And all at once it was strongly impressed on my mind as if some one had spoken it: "Take Jane Hindman, if you can get her." Ay, that was the rub, "take her if you can get her." The question was: Will she take me encumbered as I am with the care of five children? But I determined to try, and from that time Jane Hindman was doomed to marry a widower, and became the mother of five children not her own, but she did not know her doom for more than a year afterwards.

A QUILTING PARTY.

John Scott had taken charge of Jackson's old mill on McIntyre the spring of 1825, and now in the course of the summer of 1826, I had mentioned to him that I had some notion formed that I did intend at some convenient opportunity to go and see Jane Hindman, for I thought if I could get her, she would make the best wife of any of the whole number of fifty widows and old maids that my kind friends and acquaintances had recommended to me.

And now I do not know why I spoke of it to John Scott, for I am sure I spoke of it to no other person from the time I took that notion early in March, 1826, until the time came around the September following that I had the desired interview with Jane Hindman. It was however finally John Scott who was the means of bringing about that interview with Jane, and it happened in this way.

In the early part of September, Mrs. Peggy Jackson, wife of James Jackson, over at Jackson's mill, made two quilts ready for quilting, and gave a general invitation of married and single girls to come and quilt. The married women had their quilt framed in the dwelling house and the single girls had theirs in the upper loft of the mill. Previous to the day the quilting was to come off, John Scott came over from McIntyre to Rush Run, and said to me that as I had expressed a desire to have an interview with Jane Hindman, now was my time. He said that Mrs. Jackson was to have a quilting party on a certain day, and that the girls would quilt up stairs in the mill loft; he further said that he wanted me to come over on the day of the quilting, and help him dress a pair of mill-stones, and he said I might visit the girls up stairs as often as I pleased. I told him I would be over, and I felt glad when the day

came, and I made use of it for the very purpose of breaking the ice that barred my interview with Jane Hindman.

That day I was at the mill in good time, and saw the girls collecting and passing up stairs as they arrived.

Presently in came Jane Hindman and her sister Betsy, and they passed up stairs. I was so glad of it that it was not an hour till I passed up stairs and had a good time of it, but I did not disturb Jane, calculating that her time was coming. Thus once in awhile I would leave Scott and the mill-stone and slip up stairs, a place of much attraction, among the girls. But at length evening came, and supper being over, I accompanied Jane Hindman home, where I met with her kind mother, with whom I conversed for some time about the common affairs of life.

However, I spent the evening with her daughter Jane, and before we separated I obtained the privilege of calling again in the course of ten days. But I staid all night, and the next morning till after breakfast, and then left, after convincing Jane that I did not accompany her home for the purpose of paying my respects to her mother instead of herself; but I did not think at the time that I was only eleven years younger than her mother, while Jane was fifteen years younger than I was.

But I left the place that morning so dear to me, and I gave it the name of "Pleasant Hill."

I returned to Jackson's where my horse was, and I staid that day and helped John Scott to dress up the mill-stones that I had done so little at the day before, and I returned home that evening well satisfied with my trip. During this month of September, and also October, November, and up to the middle of December, 1826, I paid a number of visits with a full endeavor to get Jane Hindman to marry me, but to no purpose as yet up to this time.

It was some time the first week in October that I and old John Jackson, as elders of old Centre Church, concluded to visit each Presbyterian family in the congregation for the purpose of making up by subscription the sum of \$200, for which sum the Rev. Jacob Cozard promised to preach at Centre one-half his time for one year.

Accordingly, we set out, and during the day we visited a number of families, and in the evening Mr. Jackson, as if anticipating my desire, led the way to the widow Hindman's, where we were kindly received,

and after supper, as bed-time approached, Mr. Jackson went about worship, and retired to bed; but I did not join him till some time later, for I staid up till a later hour and conversed in a very agreeable manner with Jane Hindman. These evenings spent with her were among the happiest of my life, if pursuit could afford more happiness than enjoyment of possession; but I found that pursuit had its ups and downs and did not afford real happiness like possession.

TRUE LOVE DID NOT RUN SMOOTH.

It was the evening of the 14th of December, 1826, and when I arrived at the widow Hindman's, as had been common, by turns, for the space of three months, I found John Simeral there. He had dropped in on some errand, and finding that I had arrived, and knowing what my errand was at that house, for it had soon got noised abroad that I was paying my addresses to Jane Hindman, he staid and discoursed with Betsy, while I had the company of Jane.

At the close of the evening I mentioned to Jane that at such a time I would be back, and said to her that I wished her to have her mind made up on the subject of marriage by that time. She replied that her mind was now made up on that subject, and that she could not think of marrying me, and becoming a stepmother to my five children. I said to her that she certainly could not be in earnest, but she replied that she certainly was in earnest, and that I need not trouble her any more on that subject. I said to her: "As to the children I will not part with them on any consideration, and the woman that will not take me with the children will not get me without them;" but it was no use to contend, for Jane would have it all her own way; it was arbitrary and despotic.

I and John Simeral retired to bed in the little additional apartment where I usually slept on all my former visits, and where two months before I had slept so comfortably with old John Jackson. But this night with Simeral I did not sleep well; I felt badly, and was cast down in my mind, and after a poor night's rest, morning came, but it brought me no relief. But as usual I staid till after breakfast, and before leaving I begged of Jane the privilege of coming back in a week or two to see if we could not come to a fair understanding again, but this she would not grant. I then kindly bid each one farewell, expecting this to be my last interview there.

I went home, but felt gloomy and downhearted; so much so, though I tried to conceal it as much as possible, that my mother-in-law with her eagle eye noticed that something was wrong with me. She noticed that I was not as cheerful and lively as usual, and she noticed also that when the usual time of paying my stated visits to Jane came around, I did not go. Hence she judged that something was wrong in that quarter, and at length inquired of me what was the matter. I said there was nothing in particular, but she said she knew there was, and asked if Jane and I had fallen out. I replied that she had completely refused me.

CHEERFUL ADVICE TO A LOVER.

“Well,” said mother-in-law, “never mind it; don’t let it trouble you one bit; stay away for two or three months and then go back, and I will insure that you and Jane will soon make it up.”

This advice of mother-in-law revived my drooping spirits the best of any that I had ever received, and from that day forward I never doubted but that it would all come out right, and that Jane would be my wife.

And what helped to strengthen my belief, I dreamed one night not long after this, that I came into our back parlor room, and there sat my wife Jane Hindman, in a rocking-chair, and had with her three of her own children by me since our marriage; one, the youngest, on her lap, and two of different sizes and ages standing beside her.

And for six years after we were married, still remembering my dream, I was so simple as to believe that my wife Jane would have only three children. But in the course of time she undeceived me, for finally she bore me seven children, and I have reason to believe they are all living and well this first day of March, 1864, and all now raised up to be young men and women;—and they are all living and well this 15th day of April, 1872.

HOW IT WAS MADE UP.

During the interval, after Jane Hindman had refused to allow my attentions, I spent three weeks, in company with my brother-in-law Joseph Kithcart, visiting friends in Fayette County, and we arrived home again on the 2d day of February, 1827. Already the water-wheel of the mill was free from ice, and the mill was going in good order under the direction of my brother John.

The very next day after my arrival home, John would have me go out in the country among the farmers and engage what wheat I could at fifty cents a bushel. I called with a number of farmers and engaged several hundred bushels of wheat, and among others, with old Nathan Woods, and took dinner, and engaged 200 bushels. By evening of that day I called in at old Andy Lockard's and engaged the balance of his crop, being fifty bushels. While at his house Mrs. Hindman came in, knowing that I had just returned from Fayette County, to inquire of me if I had seen her daughter Betsy at old John Johnson's tavern.

John Johnson kept a tavern in Washington, Pa., and he was a cousin of Mrs. Hindman's; her daughter Betsy was there visiting, and had over-staid her time, so that her mother began to be somewhat uneasy about her. But I was not able to give the old lady any account of Betsy, as I and Joseph Kithcart did not stop this time at John Johnson's tavern as we passed through Washington.

The old lady staid but a short time in Andy Lockard's and soon started back home. As I had completed my business with Andy, I started out to follow, and as I passed young Andy Lockard out in the yard, I said to him: "Andy, the time has come for you to renew your suit with Mary Carson; I am just going up to renew mine with Jane Hindman." "Are you?" said Andy; "then I believe I'll try it too." And sure enough, Andy did try, and succeeded, for he had been refused shortly after I had been; but he was now successful, and married Mary Carson about a year afterwards.

I left Andy quick and mounted my horse and rode up the lane to the house of Mrs. Hindman, and got into the house before her, as she had taken round through the field, for the road was very muddy.

When I arrived I found no one in but the very one I came to see, in the person of Jane Hindman. I approached and shook hands with her very cordially, and she appeared very pleasant and agreeable, and I thought I had never seen her look better. I sat down near her, and yet at a respectful distance, and entered into conversation, but soon her mother came in and kindly invited me to lay off my great coat and leggins, which I did; and while the old lady went about and did up her work, I kept up the conversation with her daughter Jane, and glad of the opportunity. And it proved to me one of the most pleasant eve-

nings and pleasantest interviews that I ever had in all my life; for that night Jane and I made up all the matter of difference that had put a stop for the last two months to my friendly visits. But this evening's company and conversation with Jane gave me a new charter and privilege to come and go and to converse on the subject of marriage free from restraint, of which privilege I afterwards made good use. In the morning I left Jane after breakfast to reflect on all that had passed between us, and for my part I went home well pleased, and went to work in the old mill joyfully. At the end of ten days I went back to see and converse with Jane, and by that time I found that her sister Betsy had returned from Washington, Pa. She informed me that she was standing at an upper window in the house of her cousin John Johnson, and saw me and Joseph Kithcart pass by on our way homeward.

I found Jane at home, for this was the evening of our appointment. I had laid down my affections on her nearly fifteen months before we were married, and from the day I first set my affections on Jane Hindman to this hour—now nearly forty-six years—I have never had the least reason to regret or rue that I did lay my affections on her, or that I took her for my partner through life.

After the breach was made up all things went on between us to our mutual satisfaction, and in all my visits and in all my communications with Jane, I acted towards her as one ought to do who wished to make so worthy a girl his wife.

From the time above stated I made my visits every ten days, or two weeks at the farthest, and I was urged on by Joseph Kithcart, brother to my first wife, who came over from Mount Pleasant every two weeks or so to see and know how matters were progressing between Jane and me, at which times I reported progress. He was anxious about the matter, as his sister Martha, who kept house for him and his brother Cunningham, was promised in marriage to Smiley Sharon, and their marriage was to take place as soon as I could marry Jane Hindman, so as to release his mother from charge of my family, that she might go and take Martha's place in having charge of their house.

With me and Jane all things flowed on smoothly, until finally we became engaged on the 19th of April, 1827, and one week later I asked

Jane's mother's consent, which the old lady freely gave, and the same day an order issued to get the marriage license.

THE WEDDING DAY.

The 24th of May, 1827, was the time fixed for the marriage between myself and Jane Hindman, and preparations were made on both sides for the coming event.

I had a few choice friends invited to accompany me to the wedding, and I had chosen John Sharon as my waiter, and had asked Joseph Kithcart and his sister Kezia to go with us over to the marriage. And Jane Hindman had Mary Ann Brown for her waiter, and John Simeral and several others as invited guests. I had already notified the Rev. Jacob Cozard, who was still pastor of Old Centre Church, to be on hand that day to tie the knot and make us truly man and wife.

I presented the bride with two pairs of white gloves,—one pair of white kid, and the other of white silk. I and my party had not arrived long before we were called up upon the floor facing the Rev. Jacob Cozard, and he said the ceremony which made me and Jane Hindman man and wife,—the very thing I had all along been anxiously waiting for. After dinner the Rev. Mr. Cozard made ready to go home, as he at that time lived some six miles southeast of Wellsburg, in the bounds of Lower Buffalo Congregation. I had given my waiter, John Sharon, a \$3 bill, which he handed to him, and Mr. Cozard was off. The amount paid him as a marriage fee was rather small as it seemed, and so it was; but forty and fifty years ago two dollars and three dollars was a very common marriage fee.

The next morning being the infare day, soon after breakfast we made ready to start for home, it being six miles from Pleasant Hill, where the Hindmans lived, to Rush Run Mills, where the Sherrards lived. I had previously given an invitation to all the young people of the bride's party, which they had cheerfully accepted; and when all were mounted and under headway, it made a very respectable infare party.

On arriving home we found all things in order, and mother-in-law Kithcart and others waiting to receive us, among whom was Absalom Hall and his wife.

I and Jane had not been very long married until mother-in-law Kith-

cart and her two sons, Joseph and Cunningham, had thoughts of her being removed to Mount Pleasant to keep house for them, so that her daughter might be released and be united in marriage, according to promise, to Smiley Sharon. To bring about the matter of her removal, her son Joseph came over to see me about it, and asked me how soon I could move mother over to Mount Pleasant. I answered that I had no part nor lot in the matter. "Why," said he, "are you not under promise to move her in any direction as far away as what you brought her here?" "No, sir," said I, "I am under no such obligation. Before I brought her away from her old home, she expressed a fear that I might soon marry again, and if so, that would put her to the necessity of seeking a new home, and no way of moving to it. But I said to your mother, that if I married in less than three years, I would promise to move her to any place she might choose to go, as far away as I would bring her. And now I have not married till almost four years have passed round, and if you want your mother to keep house for you, do as I did when I wanted her for that purpose." And that ended the matter; for in a few days he came and moved his mother and his sister Kezia to his home at Mount Pleasant. And after this, preparations were made for the marriage of Martha Kithcart to Smiley Sharon, which was solemnized on Thursday, June 21, 1827, by the Rev. Joseph Anderson, pastor at the time of the Mount Pleasant Church, and I and my new wife Jane were at the wedding.

THE HINDMAN ANCESTRY.

And now being married, to my full satisfaction, to the girl of my thoughtful choice, and settled down to enjoy that happiness and satisfaction that can flow only from a mutual union of sentiment, springing up and flowing out from the well-cherished affections of man and wife, each pleased the one with the other, here I think it necessary to introduce some of my wife Jane's relations and ancestors, for neither she nor I have any reason to be ashamed of them. And by this time they have grown so numerous that I shall not attempt to follow out the various branches. Suffice it to say, that the ancestors of the several branches of the stock emigrated from County Down, Ireland, not long before the Revolutionary War, and settled in the little State of Delaware.

THE JOHNSTON FAMILY.

In 1772 a man named Johnston with his wife (their Christian names are unknown) left County Down, Ireland, with their six children, to come to America. The father and mother both died on ship-board, while the children, whose names were William, Esther, Jane, Margaret, Elizabeth and Richard, completed the voyage to America, and settled in the State of Delaware.

When they arrived in America, Richard, the youngest of the six children, was nine years of age. The three older were married in Delaware,—William to Elizabeth Laughlin, in 1772; Esther to Hugh Jackson, in 1777; and Jane to James Hindman, in 1777. These, with the three younger Johnston children, all came together, in the spring of 1791, out to Washington County, Pa., and settled near Canonsburg in the bounds of Chartiers Presbyterian Church, which they all joined by certificate under the pastoral care of the Rev. John McMillan, D.D. The Johnstons being of a Scotch-Irish family in Ireland, were all Presbyterians, and being descended from a religious stock of ancestors, they would not permit themselves to be connected with non-professors, nor any of the wild breed of people.

It is not my intention to enter into a minute detail of all these six children, only to say that the three younger members of this Johnston family, in a short time after they were settled, near Canonsburg, were married, and all did well in that particular. Margaret married Robert Anderson, and they settled near Claysville, Washington County, Pa.; Elizabeth married William Campbell, and they lived on a beautiful farm of 300 acres south of Canonsburg, and afterwards moved out to Wood County, Ohio; and Richard married Jane Bradford, August 23, 1796, and they lived on a farm two miles south of Canonsburg, where their grandsons, Richard Van Eman Johnson and Bradford Johnson, still live. The spelling of the name was changed in later times.

I shall now confine myself to speak of the two older daughters of the Johnston family, as my wife, Jane Hindman, is a granddaughter of both of them.

Esther Johnston, who married Hugh Jackston, had only one child, a daughter named Nancy, who was born in 1778, and was thirteen years

old when they moved out from Delaware to Washington County. Jane Johnston, who married James Hindman, had four children, all boys, William, John, Richard and Robert.

They were all born east of the mountains, and came out with their father and mother, in 1791, to Washington County, and their father, James Hindman, died while the boys were yet young, in 1801. John Hindman was born in 1780, and as he and his cousin, Nancy Jackson, were brought up in the same neighborhood, and went to school together, and had the privilege of seeing each other at church every Sabbath day, it need not be wondered that they early formed an attachment for each other. This attachment grew into love and affection, and finally into a marriage contract, and they were accordingly married by the Rev. John McMillan in the year 1803, and it was said that they were the finest looking couple that ever made their appearance at the Chartiers Church. They lived in a house which stood on the sloping and rising ground just southeast of Chartiers Creek, two miles south of the town of Canonsburg, quite near to the site of the present brick dwelling-house owned and occupied by Richard Van Eman Johnson.

All traces of the old house have long since disappeared, but here John Hindman and his wife, Nancy Jackson, lived, and here their two oldest children were born,—Jane, born December 14, 1804, and Elizabeth, born January 31, 1807.

This same Jane Hindman, eldest daughter of John and Nancy Jackson Hindman, when she was twenty-two years, five months and nine days old, was married to Robert A. Sherrard, the writer of this account, and her sister Elizabeth, born two years after her sister Jane, was married January 8, 1835, to Robert Lee, a farmer of Washington County, Pa., near Cross Creek Village.

JOHN HINDMAN MOVES TO OHIO.

John Hindman, the father of Jane and Elizabeth, bought a small farm in Cross Creek Township, Jefferson County, Ohio, and the 1st of April, 1810, he moved his family out there from Washington County, and there were three children, all boys, born there in Ohio, but they did not live to grow up to manhood. Their names were : James, born 1810, and Hugh, born 1813, and they both died in the year 1815. The youngest was John

Jackson, who was born in 1819, but he died when only eighteen months old.

Hugh Jackson and his wife Esther, the father and mother of Nancy Jackson Hindman, moved out to Ohio in 1812, and lived with their son-in-law John Hindman on McIntyre. They both died in the year 1815, and were buried at old Centre. The widow of James Hindman, Jane Johnston Hindman, with her other sons, Richard and Robert, moved out to Ohio in 1812, and lived just beside Centre Church to the southwest of it, and only two miles from her son John. Richard Hindman was already married while they yet lived near Canonsburg, and they all brought their certificates of membership in Chartiers Church from under the hand of the Rev. Dr. John McMillan, and united with Centre Church in 1812.

Robert Hindman married Sidney Miller January 6, 1820; she had already united with Centre Church in 1814.

However, in 1822 Robert moved to Washington, Pa., and took his mother to live with him there, and he and his wife and mother all lifted their certificates from Centre and joined the First Presbyterian Church of Washington, where their membership remained until their death.

It was on the 21st of February, 1823, that I was returning home from a visit to Fayette County, Pa., and I was bringing Cunningham Kithcart home with me, when we stopped on our way in Washington with the full intention of witnessing the execution of old Crawford, who was to be hung that day. For that purpose we stopped at John Johnson's public house. While in town that morning I saw and conversed with my present wife's grandmother, Jane Johnston Hindman, for the last time. She was then living with her son Robert, and I found her kind, courteous and affable; nor did either of us think, at the time, that in four years afterward I would be married to her granddaughter Jane Hindman. She died the next year, in 1824, over near Canonsburg, while on a visit to her relatives the Johnstons.

Her son Richard Hindman continued to live on the farm adjoining Centre Church until April 1, 1831, when he removed with his family to Washington, Pa., and they afterwards moved out to Windsor Township, Morgan County, Ohio.

He had several children. In a letter to me dated March 29, 1837, he

says: "We have not had good health since we came to this county. Seven of the children have had a hard spell of the ague and fever."

Robert Hindman died in Washington, Pa., in 1856, leaving one child, Elizabeth, who was married to David Gray.

The mother of these three sons, John, Richard and Robert Hindman, was truly an aged mother in Israel, and as such, no one acquainted with her at any time during her long sojourn on earth as a professing Christian, had any reason to suspect the genuineness of her piety. She brought up her children and trained them to walk in the way they should go, and they did not depart from it.

She was early left a widow when her children were very young, and for long years she had to tread the thorny path of life alone, unaided by the help and support of her husband. But God was her support; she was conscientious in the performance of her Christian duties, and after the decease of her husband for long years, she was prompt in keeping up family worship until her eldest son John took upon himself the performance of that duty before he had yet arrived at man's years.

(On October 9, 1888, my mother said to me: "My grand-mother, Jane Hindman, had the greatest gift in prayer, and my own mother would lead family worship well. But my grand-mother was wonderfully gifted in prayer, and her language was remarkably well chosen. I remember that when I was a little girl she would pray and pray, and I would go to sleep at worship, and would wake up, and she would still be praying. She was a great singer, too, but she always sang Rouse's Version of the Psalms—she did not like Watts' Hymns. My father, John Hindman, could not sing, although he was very fond of singing; but his brother Robert was a singer."—T. J. S.)

CHARACTER OF JOHN HINDMAN.

When John Hindman and his wife moved into the bounds of Centre congregation the spring of 1810, and settled on his farm, which he had purchased of Thomas Williams, two miles north of Centre Church, they brought with them certificates of membership in the Presbyterian Church of Chartiers, and now united with Centre, which had just been organized, and the Rev. Abram Scott was the first pastor. He and his wife and John Hindman and his wife, had been brought up together from early

youth in the same neighborhood, near Canonsburg, and belonged to the same Chartiers Church. John Hindman had been in connection with Centre only a month when he and John Jackson were elected the first Elders of that church in the month of May, 1810, when John Hindman was only thirty years of age.

This John Jackson was no relation whatever to John Hindman, but they were steadfast friends, and the latter called his youngest son for the former.

When in a few days the pastor called to see if these newly elected Elders would serve, John Jackson made no objection, but stated that as it had been the will of the people to elect him he would serve to the best of his ability; but John Hindman objected, and gave as his reason that he did not think himself fit to be an Elder in the church. But Mr. Scott, knowing him from his youth, and having a more exalted opinion of his piety and qualifications than he himself had, would not be put off with his excuse, but argued with him that God would have a church here on earth, and there must be pillars set apart and placed in the church to support, strengthen and uphold it; and as he had been chosen from amongst his brethren to that office, he must make no excuse as to his unfitness to fill that office, that if he did it would be sinful in him to do so, and that if he refused to serve, God would in some way chastise him for so doing.

After Mr. Hindman had well considered and weighed the matter in his own mind, he gave his consent to serve, and the next Sabbath was appointed for their ordination; and the first Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was held about the middle of May, 1810, when there were about twenty-four members sat down at the table.

John Hindman was in stature and appearance tall, large and heavy set, and of commanding presence, and in character he was a man of strict integrity and honesty, whose word was always to be relied upon, and he was a man eminent for his piety, and much beloved for his good qualities. He was remarkably gifted in prayer, so much so that his daughter Jane testifies that she never heard him pray that there was not some new expression.

He was a useful member of society, both in church and state. He was often chosen to fill the offices of his township, and often called

to settle disputes between neighbors by arbitration. He served repeatedly as trustee of Cross Creek township, and his neighbors frequently requested him to accept the office of Justice of the Peace at their hands, but he as steadily refused, knowing that as he was single-handed on his farm, that office would prove very troublesome and very unprofitable to him.

When the war with Great Britain broke out the summer of 1812, he was drafted in the first call, but he could not go and leave a wife and helpless family of small children behind him, but go he must or find a substitute.

He chose the latter, and succeeded in hiring a man by the name of McCullough, and had to give him \$100, a good blanket and a good pair of new stockings, as well as the army pay, which was but \$7 a month, to take his place for six months. At the time John Hindman paid out the \$100 for a substitute he could but illy spare the money, as he needed it to pay in part for his nice small farm which he had bought, the same that I afterwards in the fall of 1826 called "Pleasant Hill," in consequence of the many pleasant hours I spent there conversing with his daughter Jane, and this was at least six years after the death of her father, which took place August 23, 1820.

His death was sudden and very unexpected, and took the family in a complete surprise. He got a tooth extracted, and an inflammation took place in the spot from which the tooth had been drawn, while the inflammation extended down and seated itself in the throat; this brought on quinsy, and on the fatal Thursday there was a sudden strangulation which produced death immediately, and that in the fortieth year of his age, and as yet a young man of middle age.

And Oh, how lonely he left a loving wife and two fine, interesting young daughters just budding and almost blooming into womanhood; and what they suffered in the loss of a kind husband and parent, no one but themselves could tell. I remember for two or three years after his death, at any time we had preaching at Centre Church, and from the spring of 1821 we had the Rev. Jacob Cozard to preach for us every other Sabbath onward till 1828, Mrs. Hindman would go often to her husband's grave and weep over the place where lay all that remained of

the one she once loved. And although I frequently saw the tears she shed, and in some sort felt a degree of sympathy for her under her sore bereavement, yet I never felt that true and genuine sympathy for her, until about the end of three years after her loss, at which time my first wife, Mary Kithcart, died, the last day of July, 1823, and was laid in the same graveyard with John Hindman; then, and not till then, did I properly sympathize with Mrs. Hindman. After the death of John Hindman, his widow and her two daughters were left to struggle on for days and months and years as best they could, as they had a debt to pay off for the land on which they lived. This took industry and economy to pay for the farm and at the same time keep up the necessaries of the house, as well as to furnish the two daughters with suitable equipments to appear in public as became them in their station. And yet this was all done within the first seven years, and that before Jane was married.

SECOND MARRIAGE OF MRS. HINDMAN.

However, at the end of nearly ten years after the death of her husband, Mrs. Nancy Jackson Hindman was induced to marry a second time, and accordingly took the offer of a very worthy man, Mr. John Orr, of Holliday's Cove, Virginia. Although she had had several offers of marriage during the ten years that rolled over her as a widow, yet none of them suited her fancy until she met with Mr. Orr, and they were married on the 15th of April, 1830, at her residence on "Pleasant Hill," by the Rev. Dr. Beatty, of Steubenville. For nearly nine years she lived comfortably and happily with her husband over in his home at Holliday's Cove, until her death was brought about indirectly from an accident in being thrown off a horse.

She recovered to some extent from the effects of the shock, and about a year after the accident she paid us a visit, which was on October 30, 1838. It was not many days after her return home from this last visit that she became confined to her bed, where she lingered till her death, on February 4th, 1839. She was buried at Three Springs Church, above the Cove. She died much respected and lamented by all who knew her, in the sixty-first year of her age. She felt it a duty at all times, when she was able, to visit the sick in her immediate neighborhood, and

to cheer and console them, assisting them as best she could in their sickness and distress; and I would remark in this place that this marriage between Nancy Hindman and John Orr is a lasting instance, as well as that of my marriage with her daughter Jane Hindman, that proves the old saying is not true, that second marriages never do well. For my part I could never see any reason why second marriages could not do as well as first marriages, if proper care be always taken by the parties to make a proper choice in the second as well as the first.

FAMILY CONNECTIONS.

On the foregoing pages I have given a true statement and yet a running and brief account of some of the ancestors of my present wife, Jane Hindman. And I have been the more particular to do it, because none of the seven children she has borne and brought up has seen her father, John Hindman, and some of them have never seen her mother, Nancy Hindman. And I hope it may be a gratification to some of them at least to have this record to go to, in order to gain some knowledge as to who their ancestors, on their mother's side, were, and not to be left in the dark as to that subject, as much so as if their mother had dropped from the clouds.

MY WIFE, JANE HINDMAN.

To show my appreciation of my wife, Jane Hindman, and her wise counsel, I will here relate an incident that happened twenty years after our marriage. In April, 1847, our neighbor, David Foster, wished to purchase a small piece of my farm lying down on the bottom on the northwestern corner of the farm just adjoining Foster's land.

It consisted of about three acres and a quarter, but before it was measured Foster offered me \$50 for the piece, be it more or less, but I told him I would take no such price for it, as I computed it at three acres without measuring, and my farm was worth \$50 an acre.

A few days afterwards I met Foster and he offered me \$50 an acre for three acres, but I told him I would go home and consult my wife about it, as she would have to sign the deed. He asked me to give him an answer soon, as he wished to get that lot to build a tenant house on it for a home for old black Bill Westbrook to live in during his natural

life. When I mentioned the matter to my wife she replied: "You are not in debt and have no need to sell it, and I will not sign the deed. If you were to sell it, and Foster would build a house on it, the old colored man might not live long to occupy it, and then Foster would rent it to some one over whom you would have no control, and such tenants might become a very great annoyance to you by stealing your fruit and burning your fence-rails." I soon saw that my wife was right and her objections well founded, and her counsel bore the marks of wisdom; and I soon came to the conclusion that I would take her advice and keep every foot of my land.

I reported to Foster that my wife was opposed to selling the land and would not sign the deed, and he in turn appeared to take it ill that I would not sell him the land on which he had set his heart, and asked me if my wife ruled over me in that style. I replied that she did in the case of selling a piece of our farm when there was no necessity for it.

And I have ever been glad to this hour, seven o'clock Thursday, August 5, 1869, that I had got a partner in life of healthy body and strong mind, and of sufficient good judgment naturally to be able to pass judgment and give good advice at all times and on all occasions.

Such a wife I found in Jane Hindman, and was not deceived when I formed a correct judgment of her qualities and qualifications suitable for a good wife, and suitable as a partner in life, when it was borne in upon my mind about the first week in March, 1826, at which time I gave her up my affections to be disposed of by her as she pleased. The old colored darkey Westbrook once told me that he was seventeen years old when the tea was thrown overboard at Boston, December, 1773. That would make him to be born the year after Braddock's defeat. He died on the old farm where he lived so long September 17, 1854, aged ninety-eight.

SECTION XII.

1827-1830.

THE MILLING BUSINESS.

I MUST now return to matters of other sort worthy of recording that occurred in my experience through a long life. Attending the old Rush Run Mills was an every day business, attended to as a matter of livelihood, and produced but few events worth recording. But I might be allowed here to say that the business of a mill in attending to the grinding for the country people, but more particularly the purchase of wheat and the manufacturing of it into flour, and then making sale of the flour, all this has its advantages and disadvantages, its anxieties and sometimes vexations. And above all, it has its temptations, and is well calculated to try men's souls whether they will be honest or not, and whether the miller will deal justly with his fellow-men or not.

While the miller is engaged in grinding for the country farmers, the chance is daily before him to take too much toll, and happy is that miller who can daily meet that temptation and roll it back on the evil one whence it came. The miller, the blacksmith, the weaver and the tailor have all been blamed for centuries past, as "cabbaging" trades, and not without cause, for it is not every man or woman that can resist temptations of various kinds that beset their way through life, unless truly converted, and always having the fear of God before their eyes, watching lest they should do wrong.

Nothing happened the summer or fall of 1827, except that on October 12th, I left home at Rush Run in company with John Kithcart, my brother-in-law, and we went out to Wooster to attend a land sale there on the 20th. On our way we visited the families of Thomas Andrews and Thomas Kithcart, and at the sale John Kithcart, who had come all the way from Uniontown, Pa., to buy one of the quarter sections, bid off the first quarter that was set up at \$375, just one dollar above the

appraisement. The land was on Sugar Creek, and John Kithcart was assured that he got the quarter that had on it a noble large flowing spring.

The second choice quarter I myself bid off at just two-thirds of the appraisement, and I felt proud of my bargain. I told John Kithcart that I would buy his quarter of him at any time that he might wish to sell, but he kept it, and a man who lived near the land went to Uniontown, and bought the quarter of him at \$100 advance on what he gave, so that he fooled his land away, for it was worth as much more as he got for it at the time.

April 10, 1828, I and my wife, Jane Hindman, had a fine healthy daughter born to us, and in honor of her grandmother, Mrs. Hindman, we had her called and christened Nancy, and the child grew, and could sing some vocal music tunes at eighteen months old.

SCHOOL TEACHERS.

The summer of 1828 we, the directors of our school district, employed David Runyon to teach school for us for six months, but he got tired at the end of three months, and he got John Pelan, with our consent, to take his place.

We agreed to board Pelan round among the employers, but he preferred boarding at one place, and made choice of our place, provided we would board him for seventy-five cents a week. I studied for a moment, and replied that I would, and the boarding of a school-teacher was had in these cheap times for \$1.00 a week; and I further saw at a glance that as I was the highest subscriber on the school article with three scholars, I would have Pelan to board more frequently than any other family, so that by boarding him at that cheap rate I would have \$9 in cash, and so Pelan went on and taught out the three months.

During the time that Pelan boarded with us, after school was out, both morning and evening, he rarely ceased to talk about the coming election for President, which came off near the 1st of November, 1828, in a race between John Quincy Adams, the present incumbent, and Andrew Jackson. Adams was our choice, for Pelan and I were on the same side in politics, and we both felt sure that Adams would win. We talked so sure and so much about it that we quite disgusted my

wife, who was ready to wish almost that Jackson would be elected that our sanguine hopes might be disappointed; and so it turned out, for Jackson was elected by an overwhelming majority.

In the summer and fall of 1826, James Carmichael took our school for a quarter at a time, for I felt willing to have him teach for us for a quarter, that our children might learn Orthography, a very necessary branch to be taught in every well-regulated school; and that branch was Carmichael's hobby, for no other branch could he teach so well. I had subscribed three scholars, with the understanding that I might send all five and he would teach them, only I must give up a small perquisite of six or eight mills a day for each day the two extra scholars would go. Our boy Robert was the youngest of the five children by my first marriage, and when he was a very little over three years old, at the time Carmichael commenced teaching, he would not stay at home with his grandmother, but would go with the other children to school. After he had been going to old Carmichael for three months, his uncle Cunningham Kithcart got him to try to say his letters over, but he could not, and Cunningham turned to me and said: "You had better keep this child at home, for he has learned nothing, and is only a bother to the master." "I don't care," said I; "Carmichael is to teach him, and bear the bother and trouble for about six mills per day—the perquisite that may come from Section 16 for each day that Robert goes to school."

But in contrast with this, in less than three weeks, one evening after school was out, Robert was sitting by the fire, and without his book he began to spell from memory a number of words in three syllables.

And from that time Robert made progress in learning, which proves that the little fellow, young as he was, had been taking in something that was of use to him.

The year 1829 came in with a cold freezing January, and the water in Rush Run was almost completely frozen, and thereby dried up till the middle of February, which prevented our mill from going till the ice melted, and the rains of the late winter came bringing water.

It was very desirable to get the mill started as soon as possible, for we had laid in a very large stock of wheat during the fall and winter at high prices, mostly 90 cents and \$1 a bushel. And now came an anxious time with us to grind out this large stock of wheat, and sell, if possible,

at a saving profit. And it must be admitted that anxiety becomes a companion of every man in all kinds of public business; and this year, 1829, was throughout calculated, from the accumulation of business heaped on me, to keep up without any intermission a continued scene of activity, and with it a full share of anxiety. And no wonder when I left the mill the 1st of April, 1830, and got to farming, that I felt the most happy for the following three years that I ever before or since enjoyed. And why? Because I was set free from anxious care and thought that for years had preyed upon my mind like an eating canker; but now on the farm that burden fell off.

A man that is pursuing an honest calling, clear of public offices and all kinds of public business in which the public must be waited on, may keep out corroding anxious thoughts if he will, but it is the misfortune of thousands, both in and out of public business, that they never are on the sunny side, but, on the contrary, are always viewing the dark side of the picture, which always keeps the mind uneasy; and such have poor enjoyment in life, because they do not strive to keep out these anxious troublesome thoughts.

But to return to the mill. When we had gotten perhaps one hundred and fifty barrels of flour ground out but not bolted, we had an application from William Simeral for five or six hundred barrels of flour at \$6 a barrel. But we declined taking Simeral's offer, as we had learned that Henry Swearingen, who had a mill on McIntyre, had made a contract with Shaw, Carson & Brother for all the flour he could make at \$6.25, and we expected day by day to make as good a contract; but for some cause we had no other offer the spring or summer of 1829, which was of itself strange, for it was always a very common occurrence that when the price of flour was up, flour speculators were passing round every whip-stitch, to see how cheap they could purchase flour for the up or down trade.

The first of June came, and by this time several hundred barrels of flour were ground out and packed, and as yet no sales made, which began to make us feel that something must be done to dispose of so large a stock.

We had reports from various quarters that flour was now declining in price, and the warm season commencing would endanger the souring of all or nearly all the flour that might lie over till the month of September.

SELLING FLOUR IN PITTSBURGH.

Under these considerations, I and my brother John came to the conclusion that I must without longer delay mount a horse and go to Pittsburgh and try to make sale of what I could, and at such prices by agreement as I could get.

Accordingly I mounted a young mare of my own raising, which was a colt from the old dun mare that brought me so safe over the Ohio River by swimming, and this young mare was the best piece of horse flesh I ever raised.

The first afternoon I rode to Florence, twelve miles from Steubenville eastward, and there put up at a tavern kept by John Norton, brother of Thomas Norton, who at that time and for many years afterward kept the "Black Bear" tavern, a noted place of stopping in Steubenville.

The next day I passed on to McFarland's tavern, twelve miles farther, where I stopped and watered, and then went on twelve miles farther to Pittsburgh, crossed the Monongahela bridge, turned to the left off Smithfield street, passed on into Wood Street, and went up that street till I came to widow Sturgeon's old noted tavern stand, where I put up for the night. I remained for three days in the city and sold several small lots of flour and two large lots, one of them being 300 barrels, to a man named Hazlett, all of which I sold at five dollars a barrel. I contracted with a captain of a keel-boat, to run down to the warehouse at the mouth of Rush Run, and take in and carry up to Pittsburgh 500 barrels of flour, for which I would pay him delivered at the wharf at the foot of Wood Street the sum of $31\frac{1}{4}$ cents a barrel. On the morning of the fourth day, after breakfast I paid my bill, which was only one dollar a day for myself and horse, and mounted my noble young mare and started for home. She was so spirited that I reached Steubenville by noon, and home that evening.

The keel-boat had already arrived and was nearly loaded, for the captain had left Pittsburgh the evening before, and I contracted with him to return and take up another load of 500 barrels. I then returned to Pittsburgh on a second trip, this time going round by Big Beaver and Brighton, but could sell no flour at these places, and I went on round through Economy, where I saw gangs of the Economites out in their fields, both men

and women, cutting and binding barley. On a third trip to Pittsburgh, I sold flour at five dollars and some at four dollars and seventy-five cents, and left my agent, Mr. Estep, in whose warehouse I had my flour stored, to sell what he could, while I went up to Laurel Hill to visit my brother David, and also my brother-in-law William Andrews, living on the old Kithcart homestead just under the Chestnut Ridge.

I returned to Pittsburgh after a few days, and collected my money due for flour, and went up stairs to my room to make my money secure.

ALARM ABOUT ROBBERS.

I then took a large bandanna handkerchief, and laid all the bills in it in two rows endwise, and rolled them up to the amount of \$1,700, and tied it round my waist.

That night though it was very warm, I slept with my pants and vest buttoned on me, but it so happened that some time in the night I became very much alarmed, and no wonder, having so much money tied on my body. I was lying on my back and sound asleep, and no bed cover on me, the night being very hot, when I was waked up by the fingers of two hands of some one pinching me with these fingers. This feeling with the fingers before I waked caused me to groan heavily, and my first thought when I was awake enough to think, was that some black-leg had come to rob me; but before I had time to speak, the man spoke very soothingly, saying: "Stranger, don't be alarmed; I have lost the way to my room." I then spoke a little excited and half mad at the dunce for losing his way, and straggling into my room to alarm and waken me out of so sound a sleep. I told him that his room was just across the way, and he passed over to it, while I lay awake till my excitement ceased, and I then fell asleep again and slept sound till morning. After breakfast I paid my bill and started for home arriving there safe. I made a fourth trip to Pittsburgh early in August to complete the selling of the flour, and put the price down to four dollars, and had good success in selling at that price, but when it had all been sold but 115 barrels, it was found that some of it was getting sour, and I shipped the whole of the 115 barrels back to our mill, and there I thoroughly examined it, and found forty-five barrels of perfectly sweet flour. The rest we mixed with fresh bran and new flour and bolted it over in September, and as

flour had now raised in price to eight dollars a barrel, we sold this mixed flour for six dollars.

SALE OF RUSH RUN MILLS.

In the month of October, 1829, our old partner, William Wood, and his son Joshua, came down from Smithfield to see about the purchase of our half of the Rush Run Mills.

They stopped with my brother John and made known their errand to him, and he brought them over the Run into my yard, and called me out, where Joshua made known to me that he wished to buy out our share, being the one-half of the mill-property, offering us for it the sum of \$2000, and asking for possession immediately. If they could not buy us out, then they would sell out their half to us for \$1800; but I observed that we had not the money and were not able to buy it. But William Wood said he did not wish the money, but only our obligation at six per cent. interest, and we might take our own time to pay the principal. I took my brother John to one side, and told him that if he would join me, we would buy old William Wood out; but John replied that he would not, for he would rather sell to Joshua Wood at his offer now. He further said that old Robert Patterson had said that mill property was hardly worth having, and Patterson said he would sell out if he could get an offer. John further observed that our mill would soon need a great deal of repair; a new roof was now wanting, a new water-wheel and master cog-wheel, and a new superfine bolting-cloth. He thought that this was the very time for us to sell, when we had so good an offer from Joshua Wood. We went back and told him that if he would find me employment till April 1, 1830, and give us the use of the mill to grind out our stock of wheat, we would give him up the mill November 14th coming. But Joshua said he must have the house that I occupied for his family to live in. John proposed that he would take Rebecca Sherrard and her two boys in with him, and I could crowd into the house we had built for Rebecca two years before. But I demurred at the idea of leaving my good, comfortable house that I had been chiefly at the expense of building. But to ease me off, old William Wood and brother John promised to allow me something as a compensation for leaving my own house; but when we made a final settlement,

and I mentioned to them what they had promised me for my leaving my own house to Joshua, old William said he would give nothing, and John said he would do nothing, and so the matter ended.

And as to William Wood, he had some reason for this failure, for it was the first time I ever knew him to fail in his promise, for he was a man above most of men, having a first-rate, sterling principle; and this I had reason to know by being in partnership with him for eighteen years from the fall of 1811. It might be that he thought I had made a good winter's work of it, and so I had.

And as to my brother John, he had the hardest part of the bargain, having to keep Rebecca and her two boys all winter and a part of the next summer, until Sarah, John's wife, quarreled with Rebecca, and was the means of her leaving. Rebecca got Matthew Tennant's loom-shop, and set up housekeeping in it, and lived there till November 15, 1831, when I removed her and her two boys to my brother David's house and home in Fayette County, Pa.

SEEKING A NEW HOME.

We had now sold our share in the old mill property, and I and John had to look out for a new home each.

I started out to see if I could find a quarter section to purchase, and was offered the farm on which 'Squire Dawson then lived, and where he many years afterwards died, situated on the public road leading from La Grange to Smithfield, and about one and one half miles east of old Centre Church, containing 150 acres, at \$10 an acre, but I refused the offer; yet up to the time of his death Dawson made money and a good living on that farm by industry and good management.

I also had the offer of 160 acres owned at that time by William Simeral in Cross Creek township adjoining White's farm at \$10 an acre. Either of these farms was worth all that was asked, but I went further in seeking, but found none to please me, and so I rested easy for the time being. Finally my mother-in-law told me to rest easy and make my arrangements to move on to her farm in the spring and farm it, and take time to look out a farm to purchase, and I agreed to do so.

And now that fall of 1829 the time soon came round for my family to move and let the family of Joshua Wood move in, and my family

moved for the winter on November 14th into the little house that had been built for Rebecca Sherrard up the Run, just across the road from the mill-dam, and there we remained till April 1, 1830.

The fall of 1829 was an exceedingly busy season with myself and my brother John, for besides the extra work the sale of the mill property brought on us, I had been chosen and appointed by my old friend John Jackson, as one of the Executors of his will, and William Matthews the other, he being from Smithfield. John Jackson, who was one of the first elders of Centre Church, died October 24, 1829, and during the five years previous William Matthews and myself had been associated with him as elders in that church. During his last illness, while I was on a visit to Mr. Jackson, he asked me to serve as one of his Executors, and he gave me his will to keep, and after his death I took it to court and had it proved and recorded.

He was an honest and good man, and it was hard at that day or this to find his equal in every respect; for twenty years before his death Mr. Jackson had done much to have the church of Centre started and built up, and to have preaching there as often as circumstances would admit. He was elected Justice of the Peace about 1820, but he held it only a short time till he resigned, as he would not be bothered with the office, but he accepted and held the office of County Commissioner for the space of twenty years, but was obliged to decline serving at last. During the many years that he was Commissioner of Jefferson County he showed his kindness to me by having me appointed by their Board to go at least once a year, and some years oftener, with two others as the law directed, and view, lay out, or alter roads, as at that early day there was a great want of many new roads to be laid out in different parts of the country.

It was during the following January of 1830 that my wife's mother, Mrs. Hindman, came over on a visit to see us at Rush Run, and while with us her cousin, the Rev. Richard Campbell, pastor of the Three Springs Presbyterian Church above Holliday's Cove, Va., came over on a visit, bringing Mr. John Orr along. Finding that his cousin was not at home they came on over to our house, and there Mr. Orr first met Mrs. Hindman, which resulted in their marriage April 15, 1830.

At length the time was drawing near for the removal of my family

from Rush Run to Pleasant Hill, and about the middle of March I took my wife over to her mother's, and I returned to the mill to assist the colored man, John Caterden, to attend the mill.

One week later I returned to mother Hindman's to see how they were all getting along, and well I did, for the next morning I had to go to Smithfield and bring Dr. William Wood, and in due time I had a young son born to me March 24, 1830. This son was named John Hindman, after his mother's father, John Hindman deceased. I returned to the mill the next day, but by Saturday evening I came back to Pleasant Hill to see how my wife and young son were getting along.

SECTION XIII.

1830-1833.

LIFE AT PLEASANT HILL.

THE 1st of April, 1830, arrived, and all was bustle and stir in and about our house, packing up and preparing to be off to our new home over at Pleasant Hill, six miles away, and with the remainder of my family and movables we arrived safe at the house of mother-in-law.

I had spent eighteen years and three and a half months at Rush Run, and in these long years I had seen many a hard day's work done in and out of the mill; and now when I had got away from the turmoil and care and anxiety of a public life, I became more contented and happy on Pleasant Hill farm and my new home than I had ever been in any other place or home in my life.

In a few days after moving I went back to Rush Run and settled with Joshua Wood for all that was coming to me for my work during the winter.

The next event, only two weeks after our moving, was the marriage

of mother-in-law to Mr. Orr, and she then left us the next day for her new home over in the Cove.

During the summer of 1830 I made a final settlement with old William Wood, who had been our partner for eighteen years in the mill. He was a model Quaker of sterling, honest principle. I also settled all old standing accounts with my brother John, some of which had been standing unsettled for several years. My brother John continued his residence at the old mill for the present year.

It was during this summer that I brought my mother up from John's at Rush Run on a visit to see my family.

She had a strong desire to see her grandson John, and also all the other older grandchildren. My mother staid with us for several weeks, and during this stay she expressed her desire to come and make her home with us, but as my brother John had her money in his hands, and that had always been her home, and as I and my wife knew that it would not be long till mother would tire with the noise and prattle of seven children, we thought it best not to encourage her desire to live with us.

And as mother had expressed a desire to go up to Fayette County to visit her son David, I wrote to him to that effect that she wished to visit him and her old brother, David Cathcart, and he did come down with his carriage in September and took mother up to his house, where she remained till her death, in 1833.

My brother David, while he was down, made arrangements with Rebecca Sherrard, widow of my deceased brother Thomas for her with her two sons to move up to his farm, and he would build her a small and neat house not far from his own house, so that he might have the opportunity of helping her to raise, support and school her boys, and that they might have the opportunity of learning to work, so that they could make a living as they passed on through the world.

About the 1st of September, 1830, I took a trip out to Fremont and made a final settlement with Col. Chambers, who was joint administrator with me in settling up the estate of my deceased brother Thomas, and I had found him a very efficient partner in the business from first to last. Returning on my homeward way I stopped at Coshocton to see Johnson, the clerk of the Court, with whom I had left the land warrant for

100 acres of military land the December of 1825. I found that he was dead, and that he had never located the land in Coshocton County. His widow returned to me the warrant, and demanded of me \$1 for her husband's trouble, which I cheerfully paid, and I then left Coshocton and came on to Cambridge in Guernsey County, where I staid all night. From there I went out seven miles west where my farm was located that I had purchased in April, 1816, with the money received from my first wife shortly after we were married. I had a tenant on the land by the name of Tulk, but I found that he was doing but little good for himself, and far less for me, and in order that I might find better use for my money vested in said land, I left word that I would sell it at \$500, and very low at that for one hundred and sixty acres, with fifteen acres cleared and fenced.

On my homeward way, near Cambridge, I overtook a young man riding a young horse of three years of age, and as I was on the lookout for a good work horse, I bought this one from the young man for \$60, and brought him home with me. And I would here remark that this horse proved to be one of the most gentle and serviceable that I ever owned; except Tom horse that I now have, and which I raised from my own stock of horses. Tom horse is descended on the mother's side from the stock known forty or fifty years ago as the "Marquis of Granby," and on the sire's side as the "Defiance," and a better breed of horses I never owned. That horse that I bought at Cambridge lived to be twenty-nine or thirty years old, and his name was "Fox." I had not been long at home till a man named John Burress, from Pennsylvania, who had been out near Cambridge and had seen my farm there and had heard that it was for sale, called to see me, and purchased it on the conditions of \$400 cash in hand, and the balance on interest till paid.

My aim was to sell this land, and also the quarter section out on Sugar Creek, in Wayne County, and also the farm of eighty-two acres on which we were now living, that formerly belonged to John Hindman, deceased, as I had lately purchased the interest of Betsy Hindman and her mother in this farm, and with the cash thus realized purchase a larger farm.

THAT LAND WARRANT AGAIN.

Some time after my return from Cambridge, having received from the widow of Johnson the Land Warrant that belonged to the estate of my deceased brother Thomas, which he had got from one John McClain down the Mississippi in 1818, and not knowing how or where now to find military land to lay it on, and as I had been offered in Cambridge, in June, 1825, by a land speculator named Beatty \$40 for it, I concluded that as administrator of my brother's estate, I would sell it as personal property.

Under that impression I offered it to old Jack Lockard, who then lived on the next farm, for \$50, but he was not willing to close the bargain until he would send the number and date of it to Humphrey H. Leavitt, who was then in Congress, to see if it was good. Judge Leavitt wrote back to Lockard that it was a good warrant, but at the same time he wrote to me not to sell the warrant, but send it to him, and he would exchange it for scrip that would be worth \$125. According to Judge Leavitt's advice I sent the warrant to him, and he returned me the scrip, which I kept safe till the two heirs became of full age, at which time they signed the scrip over to me to cancel in part a debt due to me from the estate of my brother Thomas. However, some time after I had received the scrip I took it with me to Steubenville and showed it to Lawyer Stokely, and asked him if I could sell it as personal property belonging to the heirs of my deceased brother Thomas, and he said that I could not, because it had certainly something of realty about it, and he advised me to place the scrip in the hands of my brother David, as he was the guardian of the minor heirs, and suggested that the guardian should petition the Orphans' Court at Uniontown, and the Court would order him to sell it to me, and my claim would thereby in part be paid.

This I did, and the guardian took advice of a lawyer in Uniontown named Piper, and he said at once that the Court would not listen to such a thing, unless the guardian could make it appear that the scrip must be sold to pay for clothing or support of these minor heirs. And this advice put a quietus on any further proceedings about the sale of said scrip. I finally sold the scrip to my son Robert for \$100, it being

worth on its face \$125, and it did purchase for him 100 acres of good land in the southwest corner of Missouri.

A CHURCH LAWSUIT.

During the fall of 1830 I had a lawsuit before 'Squire Dawson with Joshua Carroll. This suit arose from the stubbornness of Joshua Carroll in refusing to pay his subscription to support the preaching of the gospel at old Centre Church. Joshua, when a young and single man, tried to cut a wide swath. He was very outsetting, and wished to be noticed by young females, as it was his intention some day to take one home for a housekeeper. And when the subscription paper was passed around at old Centre meeting-house, the fall of 1821, to raise funds to support the Rev. Jacob Cozard for half his time at Centre, Joshua Carroll was up as high as several other subscribing members.

He put down \$4 to be paid yearly, and Joshua did pay up his subscription for the first year, but paid no more till I, as Treasurer of the church compelled him by bringing suit before 'Squire Dawson. The Carroll family all left Centre Church the fall of 1826, and in defending the suit I claimed no more than for the time the family attended. Joshua made a lame defense, but it was a plain case, and the 'Squire gave judgment for the full amount of my claim of \$16 as agent of the congregation.

Joshua Carroll was the only subscriber that I sued, although a number of others deserved suing, for those who willingly paid up their own liabilities had to make up for the delinquencies of others; and so it is in almost all Presbyterian congregations.

THE PURCHASE OF PLEASANT HILL.

• Among other transactions I performed the summer of 1830, I purchased mother Hindman's right of dower in the Pleasant Hill farm, situate on a branch of McIntyre's fork of Cross Creek, called Slab Camp. It got its name from the circumstance that some old hunters in very early times made it a point to come over in the fall season, when the Indians were peaceable, and hunt; and for a shelter by night, or when it rained, they split puncheons and split slabs, and built a hut and covered it, and that gave the name of "Slab Camp" to the small creek or run

that formed a part of McIntyre stream, and this camp was occupied by deer hunters from across the Ohio River for many years.

When I purchased mother Hindman Orr's right of dower in the eighty-two acre farm on Pleasant Hill, section 25, township 6, range 2, Cross Creek township, Jefferson County, Ohio, for \$155, together with her share of eight acres of wheat in the ground, I paid that sum into the hand of her husband, John Orr, and took of them a quitclaim.

I next purchased the right in the said eighty-two acres of land of Betsy Hindman, sister to my wife, Jane Hindman, for the sum of \$450, for which I gave her my notes with six per cent. interest, adding into these notes what would be Betsy's share of the grain in the ground, and had a deed of her undivided share of the one-half of the eighty-two acres.

And now I had a snug little farm and a home of my own without any let or hindrance, with which I could do as I pleased. I would here remark how I came at the worth of mother Hindman Orr's right of dower in the farm; I asked mother-in-law how much the eighty-two acres would rent for a year, and she replied that it would rent for \$40 a year. I then said that her share of the \$40 a year would be \$13.33. She was at the time fifty-two years old, and her husband, Mr. Orr, was sixty-six years old. How long, then, would she live to enjoy the rent of the eighty-two acre farm?

Well, seeing that the life of man is set at seventy years, I said that she might live to seventy years, or she might die to-morrow, as life is very uncertain. In justice, then, take the one-half between fifty-two and seventy, which is nine years.

The amount of rent then coming to her for nine years would be nine times \$13.33, or \$120, leaving an allowance of \$35 for her share of wheat in the ground. And the calculation came out right, for it so happened and it was so ordered that mother Orr did not live quite the nine years out, for this transaction was about the first of May, 1830, and she died February 4, 1839.

DRAWING A WILL.

Some time in the course of the year 1830 I was called upon to go and draw the will of old William McClelland, which I did. This will I kept

no copy of, but recollect that as the testator had but one son, a lawful heir, the farm and all the personal property was left to that son, and to his son's lawful heirs forever; and it might be construed that this will entailed the real estate.

I added in the will that the old man's son and only heir should have liberty at any time he saw proper to sell and to convey the same for his benefit and the benefit of his children. And notwithstanding this turning clause was put in, yet it was afterwards construed to be a will giving an entailment of the real property to the old man's grandchildren, which was not the case.

Some years after the old man's death, a certain Peter Runyon contracted with young William McClelland for the farm, but on his becoming alarmed about the possibility of an entailment, he secured a copy of this clause of the will and sent it out to Cadiz, and had Josiah Scott, a prominent, honest and reliable lawyer, to examine it, and his advice to Runyon was to have nothing to do with it, for there certainly was an entailment in said will.

So Peter went back on his contract. However, the sequel will show the difference in the opinion of two good lawyers, for not long after this old Finley McGrew purchased the same farm of young William McClelland, not having the fear of an entailment before his eyes, and he deeded his farm to his son, James McGrew. Some few years after that, James McGrew and Harlem Ong, son of Finley, took it into their heads to swap farms, and then, not long after, young Harlem Ong heard of the entailment, and began to fear its possible consequences, and wanted James McGrew to rue bargain, which he refused to do. But McGrew proposed to young Ong to come to me, and I went with them to town, and there I met with old Finley McGrew and old Finley Ong. The latter immediately asked me if I was afraid of an entailment on that farm, and I told him I was not. He then asked me if I would be willing to swap my farm for it, and I said I would provided I got boot enough. We then went to the Clerk's office and examined the will, and I explained to them, that fearing I was going to make an entailment, I changed the run of the will by the testator giving his son liberty at any time he thought proper to sell the farm for his benefit and the benefit of his heirs. But all that I said did not satisfy young Ong, but he asked me to go into the

Court House, for the Court was in session at the time, and bring into the Clerk's office Lawyer Edwin M. Stanton, who is now, June 22, 1865, Secretary of War. I did so, and Stanton asked leave of the Court for absence for a few moments, and on examination of the record of the will, he told those present there was no entailment there, and then turning to me he remarked that that was just such a will as he himself would have drawn, and I replied that I had drawn that will.

A LAWYER'S FEE.

Harlem Ong then asked Stanton what his charge was, and Stanton replied: "Five dollars." Young Ong paid him the five dollars for about five minutes' service, and Stanton went back to the court room. Soon after that I said I must go home, and I was asked my charge, and I said: "Half-a-dollar," which Ong paid me in silver, and I was home by noon, well content that I had made fifty cents in three hours. But I could but reflect how great a difference there was between a lawyer's and a farmer's conscience; the lawyer must have five dollars for his advice and five minutes' service, while the other loses three hours and gives his opinion for fifty cents.

But all this trouble and expense did not satisfy Harlem Ong. He had got entailment on the brain so strongly fixed that he did not believe either lawyer Stanton or me, but afterwards teased James McGrew for a rue bargain; and at length McGrew told Ong he would rue bargain, and deed back Ong's old farm to him if he would give him \$500, which Ong gave him, and James McGrew still to this day occupies that old "entailed" McClelland farm.

I have written this much to show that part of my history lay mixed up in this entailment. This year 1830 was a busy year with me, and I do not recollect that I ever went through so many varied scenes in any year of my life either before or since.

A VISIT TO FAYETTE COUNTY.

When my brother David was down the fall of 1830 and took our mother home with him, he made arrangements with our sister-in-law Rebecca to come up to Fayette County, and he would build her a house on his farm where she and her two boys could live. Accordingly, he

wrote to me the fall of 1831 that as I and my wife were expecting that fall to come up on a visit to his house and the friends in that county, if I would bring Rebecca and her boys along, he would pay the expenses of their trip.

I then made all the arrangements, and took my own dearborn wagon, in which I and my wife and Rebecca rode, and I borrowed my brother John's wagon and two horses, and hired Alexander Lockard to drive this team, with which he took the boys and the household goods that Rebecca had to move. We started on the morning of November 15, 1831, and we occupied three days and two nights making the journey, when we arrived at my brother David's, and saw my mother and old Uncle David Cathcart, all glad to see us. After visiting the relatives of my first wife, William Andrews, Joseph Cunningham and John Sloanaker, for several days, I and my wife came over into Washington County, and in the town of Washington we staid two nights with my wife Jane's uncle Robert Hindman. We next went over to Richard Hindman's, and staid all night, and then to my wife's great-aunt, Mrs. William Campbell, who was Elizabeth Johnston, where we staid all night.

And last we went over to old Richard Johnston's, the father of Dr. Thomas Johnson, of Steubenville. We found young Richard Johnson, son of old Richard, lying low in consumption, contracted by getting up in the middle of the cold nights of winter to care for the young lambs of his father's flock of sheep, and he lived only a month or two after we saw him. From this point near Canonsburg we returned home through Hickory, Burgettstown, Florence and Paris, and the Cove, where we stopped one night at old Father Orr's, and on home through Steubenville, where we found Betsy Hindman, whom we had left as caretaker of our family of six children, viz.: Mary Ann, Joseph, David, Elizabeth, Nancy and John; for it must be remembered that son Robert was still with his grandmother Kithcart in Mount Pleasant. We had now been absent from home for a little over three weeks.

GREAT FLOOD OF 1832.

Towards the latter part of February, 1832, the great flood in the Ohio River came on, known as the greatest flood in that river for sixty years; nor has there been any as great from that time to this, although thirty-

eight years have rolled round since that flood. The flood in the Ohio River of April 20, 1852, was up near the old mark of 1832, or within one or two feet of it.

On March 22, 1832, a little daughter was born to us, and in kindness to her mother we called her name Jane.

She is now (July 4th, 1865) as large as she will ever be, and by this time she has been taught to be useful in life. At the sale of the land on Sugar Creek, Wayne County, Ohio, belonging to the heirs of the Kithcart estate, it will be remembered that I purchased a quarter section, and this I sold to one Daniel Foulk, February 26, 1831, for the sum of \$800,—\$200 cash in hand, and the balance in annual payments of \$200, with interest, April 1st each year, until paid. However, Foulk paid it all up March 19, 1832, and I and my wife made him a good deed of that date, and that was the end of my interest in the Sugar Creek land.

SUGAR HILL FARM PURCHASED.

John Scott, who learned the milling business with me at Rush Run, had rented the Wells Mill, near Steubenville, the spring of 1832, and this had the effect of bringing about a change in my affairs and of my family in many particulars. It so happened that on September 30, 1832, I came up to Steubenville on some business, and as usual called down at the mill to see how John Scott and his family were getting along. While there he said to me: "You have said to me that you would like to buy a farm near Steubenville, and now is your chance. For James McWhaw and sons, who purchased a large farm from old James Ross on the hill, on what is called 'Sugar Hill Farm,' have divided the farm into three parts, and are going to sell each of the three divisions to the highest bidder on to-morrow, and now is your chance to buy one of these farms, and you had better stay with us to-night and go up to the sale to-morrow." I took Scott at his word, and staid with him all night, and the next morning I went up to Sugar Hill Farm. It was not long until the sale opened up by offering tract No. 1, lying northeast, containing 145 acres. William McDonald, of Steubenville, was the only bidder for that farm, and it was sold to him at \$15 an acre. Tract No. 2, lying north of the one that I bought, containing 132 acres, was sold to old Tom Williams at \$20.50 an acre. But I rued it sadly

that I did not run it up a little higher and outbid Williams, but I wanted the largest farm of the three, which had the dwelling-house and barn and two large sheep sheds, and the old apple orchard, which was at that time well loaded with apples. I was fearful of going too deep in debt for land at the time, nor did I think of the three quarter sections of land I owned and paid for,—two of them at Sandusky and the other on Sugar Creek, lately sold to Daniel Foulk. But if I had bought that tract that Tom Williams got, and then bid off the farm we now live on, I would have just hit it, for we could have paid for it in four years off its own soil.

But to return to the sale; when tract No. 3 was put up I bid for it in the house, and old Joseph Robinson bid for it out on the porch, and we ran it up one dollar at a time; then fifty cents at a time, till it reached \$21 an acre. Then I bid twelve and a half cents more, and Robinson bid thirteen cents; I bid fourteen and he fifteen, and I bid sixteen, and it was knocked off to me at \$21.16 an acre. The conditions of the sales were that the purchaser of these farms must pay \$200 down, and April 1, 1833, must pay down \$1000, at which time McWhaw was to make a deed, and the purchasers were to have eight annual payments with interest. In my tract there were 150 acres, more or less. After the sale I returned to the house of John Scott, and received from him \$200 that I had loaned to him, and the next day I returned to McWhaw's and paid him down the \$200, and articed with him to pay \$1000 April 1st next. However, when April 1, 1833, came, and I went into Steubenville to meet McWhaw, it was found that old James Ross was not willing to release McWhaw from the mortgage he held for the whole undivided tract, and take a mortgage on each of us three purchasers individually, and allow us eight annual payments. But Ross was willing to give us four years and take a mortgage on us separately, and release McWhaw from his mortgage so that McWhaw could make us our deeds. At length this was agreed to by all the parties, and I paid down my \$1000 and received my deed, and the rest was paid in yearly payments at the Mechanics' Bank of Steubenville, with six per cent. interest on each payment.

After the purchase of the farm, October 2, 1832, I had no opportunity of examining the premises particularly, but returned home, and as I

went homeward I felt sad, not knowing whether my purchase was good or not. But just one week afterwards I returned to the new farm and brought my wife along, and we took a view of the whole farm, and after this view I became better satisfied with my purchase. Shortly after the 20th of October I went to my newly purchased farm, taking David and two work horses along, and we took in the little dearborn wagon provisions to last us from Monday till Saturday. My object was first to cut logs to build a work-shop, and then to prepare three acres below the barn for meadow, for there was not one foot of meadow on this farm at that time.

Nor was there a fruit tree of any kind except the apple orchard, which was all of natural fruit, except four trees of the Gate variety and a few other grafted trees. I went to the nursery of Samuel Wood and bought of him thirty choice grafted apple trees and planted them out; also two cherry trees, a May Duke and a Marmaduke; also five choice plum trees, a number of black and red Morello cherry trees, and three Black Heart cherry trees, so that in a few years we had plenty of different kinds of fruits. One evening, while David was with me over at the new farm, we went down and spent the night at John Scott's, and a little girl there, who was employed by Mrs. Scott, had the measles, and it was just at the stage of the disease when it was contagious. David caught the infection and carried it home to the family at Pleasant Hill, and in due time seven of the eight children were down with the measles at one time, but Jane, the baby, did not take them, although exposed to them every day, and she never did have the measles all her life.

Near the last of January, 1833, I advertised the Pleasant Hill farm for sale, and on February 11th I sold it to Robert Brown for the sum of \$1050, one-third to be paid on or before the last day of March next, and the balance in eight equal annual payments of \$87.50 each, with interest.

SECTION XIV.

1833-1845.

SUGAR HILL FARM.

ON April 1, 1833, I and all the family bade adieu to Pleasant Hill, where my wife, Jane Hindman, was brought up from the time she was six years old, where she and I were married, and where I, in the bosom of my interesting family, spent three of the most happy years of my long life, and it is a pity that I and others cannot at all times enjoy life as I did during those three years after we had left Rush Run and were settled on the farm at Pleasant Hill.

My wife's sister, Betsy Hindman, had come over from the Cove, where she had her home with her mother, Mrs. Orr, and helped us move. I and my wife and Betsy rode on horseback, and carried the three younger children; I carried Nancy before me, Betsy carried John, and my wife carried Jane, the baby, while the other children walked and drove the cattle, as the distance was about ten miles.

We arrived at our new home before noon, and as soon as I had my dinner, I left the two hired men, William Meldrum and Robert Hutcheson, to put up bedsteads and dispose of the household goods as my wife might direct, while I was off to town to meet McWhaw and settle about the payments on the farm.

OUR NEIGHBORS AT SUGAR HILL.

At this point it is proper to mention something about the neighbors by whom we found ourselves surrounded when we moved to this new home, the spring of 1833.

This Sugar Hill Farm lies on the high ridge of land two miles southwest from Steubenville, and the house was situated in the middle of the farm east and west, but not more than twenty rods from the northern line of the farm, and on the very dividing ridge where the water at the house would flow to the east toward the Ohio River, or to the west

toward Cross Creek, which latter stream was distant a mile and a half. The farm was bounded on the north by the lands of William McDonald and old Tom Williams, recently purchased of McWhaw; on the south by the farm of old Granny Aikens; on the east by the lands of Thanny and John Wilson; and on the west by the lands of David Foster and Robert McConnell.

Our nearest neighbors were the McConnells, whose farm adjoined ours on the southwest, separated by a public road, and their house was about half a mile away.

In this family were Robert McConnell and his wife, whose maiden name was Jane Hawk. Their children were: Joseph, who married first Mary Thompson, and second, Rebecca McClure; Robert Hawk, who married Rebecca Jane Blackburn; Hannah, who married John Walker; Eliza Jane, who married Joseph Hook; Nancy, who married William McDowell; and Thomas, who died when about two years old.

Joining McConnell's, on the southwest and southeast, was the farm of Richard Iams, whose family consisted of himself, wife and five children,—Amos, Perry, Andy, Mary Ann and Eleanor, who married Lewis Anderson, of Steubenville. After the death of Richard Iams, the farm was sold; his wife went to live with her daughter Eleanor in town, and the boys went off out west. Part of the farm was purchased by Joseph Gracy, who was married to a daughter of old Mr. Hook, and they had children named Mary, James and Ida. The other part of the Iams farm was bought by Robert McConnell, and in one of the fields of that part of the Iams farm stood the old log school-house where our children first went to school after we moved into that neighborhood.

Lying to the south of our farm, and separated by a public road, was the farm of Granny Aikens. It was remarkable for one field which formed a singular knob, and this was the highest point of land in all that region, where there was a fine view in every direction, especially away across the Ohio River into the Pan-Handle of Virginia. Still farther on to the south, past the Granny Aikens place, was the farm of James Erwin. He had married Eleanor Hill, and had first lived in Steubenville, and kept what was known as the "Round Corner" tavern; but about a year before we came into the neighborhood, they had moved out to this place, which had been a part of the Hill farm. The

Erwin children were as follows: Robert, who was a young man of remarkable promise, but he died at the age of nineteen; Margaret, who married Joseph Blackburn; Rosamond, who married Andrew Gould; Sarah Jane; Mary, who married Samuel Scott; Eleanor; James William, who married Adda Barron; John, who married Tillie Abrams, and Samuel, who died young.

In after years, about 1839, the old school-house on the Iams place was abandoned, and a new one was built about twenty rods beyond Erwin's house, on a corner of the farm of James Hill. It was situated in a grove of large oak trees, and was first known as Hill's school-house, and afterwards as the Oak Grove school-house. The first teacher in this new school-house was Baz. Johnson, and here all of our younger children went to school. This was about three-quarters of a mile from our house.

South of this school-house about half a mile was the old Hill homestead, where lived old Robert Hill and his wife, whose maiden name was Rosamond Welsh. Their children were,—George, who married Peggy Odbert, and lived half a mile east of the old homestead until the marriage of his brother Joseph in 1848; Stephen, who married Martha Searles and lived in town; John, who died young; Robert, who married Sally Johnson and lived farther down towards Cross Creek, and carried on the milling business; James, who married Maria Neff, and lived on the old homestead; Joseph Welsh, who married our oldest daughter, Mary Ann; Peggy, who married John Hill, of Beallsville, Pa.; and Eleanor, who married James Erwin. The old Hill homestead farm was divided, and the western half fell to James, and the eastern part to Joseph. It was here that George Hill lived in the early days of our coming to the neighborhood, and adjoining that farm still farther to the east was the farm and home of Jeremiah Hallock, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of this district. He was the son of the Rev. Jeremiah Hallock, of Plainfield, Conn., and, when a young man, came out to Steubenville, settled down there as a lawyer, united with the First Presbyterian Church by profession, and afterwards became an honored elder in that church, and so continued to the day of his death. In his family were his wife and his adopted daughter, who was a niece of his wife's, named Lavinia Annable. She afterwards married Adam Boyd, who

lived down on Cross Creek, and afterwards moved out to the vicinity of Council Bluffs, Iowa. In the family of Judge Hallock was also his nephew, Homan Hallock, who afterwards married and lived for years in Holliday's Cove, and then in Steubenville, and was the father of twelve children (two of whom are the Rev. Gerard B. F. Hallock, of Rochester, N. Y., and the Rev. Robert C. Hallock, of Tennent, N. J.—T. J. S.).

Passing along the public road eastward, about a quarter of a mile from the new school-house, was the home of Thanny Wilson and his sister Nancy, neither of whom were ever married, and a little farther on lived their brother John Wilson, who married Susan Lloyd, and their children were four boys: James, John, Henry and Isaac.

Southeast of our house half a mile, away down in a deep ravine, just at the point where our farm, the Granny Aikens farm, and the Wilson farm all joined, there lived in a little log cabin a character in the neighborhood named Felix Pryor. He had married a widow by the name of Myers, and their son David Myers lived with them. He has for many years been an enterprising business man of Steubenville. Besides this stepson David Myers, Felix Pryor had two sons of his own by this marriage, and their names were John and Joseph. (David Myers died December 16, 1889.—T. J. S.)

Across from our farm to the northeast, in the direction of town, there was the farm that William McDonald had purchased of McWhaw, and here afterwards for many years lived a man named Ben Hart, and in after years the property changed hands many times. Westward from that, and directly north of us, was the old Tom Williams farm, which for many years has been owned and occupied by his nephew, Obadiah J. Williams. Northwest of that was the farm owned and occupied by David England, and afterwards rented by Robert Thompson; but the farm is still owned by the England heirs. Westward from England's, and about a mile from our house, was the home of David Foster, who went to California in the days of the gold excitement of '49, and died on his way home. His children were: Mary, who married Mr. Coe; Kate; Ephraim; James; and Margaret, who married William Grafton and lives in Steubenville.

About half way over to Foster's, down in the hollow, lived Mrs. Mattie Gamble, who was a niece of old Tom Williams. Her maiden

name was Mattie Work, and she had married William Gamble, and had children: William, Martha, Thomas, Andy, Mary Jane and John. Directly westward from our house about three-quarters of a mile there lived an old and respectable colored man by the name of William Westbrook. He was the father of Alex. Westbrook, who lived on my farm in the tenant-house in after years, and was one of the best work hands I ever had. After the death of old William Westbrook the farm passed into other hands, and for years past it has been owned by Robert Hawk McConnell, who has brought up a family of four boys and two girls. Still farther to the west, and about one mile from our house, lived old John Williams and his family.

His wife was Margaret Crawford, a sister of old Nathaniel Crawford, and their children were: John, who was educated at New Athens College, read law, and settled in Marion, O.; Margaret, who married James Kendall; Obadiah Jennings, who married Elizabeth Decker after he had lived for years as an old bachelor; and Elizabeth, who married a Mr. Charnock in Wheeling. There was another family living between Williams' and Foster's, that of John Sutherland, and he had children Margaret and Alexander.

These were all near neighbors within about a mile from our house in every direction. There were others who lived farther away, as the Ekeys, and Hooks, and Goulds, and Boyds, and Adamses, and Peelors, and Potters, who lived down at Mingo.

DIGGING THE WELL.

There was no well on the premises when we moved to the new farm, but we were obliged to get all our water for house use at a spring several rods away down the hill as we went towards town, and this was very inconvenient.

Accordingly it was my purpose to have a well dug as soon as possible near the house. That fall of 1833 old Mr. Orr, of Holliday's Cove, who had married my mother-in-law, Mrs. Hindman, came with his wife over on a visit to our house, and in the course of conversation Mr. Orr learned that we were going to have a well dug near the kitchen door. He asked me if I had got any person to tell by means of a forked stick

where the stream of water was to be found. I replied that I had not done so, for I did not believe in such folly and superstition.

He said that he could tell where there was water, and so he went to a thrifty peach tree and cut a forked stick. With this he went two or three times around the house, each time enlarging his circle, until at last, when he had gone about ten rods out beyond where the new stable now stands, he stopped and said there was water here.

I said that I did not want to dig a well there, for it was too far away from the house. It was very likely that there was water where he had indicated, for there was a natural depression of the ground in that particular place, which gradually formed into a ravine below the barn where a spring came out, but Mother Orr and I were diverted at seeing Mr. Orr searching for water with a forked stick, for neither of us believed in such things.

Coming home from the annual election that fall of 1833, the second Tuesday of October, I fell in with an old Smithfield acquaintance named John Pool, and I hired him for \$10 a month to come and work for me, particularly in digging the well, as he said he was up to that kind of work. The first day he went down eight feet, but at the depth of thirteen feet he came on a hard, slaty substance, so that in eleven days he had gone down only twenty-two feet.

Pool then left after the end of his month, for he would not stay any longer, and the well had to stand still for a whole year. Then the fall of 1834 I went all the way out to Stillwater, where Pool lived, and brought him in and set him to work in the well once more. But it was no go, for Pool was not contented, and after only three days' work he complained that the dampness in the well gave him the "ager," as he called it, so I paid him and sent Joseph with him part of the way home to take him on a horse, and I never saw John Pool after that.

Pool had the bump of the marvellous largely developed in him, for no man could tell a story full of exaggeration but he would match it. He had gone on a flatboat in 1817 down to New Orleans, and when he got home he had many marvellous stories to tell of what he had seen during his trip. Among other curiosities that Pool had seen was a thousand dollar bank note on the United States Bank, a branch of which was located in New Orleans.

Some one present remarked that that was a very large note, meaning the amount, when Pool said: "Yes, I declare it was as big as a newspaper." The well was finally finished by a man from town named Fisher, who blasted out the rock till the well reached the depth of thirty-six feet.

A small stream of water had already been secured, and as there was no increase in the amount of water, I ordered Fisher to stop work, and bargained with him to wall up the well for the sum of \$3, and this he did.

When he first came to work at the well he asked me who had searched out that place for a well, and I replied that I selected the place for its convenience, and did not believe in water-witches, nor anything of that kind.

Fisher, however, got a forked stick, and went round and round the house with the stick in his hand, and at length stopped at the side of the well, and told me that I had hit the very spot.

My fifth daughter and ninth child was born July 31, 1834, and she was called Susanna Cathcart for my old aunt, the wife of old Uncle David Cathcart.

The spring of 1835 I and the boys Joseph and David began to clear the ground on the south side of the farm around where the square log house now stands, and that summer I employed old Alex. Grimes to hew logs and make shingles for that tenant house, but it was not raised and completed till 1837. In the latter part of March, 1835, I had our threshing done for the first time by a common large threshing machine, which required from four to six horses to keep up sufficient power, and ten hands to do the work, exclusive of the one who fed the machine and the one who drove the horses. Previous to this time I had always had my crops tramped out with horses. But now, at this early period of threshing with a machine, the sheaves had all to be loosed by hand, as it was thought that if cut the tie would break out the spikes.

It was in May, 1835, that I became security for John Scott the miller to old John England in the sum of \$500, and in this I lost heavily, for Scott broke up completely, and it cost me over \$1000, principal and interest, before I had done with it. So much for going security—a lesson learned by experience in a dear school, which may be a warning to me

and my posterity. This, with what I lost by going security for old Harry Swearingen, made \$1800.

In January, 1836, my brother John and I made arrangements to go on a visit together to Fayette County, Pa., to see our old Uncle David Cathcart, and I took my daughter, Mary Ann, along. We found our brother David and his wife Betsy well, and also old Uncle Cathcart, although in two months from that time, on March 17th, he would be ninety-two years of age. He remarked to me, however, that he was weak and tottery on his feet, and I noticed this weakness in his limbs when he would walk across the floor. And I further noticed at that time that his Highland Scotch visage, his high and large cheek bones appeared to want that amount of flesh to cover them that was noticed in former days. But he lived on till the month of June, 1836, when he breathed his last. He was a good man and was much respected wherever he resided, for he was a God-fearing man and always acted from a conscientious principle. He was buried in the old Laurel Hill grave-yard, beside his wife, Susanna Guthridge, who had died April 21, 1826.

He was the eldest son of Alexander Cathcart and his wife Ann Gamble, and a full brother of my mother, Mary Cathcart. He was born in County Fermanagh, Ireland, March 17, 1744, old style; was married to Susannah Guthridge September 3, 1770; left Ireland, with his wife, August 10, 1772; came to America and settled at a mill in Nottingham Township, Chester County, Pa., not far from New London Cross Roads, where his uncle, Andrew Gamble, was already settled, at Thunder Hill. Here he remained till the spring of 1780, when with his father and sister Mary he removed west of the mountains, and settled in Fayette County, Pa., where he died. His wife Susannah was born in County Fermanagh, Ireland, December 5, 1748.

Our old uncle had been very deaf for the last fifty years of his life.

TRIP NORTHWEST WITH JOSEPH W. HILL.

On Wednesday, October 26, 1836, I and our neighbor, Joseph W. Hill, left home after dinner on a journey to Sandusky City, and thence to the town of Fremont. We proceeded that evening as far as my brother John's, four miles west of Smithfield, where we lodged the first

night. The next day we passed onward on our trip, and stopped a night at New Philadelphia, and then on through Wooster to the home of Thomas Andrews, my brother-in-law, by two o'clock Saturday afternoon. Late that evening we went over to visit the family of Thomas Kithcart, where we staid over Sabbath. Thomas Andrews died two years after this, September 18, 1838, and left two boys, Joseph and Thomas, who both became ministers in the United Presbyterian Church, and were both strong advocates of Rouse's Version of the Psalms of David. Thomas died young of consumption in September, 1865, and Joseph died of the same disease June 19, 1869, he being at that time pastor of the U. P. Church of Wellsville, O.

On Monday we left the house of Thomas Kithcart, and went on our way, stopping for the night at a little town called Rome. At this tavern, where we stopped, they had a little gathering to pare apples and stir apple-butter, but we had no invitation to join in with their sports.

In the morning after breakfast we paid each seventy-five cents for our two meals and lodging, as well as our horse feed, and this was the common charge all along our way.

From this town we passed on through half a dozen small towns, and finally stopped for the night at a tavern eight miles from Sandusky City, but the next morning we rode on to Sandusky City, which is on the bay which opens out into the main body of the waters of Lake Erie. From this place we made our way southward toward Fremont, until we came to a place over to the northeast of Fremont.

In this vicinity, lying on both sides of Little Pickerel Creek, was my quarter section of land which my brother Thomas had entered for me in July, 1822, and which I had never yet seen. We staid all night with a man named Higly, who lived just across the creek from my land, and the next morning he took us all over my land to see it.

From there we passed on up eight miles to the town of Fremont, where we did not detain long, but rode on out about two miles to Rideout's, where, after dinner, I got Mr. Rideout to go with us and show us the three quarter sections of land that belonged to my brother John and myself, and also to the heirs of my brother Thomas, and my object was to see if any timber had been taken away, but I found that nothing of that kind had been done.

We returned to Rideout's and staid all night, and the next morning we came into the town of Fremont. This was November 4, 1836, the day of the Presidential election.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION OF 1836.

I felt inclined to get my vote cast for General William Henry Harrison, as he was the Whig candidate, while Martin Van Buren was the Loco Foco, or Democratic candidate. However, my first object in leaving home and coming here was to obtain from the Clerk of the Court a statement of the indebtedness of the estate of Thomas G. Sherrard to me as Administrator. As I held scrip worth \$125 as a part of the assets of the estate, I wished to obtain an order from the Orphans' Court of Fayette County, Pa., ordering the guardian of the two minor children of Thomas G. Sherrard, William J. and Thomas, to sell me the said scrip to satisfy in part my claim against said estate. Another object I had in coming here at this time was to pay taxes on my own two quarters and two quarters of my brother John, and also on the three quarters belonging to the estate above mentioned.

I went to the house where the election was held and voted for Harrison. I had left Joseph Hill at the public house where we had put up, and I felt inclined to let him stay there, that he might have no chance to vote, as he was a Democrat, but I missed my aim. I had gone over the river to see the County Treasurer, Mr. Vandoren, about the taxes, and he soon began to quiz me as to my views about the election, desiring to know the prospect of the election of Harrison in my part of the country, as he pretended to be a fast friend of General Harrison.

This shameful deceitful conduct of Vandoren put me off my guard, for I thought by his conversation that he was what he pretended to be, a good Whig, and by so doing in deceiving me he drew out of me the fact that I had left my comrade at the tavern, and that I would not take him to the election, for if I did, he being a Democrat, would vote for Van Buren, to the injury of Harrison.

Mr. Vandoren asked me what tavern we were stopping at, and I told him, not having any suspicion of what his aim was, and as soon as I had left him and was gone to the Auditor's office, Vandoren watched his opportunity and went to the tavern where he found Joseph Hill and made

his acquaintance, and took him to the election, where they gave him a chance to vote for Van Buren, and he boasted to me afterwards how completely Vandoren had outwitted me, and by so doing had killed my vote.

OUR JOURNEY HOMEWARD.

Having completed all my business in town, we left Fremont and came as far as Ballville, opposite Tiffin, where we staid all night, and the next day, November 5th, we passed on through Rome, some twenty miles out from Ballville, and from there we came to Findlay, the county seat of Hancock County. From there we went four miles northwest to visit the family of Absalom Hall, who had moved out there from Harrison County the fall of 1834.

He was married to a cousin of my first wife, a daughter of old John Cunningham. We remained over Sabbath with the Halls, and went to church with them at Findlay, where the family attended the Presbyterian Church. The services were conducted by the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Van Eman, formerly from Washington County, Pa. After sermon we returned to Absalom Hall's where we spent the remainder of the Sabbath in that old-fashioned manner of Sabbath-keeping so common among Presbyterian families in olden times, but I fear that such strictness in the way of Sabbath-keeping will never return again. That old manner of keeping the Sabbath was to refrain from vain and idle conversation; to refrain also from reading newspapers and vain story books, and to confine the family to the reading of the Old and New Testaments, to sermon books or only good books that treated upon religious subjects, such as Boston's "Fourfold State," "The Afflicted Man's Companion," "The Travels of True Godliness," "The Pilgrim's Progress," or "The Holy War," by John Bunyan, not forgetting to learn the Shorter Catechism and the Psalms and Hymns by Dr. Watts. Before we left Absalom Hall's on Monday we learned that his son Aaron was to be married the next Thursday to a daughter of their pastor, the Rev. Mr. Van Eman, and they gave us a pressing invitation to remain for the wedding, but we had to decline because it would detain us too long. But I suppose one motive they had was to pay back a debt of gratitude, as it will be remembered that when I was married to Jane Hind-

man, May 24, 1827, I had Absalom Hall and his wife at our infare on the 25th, and they staid with us till the following day after dinner. And upon leaving me that day Absalom Hall observed to me that I had got a wife now who to all appearance would hold out as long as I would.

As proof that Absalom Hall guessed pretty nearly right, thirty-eight years and six months have rolled by since that time, and I and Jane Hindman are both living after the lapse of all these years, and thank God we are both in good health and the enjoyment of each other's company and fellowship, and not a wave of trouble rolls across our peaceful breasts, and naught to break our rest.

(And just here, November 22, 1889, I have read to mother a few of the foregoing pages, and she has greatly enjoyed them, her mind being perfectly clear, and all her faculties remarkably preserved, sixty-two years and six months after her marriage above mentioned, and she will be eighty-five years of age December 14th, next month.—T. J. S.)

It was in the afternoon of Monday, November 7, 1836, when we left Hall's, for Joseph Hill had that forenoon purchased from Absalom Hall two lots of land in the vicinity of Findlay, and I drew up the deeds for them, one of forty acres and the other of eighty, and we went into town and had the deeds acknowledged and recorded.

Leaving Findlay we traveled southward and stopped at Kenton, the county-seat of Hardin County, and then came on to Bellefontaine, the county-seat of Logan County.

Here the land was more rolling and much richer and more dry, and we found that we were on the highest ridge in the northwestern part of the state of Ohio.

We also found that this town of Bellefontaine had three springs that rose to the surface on the top of this ridge. One of these was the head spring of the Sandusky River which runs into Lake Erie; another is the source of the Little Miami River that runs southward into the Ohio River; and the third spring is the head of the Scioto River, which empties into the Ohio at Portsmouth.

Here we turned eastward and came through Marysville, the county-seat of Union County, and onward to Delaware, the county-seat of Delaware County. We came on by Thursday evening, November 10th,

and reached the house of Joseph Clark, four miles west of Mount Vernon, the county-seat of Knox County. We found the family all well, and they joyfully received us, as Joseph Clark was a distant relative of mine on the Gamble side of the house, his grandmother being a full cousin of my mother, and his wife, whose maiden name was Welsh, was a full cousin of Joseph Hill. We also visited the family of John Welsh, an uncle of Joseph Hill, who lived in the vicinity of Mount Vernon, and among the friends there we remained over Sabbath. We came on homeward through Newark, and Zanesville, and Concord. Here we separated for the night, I turning off the national pike half a mile to visit my cousin, Mrs. Mary McClure, while Joseph Hill went on about eighteen miles farther east to visit a friend of his, Mrs. Shaw, who kept a tavern. The next day I came on and joined Joseph Hill at this place, where I met Mrs. Shaw and her father, who was a man of good information, and so was his son, our neighbor, James Erwin.

The next day we took the national turnpike and came on to Morristown, and there we left the pike and took the state road for Mount Pleasant. We called at the house of Elias Yost, who was married to my sister-in-law, Kezia Kithcart, but we found no one at home. Soon after this we separated, Joseph Hill taking the road to the left to go to his cousin John Hill's, while I came on to Mount Pleasant, where I found the friends all well, and where I found Elias Yost and his wife at the house of old mother Kithcart. Here I visited all the friends, and on Saturday, November 19, 1836, I arrived home from the trip.

DAILY JOURNAL BEGUN.

On the first day of January, 1837, I commenced keeping a daily journal, which has been daily kept up from that time to this, and through all these years I have found it very well worth the pains I took, because of its usefulness, and I have made many improvements in my entries since I first began.

The weather was very cold, and there was a great deal of sleighing that winter.

My sixth daughter and tenth child was born on Sabbath, January 8, 1837, and we called her Sarah, after my brother John's wife, whose maiden name was Sarah Harrah.

On Tuesday, the 24th, Uncle John and Aunt Sarah came down in their sleigh to make us a visit, and remained two days. Our little daughter was not baptized until Sabbath, July 2d, owing to the fact that our new pastor, the Rev. Henry G. Comingo, was not ordained and installed pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Steubenville until May 24, 1837, and the first communion that he held was on Sabbath, June 4th. A number of children were kept back from baptism on this account, and on the same day ten others were baptized with Sarah.

The Rev. Charles C. Beatty had been our pastor, but on the second Monday of November, 1835, he notified the congregation that he must give up the charge; that he could not remain pastor of the church and conduct his new Female Seminary that he had started April 13, 1829; that he had found that his salary of \$500 was not sufficient to keep his family, and therefore he must give up the congregation and give his full attention to the Seminary. This took the congregation by surprise, and after Mr. Beatty had retired from the house a committee, consisting of Mr. Hogue, an elder, and James Collier, at that time a noted lawyer, and myself, was sent out to wait on the pastor, and propose to him a vacation of six months to go abroad and recruit his health. We waited on him, but he declined to remain.

The spring of 1836 Mr. McClain was elected pastor, but on account of his health he was able to remain only three or four months, and he went back to Kentucky where he came from. Mr. Beatty then continued to supply the pulpit of our church until the fall of 1836, when he secured the services of a young Kentuckian named Comingo, who had just finished his theological studies at Princeton, and was licensed to preach. He came to Steubenville about the 1st of November, 1836, and preached on trial till the following February, when, on Monday, February 13, 1837, he was elected pastor, and accepted. He remained with us a most earnest, faithful and successful pastor, and greatly beloved by the congregation, until his death, from diphtheria, December 1, 1861. He married Isabel W., a daughter of Neville Craig, Esq., of Pittsburgh, and his wife and two sons, Edward Gray and Neville B. Craig, survived him. Mr. Comingo was married April 10, 1838.

FINAL PAYMENT ON FARM.

On April 13, 1837, I made a final settlement with James Ross of Pittsburgh, through his agent, David Moody, in Steubenville, and lifted the notes and mortgage I had given on the farm. Since April 1, 1833, I had made fifteen different payments, and now the interest on all these payments had to be made. As Moody had no time to attend to it he agreed to take the calculation of lawyer Marsh, and Marsh agreed with me to make the calculation for the sum of \$3. In about two hours he had completed it, and the interest for four years was found to be in all \$475.14.5; which together with the mortgage itself of \$1979.76, made a total of \$2454.90. At the time of the purchase of the farm \$200 had been paid down, and \$1000 on April 1, 1833; thus the whole cost of the farm of Sugar Hill was \$3654.90.

It was on Thursday, April 20th, of this year, that two Yankee grafters came over from Judge Hallock's, where they had been grafting apple trees, and I gave my consent to their putting in five hundred grafts in the old natural trees of the orchard which had been planted by the order of Bezaleel Wells near the beginning of the present century. These grafters agreed to take two cents for each living graft, when one of them would come the first week of the following September and count them. Of the five hundred put in, it was found that 450 were living when they were counted, and I paid \$9. As new varieties they put in Peck's Pleasant, or as we always called them, the Pink Eye; the Golden Sweet, which we called the Monroe; and the Red and Green Sam Slick, and we found all these varieties very valuable for cooking and eating.

MY FIRST WIG.

After I had the fever at the time of the death of my first wife, the hair on the top of my head came out, but after some time a short down came out and covered all the top of my head. This downy hair remained till I was nearly forty-seven years of age, and it then began to disappear, so that by the time I was forty-seven years old I concluded to get me a wig and wear it. Acting upon this resolution, about April 1, 1837, I gave the measure of my head to our storekeeper, Alexander Conn, and he brought me out from Philadelphia a wig at a cost to me of \$7, and it was a very good one. But owing to the fact that I did not know

how to use it, often wearing it out in the hot sun instead of my hat, the hot sun changed the color of the wig, and in one year's time the decency of the wig was over.

My second wig was purchased for me in Philadelphia by John McMechan, for which I paid him \$8, and this one I took better care of, wearing it only to town and to church, and whenever I went abroad, so that it lasted me till the fall of 1854. In September of that year I went to the State Fair in Pittsburgh, and while there I bought my third wig at a cost of \$11, and took good care of it till the time when I started with my son Robert on a trip to New York, when I laid it aside and have never worn a wig since, and this was April 28, 1861.

There was nothing specially worthy of mention happened during the summer and fall of this year, except that I had shingles made that fall for the barn, and in eleven days I rived, and Joe Fielding shaved, 5956 good shingles. It was on Sabbath, October 29th, of this year, that the Rev. Charles C. Beatty opened services in the Second Presbyterian Church of Steubenville. He had erected the building and had it finished ready for service at this time all at his own expense, and all for the advancement of the Presbyterian cause.

I wish to leave it on record that during this year, 1837, my three sons, Joseph, David and Robert, all worked exceedingly well, and as for son John he was not yet old enough to do much, but still he was of great service in running errands and doing light work.

The first of the year 1838 came in with very fine weather. It was just like September weather, and on January 6th David plowed in the corner of the orchard, for the ground was dry and in fine order.

BURNING BRICK FOR NEW HOUSE.

As it was my purpose to erect a new brick dwelling-house just near the old house in which we were living, we began to make preparations in March of this year, 1838, by digging the clay and getting ready for the brick-maker Rennard. By July 16th the kiln of 90,000 brick was finished and fired, and on the 21st Rennard finished the burning, having used forty-seven cords of wood. This would have been sufficient for a kiln of that size, but the arches were not properly constructed, and the brick were not properly burned, all for the want of skill in Rennard in

setting, firing and watching the kiln. I went to town and brought up Ambrose Shaw, an old hand at the business, and he condemned the kiln, and recommended me to have another kiln of about 30,000 made for outside work, and use the Rennard brick for inside work and sell what I could of the rest. My bargain with Rennard was for \$1 per thousand, but I docked him \$40 in the settlement, and paid him only \$50. However, I was put to the trouble and expense of having Henry Gill burn a new kiln of 55,000 brick, and with these the house was built, using them for the outside and Rennard's for the inside.

BUILDING THE NEW HOUSE.

On Friday, November 30, 1838, our little son John, who was now eight and a half years old, went with me over to the Cove to spend the winter with his grandmother Orr to be company for the old people, and run errands for them.

He did not return home until April 5, 1839, when son Robert went over for him. In the meantime, however, the death of his grandmother Orr occurred on Monday, February 4, 1839, as the result from a fall from her horse more than a year before on October 28, 1837, as she was returning home from church on a Saturday. As we were on our way to church on Sabbath morning we met a messenger near Wells' old saw-mill, who told us that mother Orr was dying, and I and wife and daughter Nancy went on immediately over to the Cove. We found her insensible, and she lingered until the following morning at two o'clock, when she died at the age of sixty-two years, and was buried at Three Springs, that same day, at four o'clock in the afternoon.

It was that summer of 1839 that the second brick kiln was burnt, and on the 20th of August the masons and bricklayers began work, and the brick work of the main house as well as the wash-house was all finished by October 30th. The house was L shaped, being forty feet in front by sixty feet on the side, the front with the hall door facing the south, although the west side with dining-room and kitchen doors was always used as the front of the house. This was owing to the fact that I had always intended to change the road past the house to run to the south, but it was never done. I carefully sorted myself all the brick that went into the house, and the very best and smoothest were put into

the front, but that side of the house was not often seen, as it fronted really on the garden. The house contained four large rooms and a wide hall down stairs, with a porch and pantry along the eastern side of the dining-room and kitchen, and there were four rooms up-stairs. Joseph and David attended to the farm work, while Robert and the hired man, James Hanlon, made the mortar and attended the masons, and son John, now nine and a half years old, hauled all the brick that went into the house in a cart, driving the Nell mare. I was usually at the kiln to load the brick, while Robert would be at the house to dump the cart for John. The chief bricklayer was William Thompson, who had his hands employed, and the chief carpenter was John Walker. The house was shingled that fall, and the following winter the floors were laid. Most of the flooring was laid by myself, while Walker was employed with the finer carpenter work. The plastering of the house was done by Lewis Cooper the summer of 1840, with whom I contracted to do the work for the sum of \$80.

At last the new brick house was all finished, and we moved into it on Friday, September 25, 1840, and the old house was always after that used for a shop and meat house, and for other convenient purposes.

While we were still living in the old house my fifth son and eleventh child was born at four o'clock on Wednesday morning, February 12, 1840, and he was a fine hearty lad. In honor of the Whig candidate for President at the coming fall election, he was immediately named William Henry Harrison; and when a few Sabbaths afterwards this son was presented before the pulpit for baptism by the Rev. Henry G. Comingo, in the presence of the gazing congregation, and his father audibly pronounced his name, an envious feeling ran through the bosom of all the so-called Democrats, who were all professed enemies of General Harrison.

THE HARRISON CAMPAIGN.

The Presidential campaign during the summer and fall of 1840 was the most exciting ever witnessed in our country, William Henry Harrison being the Whig candidate, and Martin Van Buren the Democratic. John Tyler was the candidate for Vice-president on the ticket with Harrison.

Owing to the fact that Harrison and Van Buren had been the opposing candidates during the campaign of 1836, and Harrison was defeated, the Whigs were the more determined that he should be successful this time. He was familiarly known as "Tippecanoe," on account of his defeat of the Indians in November, 1811, at a place called Tippecanoe, in what was afterwards included in the State of Indiana. The most enthusiastic Whig meetings were held all over the land, and they were attended by hundreds of thousands of the people who listened to the issues of the campaign discussed by the orators of the day.

There were monster processions in which they hauled around small log cabins representing the early home of Harrison, and cider barrels representing the hard cider which was supposed to be the delight of the old farmers and pioneers. But the most remarkable thing to be seen during such meetings was an enormous wooden ball some twenty feet in diameter, which was rolled everywhere over the country to represent that the Whig cause was rolling on to certain success. This ball was well contrived and well constructed by a man named Coyle, and it was marked off with geographical representations. It was made in Cumberland, Maryland, and was rolled out along the National road to Wheeling, and it then went rolling on throughout all the western country. At these meetings many were the campaign songs that were sung, and son David was very often called upon to ride in the wagons and help with the singing, as he had a good voice, and if he heard a song once he could sing it again. As the ball was rolled along they would sing:

"This is the ball that's rolling on
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too."

The greatest mass meeting ever held at any time in Steubenville, occurred on Wednesday July 29, 1840, when Tom Corwin addressed the Whigs. A few days previous to this meeting I was waited upon by a committee from Steubenville, who desired me to furnish a Harrison pole for the occasion, from the top of which the United States flag might be seen waving. I went with the committee and showed them a fine hickory that I had selected for the purpose, and when it was cut down and measured it was found to be 105 feet high, and this pole they took to town and set up in the public square with the flag on it.

The day for the great demonstration arrived, and I took my whole family to town to witness it, except that we left Nancy and Jane at home to keep house, and while we were gone they went over to the Ben Hart hill towards town, thinking they might be able to see something. But they could not see down into the town, and yet they could distinctly hear the great noise and shouting of the demonstration. The Whigs came flocking into town from all quarters by the thousands, and delegations came from Wellsburg and Wheeling and all the surrounding regions, and the Democrats fearing the influence of such a Whig demonstration organized an opposition meeting, so that there were two processions crowding the streets.

It was not long after I arrived until the great mass of the people were gathered at the crossing of Fourth and Market Streets, and about this time Printer Wilson came out among the crowd selling small pictures of Harrison for twelve and a half cents each. I purchased two of them, and pinned one to the left lapel of my dress coat, and the other I gave to my tenant and work-hand James Hanlon, and I pinned it for him on his coat.

THE INFLUENCE OF EXAMPLE.

In the course of the day, after I had heard Tom Corwin's speech of about two hours, which kept the crowd riveted to the spot, I went into the crowd of Democrats to hear their speaker, who was R. M. Johnson, of Kentucky.

I had not been long in that crowd when a large Scotch-Irishman came up beside me, and seeing my Harrison badge, asked me if I was not afraid to wear the picture of Harrison in that crowd. I replied that I was not, "for," said I, holding up a large Buckeye cane, "the man that would dare to take that picture off my coat would feel the weight of that cane well laid on." "Well, faith," said he, "I'll put mine on again," and suiting the action to the word, he took the picture from his vest pocket, and pinned it on his coat again, and thus he found the force of example to be a great thing.

This reminds me of the experience of old Sam McClain, as he related it to old John Williams, and Williams told it to me. "Example, example, Misther Williams, example is a great thing! When the paper was

passing from seat to seat in church, to raise funds for the Board of Education, it was handed to Misther Sherrard first, and I determined in my own mind that I would put down as much as Misther Sherrard, thinking that he would put down not more than a dollar, and behold! Misther Williams, when the paper came to my pew, I saw that Misther Sherrard had put down three dollars, and I could not go back on my own word to myself, and so I put down three dollars too. I tell you, Misther Williams, example is a great thing."

At this great meeting that day there was a large canoe to represent the victory of Harrison in 1811. This was mounted on a wagon coupled long, and in it were thirty-two young girls all dressed in white, and they were all good singers, singing Whig songs, and this wagon was drawn by six iron-gray horses, and made a fine appearance. The log cabins were mounted on wagons drawn by four good horses, and on the same wagon would be seen one or two cider barrels; but the object that drew general attention that day was the great ball, that the Whigs kept rolling on.

After I had listened for some time to the Democratic speech in that crowd I left and met my wife in the place where we had appointed, and we proceeded on our way homeward. As we came past the parsonage of the First Presbyterian Church, we found Mr. and Mrs. Comingo standing in their own door, and as it was now growing towards evening they gave us a pressing invitation to come in and partake of some refreshments, but we excused ourselves thanking them and telling them that we had found the Whig latch-strings generally out that day. So we bade them good evening, and came on home, tired enough, and there awaited the return of the boys and girls of our family; and a number of our old neighbors around Smithfield and McIntyre came up that evening and staid all night with us.

The result of the election that fall was that Harrison was elected by the largest majority that any President ever received, he receiving 234 electoral votes to 60 for Van Buren. Harrison was inaugurated March 4, 1841, and died a month later, when Tyler the Vice-president came into office and went back on the Whig party that elected him, by giving himself over to the Democrats.

We had been completely deceived in him, but what better might we

have expected, when he was a strong Jackson man for years, until 1839, when he saw the tide of public opinion turning in favor of the Whigs, and he concluded that he could make capital of it by turning in name to the Whigs, and by his speeches so well worded he completely deceived every Whig who heard him. We all had turned in and voted for our new Whig friend, but we did so to our sorrow, for after he came into office, we found just as we did in later years with Andrew Johnson, that we had elected a traitor, and a wolf in sheep's clothing.

The fall of 1841 my brother-in-law Joseph Kithcart was running for the Ohio Legislature on the Democratic ticket. On a certain day in September I was down in town attending court, and I met my old friend Nathaniel Crawford, and invited him to come up with me and stay all night. Joseph Kithcart was also there, and he was to come home with us if he could get through his business in time. On an occasion of a Whig political meeting, when Robert Wilson the editor was making a speech, Joseph Kithcart being present, took occasion to contradict some statements of Wilson after he had finished, and this so pleased the Democrats that they made him their candidate, and he was elected that fall, but I could not vote for him.

SARAH'S ILLNESS.

It now becomes necessary for me to record the sad affliction that fell upon our family in the serious illness of our little daughter Sarah at the age of five years and six months, when she was stricken with paralysis from which she never recovered so as to be able to walk.

It was on Thursday, July 7, 1842, when she was first taken ill. It seems that some time during the forenoon of that day Elizabeth went to look for the geese which had wandered away, and she took her little sister Sarah along with her, who was at that time one of the heartiest and brightest of all the children of our family. They started out and went over past the tenant house, and down past Pryor's house, and so on down the run to the foot of the hill towards town, and so on round up home again, and on the way they waded through the water of the run several times. The probability is that the little girl was overheated and exhausted by the long walk, and the wading through the cold water gave her a chill, but of this none of us ever thought at

the time. After she had gone to bed that night, she woke up crying, and complaining of her head, and her mother found that she had considerable fever. The next morning she could move neither hand nor foot nor head. She was bathed with warm whisky, which was thoroughly rubbed all over her, and she was put to bed to sweat and sleep. The next day, the 9th, she was brought into the sitting-room, where I and mother and Mrs Oliver were sitting, and she was supported between the little girls Jane and Susan, but Sarah walked very stiff, and her whole frame seemed to be affected with the palsy, and this was the last that she ever walked. The best medical skill of the day was employed, and for months every possible remedy was tried, but all to no purpose.

In the course of time she regained the use of all the upper part of her body, with her hands, and all the stiffness left her neck, but from that 9th day of July she never had the least use of her lower limbs from the hip-joint down to her feet and toes, although her body grew and her hands and arms became quite strong, so that she could use them with a great deal of facility, and her mind was always very bright and active, and she was all her life the most talented of all my children.

As she grew in years she was always remarkably cheerful, and the light and centre of attraction to all the family, and so thoughtful was she of the comfort and happiness of others, that no one would ever think of her as being herself afflicted except as they would see that she could not walk. She was able to move herself around the house, and could readily go up and down stairs by using the banisters with her hands, which were strong.

In her youth I got for her an arm chair and put casters on it, and with this she was able to push herself all around the house, but in after years her brother John had an arm chair made for her with large wheels on the sides, and a small one at the back, and with this chair she could go with great comfort and pleasure all around the house, and even out through the yard. From that time onward she was never without such wheeled chair of the latest and best pattern, which made her life more comfortable and happy. She enjoyed company, and was a great favorite everywhere, and often went away visiting, and was always very regular in her attendance at church, her brothers

William or Thomas, or her brother-in-law, Joseph Hill, carrying her to the carriage, or from the carriage into the church.

One of her chief pleasures was the cultivation of flowers, and a large space in the garden was set apart for her use, and here every favorable day in the summer forenoons she might be found working among her flowers, which were the wonder and delight of all the friends who came to visit us; and during the winter the house was filled with pot-plants which she kept over the winter.

She was a great reader, and few persons were better informed on all general subjects than she, while she was able to express herself in writing with great facility, and wrote many letters to her friends, although her hand was not steady. Her right hand and arm always remained weaker than the left. In conversation she was always sprightly and entertaining, and her company was much enjoyed.

SON DAVID'S MARRIAGE.

David was the first of my children to get married, and he was now two years and a half past his majority, when one day at the dinner-table he announced to us all that he was going to be married, and on July 4, 1843, he married Catharine M. Welday, daughter of Isaac Welday, who lived about four miles west of our place.

(David has himself given me some account of his own personal history, which I insert just here, as it gives a better account of the wedding and infare than anything I have in my possession.—T. J. S.)

DAVID'S PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

“On the 1st day of April, 1833, my father and family moved from McIntyre to Sugar Hill Farm. It was a beautiful day; all nature seemed bright, and one thing rare at that time of year was to see some of the trees looking green from the bursting of the buds. When we got settled then the work began in earnest, and no let up summer or winter, except a few days at school in the old log school-house at the close of 1833, and two months the first of 1834. Well do I remember how hard farming did go in those days, and corn hoeing was hardest of all.

“Father would have his five oldest children—Mary Ann, Joseph, myself, Elizabeth and Robert—all out hoeing the corn and potatoes.

Our hoes were rude and heavy, and dull, too, and Robert, the youngest, always thought that he had the hardest row and must be helped. We would get tired of this, and Joe and I would box his ears to hurry him up, and if father was not there Robert would often lie down between the rows and play with a little dog we called *Æsop*. We would then cuff his ears again, and he would then run to the woods, calling *Æsop* after him, and would hunt ground squirrels and birds. Time rolled on, and we grew up to be men and women, and many were the parties we had, and apple-cuttings, often five evenings in the week; but Saturday evening boots and shoes must be blacked ready for Sunday-school and church. Until I was twenty-one years old I was required to go to church with the family, but after that I would saddle my horse and ride to various places to church, and get to see my young acquaintances, for the country girls and their society was what I wanted.

“On July 4, 1843, I was married by the Rev. H. G. Comingo to Miss Catharine M. Welday, daughter of Isaac Welday.

“My brothers and sisters—Joseph, Robert, Mary Ann and Elizabeth—were present on the occasion. The wedding was a large one, and after the ceremony and the dinner were over the company all repaired to the orchard to spend an hour or two on the green grass. In the meantime brother Robert, who had been attending school at the Academy in Steubenville, climbed up into the top of an apple tree, and there delivered an oration to the boys and girls, which was much applauded by the company. The next morning after breakfast we mounted our horses, twenty-two couples in all, with Henry Welday, a cousin of the bride, and sister Elizabeth in front, and the groom and bride next, and thus we rode four miles to Sugar Hill. There my good mother and sisters had prepared a bountiful infare dinner, which was spread out on a long table on the porch, to which the party, with other invited guests, to the number of sixty-five or seventy in all, did ample justice. In the evening, soon after dark, the sound of music was heard in the road in front of the house, and all soon realized that it was a serenade or a belling party. After the serenade Amos Iams, who was one of the guests, and the fiddler for all that region, got out his fiddle and tuned it up, and the young people began to dance, but father took his stand in the door between the dining-room and parlor, and after the first set was over, in a

firm voice explained that he was a church member, and subject to the rules of the church, and therefore could not allow any more dancing in his house, but he said he would be glad to hear more music from the fiddle. However, if we could not dance, we all had a good time that evening. Well, on the 6th day of July, the wedding and infare over, I found myself with a wife and no home.

“ But I had made arrangements with my uncle, David A. C. Sherrard, to go and live with him and farm his place in Fayette County, Pa. I did go there and stayed two months and ten days, and helped my uncle put in his fall crop.

“ But thinking it best to seek a home for myself in the West, we returned to Sugar Hill, and to Cross Creek, to my wife's father's. After returning home, I asked my father if he would give me a piece of his Sandusky County land, knowing that he had two quarter sections out there, and also knowing that he was indebted to me for labor for two years and a half since I was of age. He said that if I wanted to go out there, he would give me one-half of either quarter. I took his offer, and during the winter I dug coal, and got brother Joseph to haul it, and I traded it for a wagon and harness, and also other articles with which to keep house. In the spring of 1844 father said that if I would help on the farm to get in the oats and corn, he would go with me to Sandusky, and show me the land, and we would commence a clearing; for it was all timbered land. We left home on the 27th of May, and made some visits with relatives on the way, and arrived at my new place, two miles west of what is now the town of Fremont, on June 1st. We worked away at clearing until June 21st, and then returned home, and I helped father with his harvest. On July 10, 1844, my first child was born at father's, and we called her Laura Ann. On the 4th day of September I set out with my wife and child for our new home in Sandusky County. Brother John, then a boy of fourteen years, came with us one mile west of Cadiz, with a good strong horse to help us over the hilliest part of the road, and on the 12th we arrived safe with our precious load, and now, after forty-five years of life in Sandusky County, I thank God for his goodness to me and my family.

“ I had the misfortune to lose my first wife with the birth of her third child in 1847, and in 1848 I married again, Narcissa Grant, and have

raised a family of ten children in all. Of these, nine are living, and all are married except one, and that the youngest. I purchased from father the other half of the quarter section of land, so that my farm consisted of the full quarter section."

THE YOUNGEST CHILD BORN.

It was on Tuesday, February 25, 1845, at three o'clock in the morning, that my sixth son, and twelfth and last child, was born. He weighed at birth eleven and three-quarter pounds, and was from the first always an unusually healthy child. As it was now five years since the last baby in the family, we all took especial interest in this one, and the other children were greatly delighted.

We called him Thomas Johnson for our family physician, Dr. Thomas Johnson, of Steubenville, who for the past three or four years had taken the place in our family of old Dr. Leslie. He was a full cousin of the mother of my wife, Jane Hindman, and had settled to the practice of medicine in our town. Thus, on account of the relationship, as well as the fact that he was our family physician, my wife desired to have this child named for him. Accordingly, on Sabbath, November 16, 1845, I and wife took the child Thomas to the First Presbyterian Church of Steubenville, where we had been members since we came, the spring of 1833, and he was baptized Thomas Johnson by the pastor, the Rev. Henry G. Comingo.

Here closes the history as written in the language and expressions of Robert A. Sherrard.

The remaining pages of this volume of family history are written by the editor of father's manuscripts, his youngest son, Thomas Johnson Sherrard.

SECTION XV.

1845-1890.

LATER EVENTS AND PERSONAL SKETCHES.

(THE EDITOR HERE TAKES UP THE HISTORY.)

SINCE there is now sufficient evidence to the reader of the foregoing pages that I have been born into the world, I hasten to explain at the very first opportunity why I have found it necessary to drop the use of father's language in recording the history, and from this time onward write it in my own language.

The earlier writings of father were largely from personal recollection, and the events of family interest were given with more fullness and historical connection.

His later writings are simply a compilation from his daily journals, which he kept continuously for almost forty years before his death. This compilation was the delight of his leisure hours during the last ten years of his life, and in this work he simply took up the old journals day by day and year by year, and rewrote the main facts, using here and there what struck his fancy, and adding his own recollections occasionally as a commentary. This compilation is contained in the large brown volume which he gave to John, which goes over the journals from 1837 to 1851, and in the large black volume which he gave to me; and this brings the compilation of the journals down to the close of 1859. This was as far as he was able to get in his work, the last being written the fall of 1873, only a few weeks before his death.

But in this he did not attempt anything like a connected history, and many events of family interest were entirely forgotten or left out. And then, this compilation of the journals, extending from 1837 to 1859, covers about nine hundred closely-written foolscap pages, far beyond the space allotted for this volume. Therefore, for the remaining pages of this history I shall be obliged to get my facts from other sources as well as father's writings.

MARRIAGE OF ELIZABETH SHERRARD.

On Thursday, May 7, 1846, sister Elizabeth was married to Joseph Kithcart, of Mount Pleasant, Jefferson County, O.

I have no recollection of the event, as I was only about fourteen months old, but as it was the first wedding in the family at home, it was a most interesting occasion, and the young people of the neighborhood were invited in. The ceremony was performed by the pastor, the Rev. H. G. Comingo, and the time was 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Joseph Kithcart already had a home in Mount Pleasant, and they went to house-keeping there on the following Tuesday, the 12th of May. Here they lived in comfort and happiness for ten years, and their children, John Albert, Robert Sherrard, Henry Comingo, and Mary, were born in Mount Pleasant. On April 1, 1856, they moved out to a farm called "Briar Ridge," about three miles from town, where their children, Emma, Elizabeth Jane, and Anna Katharine, were born. Again, on April 1, 1862, they moved down on Short Creek to the old Dilworth Mill, formerly called the Bayless Mill, and there the two youngest children were born, Jessie Bertha and Martha Ellen. Then, on April 1, 1873, they moved up to the Gill Farm, a place very beautifully situated just on the western edge of the town of Mount Pleasant. Here Joseph and Elizabeth still live in the peaceful comforts and happiness of a retired life, surrounded by their broad acres, keeping open and hospitable house, and blessed with the love and honor of numerous children and grandchildren. Their children are nearly all married, only Jessie and Ella remaining at home at the present time. Little Emma was taken away from earth when only a few days old, while Jennie died September 20, 1886, after a brief but happy married life, leaving her husband, Watson Walker, and two little children, who have been brought up by their grandmother Kithcart.

The children of Joseph and Elizabeth Kithcart have all become members of the Presbyterian Church, while both John and Sherrard are ruling elders, and very efficient men in the churches where they live.

John, the eldest son, is a successful lawyer in Steubenville, O., while Sherrard is engaged in business in Maryville, Tenn. Henry is a farmer near Mount Pleasant, O.

MARRIAGE OF ROBERT SHERRARD, JR.

There was a third marriage in the family when Robert, a young man of twenty-three, took to himself a wife in the person of Miss Sarah Anne Salmon, of Steubenville, on July 2, 1846. Mary Anne, Joseph and Nancy were all invited in to the wedding that day, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. C. C. Beatty, at the house of the bride's parents. Robert and his wife started off on a wedding trip to Pittsburgh, and returned home to Steubenville, where for a time they boarded at Mr. Salmon's until Robert finished his new brick house which he built near the corner of Third and Dock Streets. Here they began housekeeping, and lived in that place for many years, until they removed to New York City, in 1870.

However, at my request, brother Robert has written an account of his own life, and I shall just here give way, and let him tell his own story.

ROBERT SHERRARD, JR.,—SKETCH OF HIS OWN LIFE.

"The fall of 1840 I became a student in Grove Academy in Steubenville, which was conducted by the Rev. John W. Scott, D.D., and I walked in and out from home every morning and evening. At this school I continued until September, 1845, except that at certain intervals I was engaged in teaching school, amounting in all to twenty-one months.

"My first school was for three months at the Franklin school-house, in the Abram Scott district, one mile beyond Centre Church; next for three months at the Red school-house, at Smiley Johnson's, one mile west of La Grange on the road to New Alexander; then at Stark's school-house for three months; after that for six months at New Alexander; and another period of six months at home at Hill's school-house.

"In October, 1845, I began to read law with Mason & Moody, but for the first ten months I was also engaged in teaching for Dr. Scott in Grove Academy. I remained in the office of Mason & Moody until October 4, 1848, when I was admitted to practice by the Supreme Court of Ohio.

“The fall of 1848 I commenced the practice of law in Steubenville; in 1850 formed a partnership with ex-Judge John H. Miller, and in 1861, on motion of Hon. T. D. Lincoln, I was admitted to practice in the United States Supreme Court, and was sworn in by Salmon P. Chase, then Chief Justice. My law partnership continued until June, 1863, when I bought out the Mechanics' Saving Bank and commenced banking under the firm name of R. Sherrard & Co., Thomas L. Jewett being my partner. This continued until October, 1865, when I was induced reluctantly to change into the First National Bank of Steubenville, which, as its president, I continued to manage at a salary of \$2000 until the fall of 1868.

“Having become satisfied that I could earn more money for myself than to continue the management of a National Bank, I notified the Board of Directors of my desire to be relieved as president of said bank. A meeting of the stockholders was called in July to consider the question of continuing the bank, as at that time there did not seem to be any one connected with it who was willing to take my place. Having sold the furniture, fixtures, vault and safes to said bank in 1865, I proposed to allow for the same the price paid in 1865, and further agreed to close up said First National Bank without cost to its stockholders. That was unanimously agreed to by its stockholders, and on October 1, 1868, the First National Bank was closed. The firm of Sherrard, Mooney & Co. was formed and commenced doing business on that day, which has continued until the present, 1889, I retaining a majority interest in said firm. I closed up the affairs of the First National Bank, paying to its stockholders in addition to the capital stock, which was \$150,000, a premium of \$60,000, besides ten per cent. dividends annually while the bank was doing business.

“In 1850 I was appointed United States Deputy Marshal for the 17th Congressional District of Ohio, and took the census in eight of the townships of Jefferson County. On September 28th, of that year, Congress passed a bill to grant the soldiers of the war of 1812 a bounty in land; forty acres for a service of three months, eighty acres for six months, and one hundred and sixty acres for a service of nine months and upwards, and the benefits were extended to the widows and minor children of such soldiers as had died.

“I took advantage of the circumstances, and while around taking the Census I made inquiry for soldiers and their widows and children, and after I had completed the work of taking the Census, I made appointments throughout Jefferson, Columbiana, Carroll and Harrison Counties in Ohio; Brooke and Hancock Counties in Virginia; and Washington County in Pennsylvania, and the result was that I made applications for about four hundred. Congress passed a supplemental bill March 4, 1855, to equalize the bounties so as to give all soldiers of the War of 1812 and the Mexican War, and their widows and minor children 160 acres. Under that Act I renewed the applications and procured 160 acres for all for whom I had made applications who were entitled.

“I bought many of the Land Warrants and located the same in Illinois and Iowa, commencing the fall of 1851 and continuing to do so until the Land Warrants began to be exhausted in 1858. In this way, selling the lands thus located from time to time, buying and locating during the period from 1851 to 1858, I was enabled to make a very good start, financially.

“In the fall of 1861 I was elected to the Ohio State Senate from the counties of Jefferson and Columbiana, and served one term of two years. I was appointed on four of the regular Committees in the Senate, as Chairman of the Railroad Committee, Judiciary, School and Penitentiary Committees. I declined re-election to the Senate for the reason of other pressing engagements connected with starting in the banking business in 1863.

“In 1868 I was induced to become a candidate for Congress in the 17th Congressional District of Ohio, which was then composed of the counties of Jefferson, Carroll, Stark and Columbiana. There were two candidates in Stark and one in Columbiana, and I was defeated for the nomination by two votes, Judge Jacob Ambler of Columbiana being the successful candidate.

“I was appointed Financial Agent of the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railway Company, with the office in New York City, and removed with my family to New York April 1, 1870. I organized The New York Transfer Company in September, 1870, with a capital of \$600,000, and was elected its Treasurer, and in 1873 was elected its President and Treasurer, which positions I held until 1878.

“At that time I was compelled to resign and return to Steubenville to take charge of the Steubenville Coal and Mining Company, which was left without any interested party to manage it on the death of Colonel George W. McCook, late in the fall of 1877, he and myself owning the majority of the interest in said Company. I was elected President of the Company, which position I still hold, and on the death of Dr. Thomas Johnson, June 18, 1879, I was elected President of the Steubenville Gas, Light & Coke Company, and have ever since continued as such President.

“I assisted in organizing the Steubenville Pottery Company in 1881, which has proved to be successful, giving at this time employment to over 260 persons, with a product yearly of over \$175,000 and increasing.

“For seventeen years I was a member of the Board of Education of Steubenville, and resigned this position prior to my removal to New York in 1870.

“From 1853 to 1865 I was a member of the Board of Trust of the College Endowment Fund, under the care of the Synod of Wheeling, which Board managed the financial affairs of Washington College. This institution was under the care of the Presbyterian Church, and I acted as Treasurer of this Board in receiving, loaning and investing its funds. In 1864 Rev. Charles C. Beatty, D.D., of Steubenville, made the offer of \$50,000 as an endowment, on condition of the union of the two Colleges of Washington and Jefferson, then located only seven miles apart, at Washington and Canonsburg respectively. This union was accomplished the spring of 1865, an Act of the Legislature having been passed March 4, 1865, providing for a Board of Trustees for the united College, and in this Act I was named as one of the number. I have continued to act as a Trustee up to the present time, making it a rule to be present at all the meetings of the Board.

“On July 2, 1846, I was married to Sarah A. Salmon, and by this union three children were born: Emma Virginia, April 2, 1847, and she was married to Henry C. Elliot, of New York, December 3, 1868; Willie, July 22, 1850, and he lived only about a year; and Henry Comingo, August 25, 1857. He has never married, but resides with his father,

and is in the bank of Sherrard, Mooney & Co. My wife died in New York, November 7, 1870, after a long and severe affliction. I remained a widower until December 13, 1881, when I was united in marriage to Katie, eldest daughter of the late Dr. Thomas Johnson, of Steubenville. By this union three children have been born: Thomas Johnson, in 1882; Robert Stanton, in 1884, and he died August 5, 1889; and Mary Catharine, born in 1887. On moving to New York, I sold my house on Third Street, and, on returning to Steubenville, I boarded for a few years, until I purchased the Morris property, on the corner of Fourth and Washington Streets; and, after enlarging it, we moved into it in September, 1883, and continue to occupy it as our home up to the present time.

“During the fall of 1878 I traveled through Europe and as far as Egypt and the Holy Land in company with my son, Henry C., and the late Rev. William M. Grimes, D.D. We left New York August 1st, and returned home November 5th, and on my return I occasionally lectured on my experiences abroad. Immediately after my second marriage I visited Europe a second time in company with my wife. We left New York December 17th, 1881; traveled through England, Scotland and Ireland; spent twenty-one days in Paris; thence through France to Lyons, Marseilles, Nice, Monte Carlo to Genoa, Rome, Naples; back to Rome; thence to Florence and Venice; across through Austria to Germany; and after spending three weeks through Germany, we returned by Paris, London, Ireland and Scotland, arriving in New York early in April, 1882.

“On the breaking out of the Rebellion in 1861, I took an active part in raising the first companies which went to form the First and Second Regiments from Ohio.

“I presented myself to the examining surgeon, but was not accepted on account of heart trouble, which had afflicted me from the time I was fourteen years of age. By the call of the President, of August 4, 1862, providing for a draft of three hundred thousand militia for immediate service, I was appointed as Commissioner of Drafting for Jefferson County by the Governor of Ohio. It was my duty to superintend the drafting, hear and determine the excuses of those claiming exemption, and this duty I performed, and I also served as chairman of the commit-

tee under an order from the War Department for the readjustment of accounts between the State and General Government under the calls of 1861 and 1862, which commission was dated August 23, 1864. The statement required the deficiencies and excesses by districts in the State of Ohio, as adjusted in the office of the Provost Marshal General of the United States under all the calls from 1861 to July 1, 1864, and to perform that work required much time, labor and investigation. I was appointed to pay all bounties to volunteers from Jefferson County, Ohio, and did pay on regular pay-rolls more than \$100,000 in sums from \$12.50 to \$50 to each volunteer, having to equalize finally, so that each should receive equal sums of \$50

“When Morgan’s Raid occurred in July, 1863, under his Rebel force, which entered Ohio in the southwestern part of the State, over two thousand strong, their course was through the southern and eastern tiers of counties, and they reached Harrison County on Friday.

“General Brooks, in command of the United States forces at Pittsburgh, sent an order to me at Steubenville to take charge of two regiments, which were sent down on the Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad, and have them placed along the Ohio River, to prevent Morgan and his Rebel forces from crossing the river into West Virginia, which was evidently his purpose. One regiment was stationed at the mouth of Rush Run, and the other at Portland, at the mouth of Short Creek. Morgan, learning through his scouts that these regiments were awaiting him, crossed over Short Creek below the town of Mount Pleasant, and came on through Smithfield and as far as New Alexander.

“Having sent out many men to keep watch of his movements, I directed the regiment at Portland to move up to La Grange (now Brilliant), opposite to Wellsburg, and the regiment at the mouth of Rush Run I directed to move up to the mouth of Cross Creek, near the town of Mingo, three miles below Steubenville. When Morgan and his force, which was now reduced to about seven hundred men with horses, learned that it would be impossible to make their escape through either of the valleys referred to, he changed his plans; and when he reached the mouth of McIntyre Creek, which empties into Cross Creek three miles above the mouth of the latter, he turned up Cross Creek one mile, burning a railroad bridge there, and soon took to the ridge, and came

on to Wintersville, four miles west of Steubenville. There a slight skirmish took place, he being attacked on his right by a large company of good riflemen, who went out from Steubenville, and were joined by many more from his rear. But an open fire from Morgan's men in the direction of the Steubenville men soon silenced the latter, and resulted in fatally wounding a young son of James Parks, of Steubenville, who died from the loss of blood before medical aid reached him.

"I directed the two regiments to move on up the river, one to guard the mouth of Island creek and the streams leading to the river above that point, the other to guard the mouth of Big Yellow Creek. While this was being done, Morgan and his forces marched on through Richmond, and down the town fork of Yellow creek to its mouth, which was reached by daylight on Sunday morning.

"There learning that there was no prospect of crossing the Ohio at the mouth of Yellow Creek, they turned their course up Yellow Creek, and on reaching the county-line of Jefferson and Columbiana Counties, about three miles above the mouth of the Town Fork which empties its waters into Yellow Creek, and not far from the town of Salineville, Morgan and his forces were surrounded, and surrendered to General Shackelford.

"General Brooks directed that Morgan and his men should be sent to Steubenville, and I was directed by a general order from General Brooks to take charge of all horses and property captured, and send Morgan and his men as prisoners to Camp Chase at Columbus.

"I corralled the horses taken from Morgan in the fair ground below Steubenville, and began the work assigned, of deciding as to the ownership of horses and other property which Morgan and his men had taken on their long line of march. Claims were made in the course of a few days by rightful owners of the property to my satisfaction, and I directed the property to be delivered accordingly, and before the end of one week I had delivered to its owner every horse taken from Morgan, except two which were not claimed, and they were handed over to the United States Government at Pittsburgh.

"Since 1856 I have been a Director in the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati & St. Louis Railway Company, and during the past two years I have spent much time and labor as chairman of a committee on the reorganization of the finances of that company.

"In 1863 I received the Honorary degree of Master of Arts from Washington College. On November 10, 1858, I was elected a Deacon of the First Presbyterian Church of Steubenville, and was ordained to that office on the 16th day of the same month. I was a delegate from the 17th Congressional District of Ohio to the National Convention at Philadelphia which nominated Col. John C. Fremont, and was on the committee from Ohio to wait on him in New York, where he was then living, to inform him of his nomination.

"I was delegate from the same district in 1864 at the National Convention at Baltimore, which nominated Abraham Lincoln for a second term. In the convention in Chicago in 1880 which nominated James A. Garfield, I was alternate, and I was delegate to the convention which met in Chicago in 1888, which nominated Benjamin Harrison. I was at the first Republican Convention which met in Columbus, Ohio, in 1854, when the Hon. John Sherman was chosen President of that convention, and I have been his supporter ever since.

"Written December 17, 1889."

My brother Robert's daughter Emma was educated at Steubenville and Norristown, and then spent a year in Mrs. Sylvanus Reed's school in New York City, after which she traveled for a few months in Europe with Mrs. Reed.

Since her marriage with Mr. Elliot, in 1868, they have always resided in New York, and they have three children,—Robert Sherrard, who is at present a student in Columbia College, New York City; Lillie Beatty and Harry Stanton.

Robert's son, Henry C., was educated in the Military School at New Haven, Conn., after which he spent the summer of 1878 traveling in Europe with his friend, Will Demorest, of New York. In August of that year Harry met his father in Paris and they traveled together through Egypt and Palestine. Since then he has been in business in the bank in Steubenville. He has been one of the most energetic and enthusiastic of the young Republicans of Ohio, and has been a member of Governor's Foraker's staff during the two terms of his office.

My brother Robert's little boy, Robert Stanton, who died of scarlet fever the summer of 1889, at the age of five years, was a very bright

and attractive child ; so eager and energetic in all his movements, and he gave great promise of becoming a strong and vigorous man.

MARRIAGE OF MARY ANNE SHERRARD.

There was a fourth marriage in the family, the second wedding at home, when Mary Anne and Joseph W. Hill were married October 10, 1848. The ceremony was performed at four o'clock in the afternoon, by the pastor, the Rev. H. G. Comingo, in the presence of many of the relatives, friends and neighbors. Joseph Kithcart and Elizabeth and Aunt Martha Sharon had come down from Mount Pleasant, and Uncle Robert Lee and Aunt Betsy, and their three daughters, Mary, Nannie and Lizzie, all came over from where they lived, near Cross Creek Village. Father says in his record of the occasion that "it was by and with the consent of all parties on both sides, the bride and groom being both old enough not only to choose for themselves, but also to keep house and to manage the concerns of a young rising generation, should they be richly blessed in that particular. The groom was thirty-seven and the bride thirty-one years old."

I have no distinct recollection of the event, but as I was then three and a half years old, I can just remember it. Tradition tells that during the ceremony I was held up by brother Robert as I stood on a bureau ; and Robert tells that the next day when the infare party started off, I ran off after them up through the field as hard as I could go crying at the top of my voice for mother, and he ran after me and brought me back, for the party were already out of sight. This incident my brothers and sisters have often related with great amusement. The only trouble was that mother had forgotten to give me her usual kiss in the hurry of starting, and this nearly broke my heart.

Mother tells me to-day, December 28, 1889, that it was her invariable custom to tell me whenever she was going away, and to kiss me, and then I never said a word, but was good and cheerful and happy about her going, but on this occasion she somehow forgot it.

The infare was given at the house of James Hill, where his brother Joseph had always made his home, and here Joseph and Mary Anne made their home during the following winter, except that for a short time they took a wedding trip up to Uncle David's in Fayette County.

The spring of 1849 they went to housekeeping in the house where George Hill had lived, as he had moved that spring down to Mingo. On this farm, about one mile from Sugar Hill, Joseph Hill and Mary Anne continued to live for many years in the greatest comfort and happiness until his death, February 22, 1877. Here their five children were born,—Rosamond C., Elizabeth J., Martha S., Mary and Robert Sherard,—and they are all living at the present time, the last of 1889. Martha was married to the Rev. David R. Kerr June 12, 1879, and they have four children. Their home was first at Jamestown, Pa., then at Mercer, Pa.; afterwards, for some years, in Omaha, Neb. Dr. Kerr is now President of Bellevue College, Bellevue, Neb. Mary was married to Jesse M. Bennett, of Mount Pleasant, Ohio, on October 14, 1880, and their home is there at present. Robert married Mary Mears, of Steubenville, June 30, 1885, and they now have three children.

After the death of Joseph W. Hill, in 1877, the family continued to live on the old homestead and Robert carried on the farm. But at the time of his marriage, in 1885, Robert purchased the farm, and his mother and sisters moved into Steubenville, where with her daughters, Rosamond and Elizabeth, she now lives in her own house which she purchased, which is situated on Fourth Street just below the First Presbyterian Church. Elizabeth, however, is at home only during her vacation, as she is a teacher in Washington, Pa., in the Female Seminary.

Joseph W. Hill became a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Steubenville May 12, 1848; he continued his membership there until the organization of the Third Presbyterian Church of Steubenville by Dr. Beatty, on Friday, June 20, 1873, when he and his family went into this new organization. He was elected a Ruling Elder in that church, and continued to serve in that office most acceptably until his death. His wife and family then returned to the membership of the First Presbyterian Church, and they still belong there in the church where Mary Anne first united, May 24, 1834. He had been elected an elder in the First Presbyterian Church of Steubenville January 11, 1873, and he was ordained on the 19th of the same month, and continued to fill that office for four months, until the organization of the Third Church.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF NANCY SHERRARD.

“On Friday, March 28, 1851, I graduated at the Steubenville Female Seminary, and two weeks later I went to Westmoreland County, Pa., to take charge of a Select School in the bounds of the Unity congregation, of which the Rev. Mr. Gillette was pastor. He met me at the nearest point on the Northern Pike, which leads from Pittsburgh through Greensburg, and I remember that he informed me that he had that day performed the marriage ceremony between Mr. Culbertson Orr and Miss Nancy Smith. My school consisted of seventeen young girls, and during my five months stay in that neighborhood I boarded with Mr. George Smith and his sister Sarah, who afterwards became Mrs. Benjamin Craig of New Alexandria. Mr. George Smith was married the fall of 1851 to Miss Margaret Orr of Clarion County, a sister of Mr. Culbertson Orr. Before the close of my school at Unity, the Rev. Dr. George Hill of Blairsville engaged me to teach in the Blairsville Seminary, which had been opened the first time the spring of 1851. After the close of my school the last of September, I went over to Fayette County to visit uncle David Sherrard. There I was met by my father and little brother Thomas, and I drove home with them in the carriage, arriving October 10th.

“On October 31, 1851, I left home again and started to Blairsville. As there was at that time no railroad from Steubenville to Pittsburgh, I went that distance on the new steamboat ‘Winchester,’ and the fare was fifty cents, including board, as there was at that time strong competition between two rival steamboats. From Pittsburgh I went on a canal boat to Blairsville. During that winter I went out to attend the wedding of Miss Sarah Smith, and I took my first ride on a railroad, going on the new Pennsylvania Central Railroad from Blairsville to Beatty’s Station. This railroad had first been opened up for travel the fall of 1851. In the Seminary at Blairsville I taught two years and a half. For the first year the school was held in a temporary frame building, but in the fall of 1852 the Rev. Mr. Shepley took charge of the school as Principal, and we were transferred to the new building which is still occupied as the Blairsville Female Seminary.

“Mr. and Mrs. Shepley were very successful in building up that

school, and the number of boarders in 1853-4 was fifty. After teaching three years, I thought it would be well for me to rest awhile, and I remained at home for a time, teaching for a few weeks in the South Public School in Steubenville. During the summer Session of 1855 I accepted a position as teacher in the Steubenville Female Seminary, of which Dr. and Mrs. Beatty were still Principals. I have always regarded it as one of the greatest privileges of my life to teach with them.

“To their friendship, which lasted through life, I have owed many of the best positions which I have held as teacher in different schools. The experience I had there as a teacher has ever since been to me invaluable.

“During the summer of 1856 the Rev. Mr. Nevius, Principal of the Sayre Female Institute, Lexington, Ky., offered me a position as teacher in that school. As the salary was considerably larger than that which I was receiving from Dr. Beatty, I consulted him, and he kindly released me from my engagement with him. I went to Lexington in September, 1856, and remained in that school two years. In 1858 I had an offer at a still higher salary to go out to the country three miles from Lexington, in the very centre of the Blue Grass region, and teach for four families. The gentlemen who engaged me were Mr. Abram Van Meter, Mr. Isaac Van Meter, Colonel Delph and Mr. Viley. I taught there one year, boarding in the family of Mr. Abram Van Meter, and attending the Second Presbyterian Church of Lexington, in which Mr. Van Meter was an Elder. I had attended this church during my stay at the Sayre Female Institute. My life and experiences at Lexington were very pleasant, as I made many warm friends whom it has always been a pleasure to remember.

“The fall of 1859 I went to Circleville, Ohio, and taught during that winter in the High School of that place, my brother William being with me at school there.

“We returned home the spring of 1860. That summer of 1860 Mr. Sayre, of Lexington, finding that I was not engaged in any school duties, recommended me to Mr. Lycurgus Johnson, a wealthy planter of Lake Port, Arkansas, who wished a private instructor for his children. Miss Martha Torrance, of New Alexandria, Pa., went with me, and she taught two children in the family of Mrs. Governor Johnson, one mile distant.

I taught four children, three girls and one boy. The plantation of Mr. Johnson consisted of two thousand acres, and on the plantation there were one hundred and fifty slaves.

“ That summer of 1860 they had raised twelve hundred acres of cotton and three hundred acres of corn. In the family of Mr. Johnson there were seven or eight house-servants. He had a well-trained dining-room servant, whom he had bought a year before, who was valued at \$1,700. Mr. Johnson had bought him, his wife, and a child three years old, for the sum of \$3,000. Soon after the fall of Fort Sumter, the spring of 1861, we thought of leaving for our homes in the North, and we made preparations to leave as soon as possible after we found that the war was about to become a terrible reality. I have always been glad that I saw the South in the days of slavery, and also had the opportunity of seeing the inside workings of Secession during that winter. We left Lake Port on a Southern boat, but when we arrived at Memphis, the captain, hearing that the United States troops were at Cairo, Ill., decided to stop at Memphis. The “Queen of the West,” a Northern boat bound for Cincinnati, coming along soon after, our captain placed us under the care of the captain of the Cincinnati boat, and we passed on with safety; not without danger, however, as we were fired into by the rebels at Randolph, Tenn. At Cairo we saw the United States flag for the first time after leaving Lake Port. We arrived at Steubenville on Tuesday, April 30, 1861.

“ In November of that year Dr. Beatty secured for me the position of Vice-Principal of the Bellewood Seminary, at Anchorage, Ky., twelve miles from Louisville. The Rev. Dr. Hill was Principal of this school, and I remained in this position for three years. In 1864 I accepted a Select School in Fort Wayne, Ind., my sister Sue, who had been teaching in Kentucky, going with me. We had a very delightful year. Our school consisted of young girls from ten to eighteen years of age.

“ At the close of this school year in 1865, we both had offers to go back to Kentucky at increased salaries, and we thought best to do so. I returned to Bellewood Seminary the fall of 1865, and stayed there at that time for one year. The fall of 1866 I went back to Fort Wayne and taught one year. During the summer of 1868 I taught in the seminary at Steubenville, the Rev. A. M. Reid, Ph.D., being at that time

Principal. In July of that year I met with a severe accident in the spraining of my ankle, and for four and a-half months I was able to walk only with the use of crutches. This summer was the last of the summer sessions ever held in Steubenville Seminary, and during that summer I roomed with Miss Sarah Brownson, who was one of the teachers. She is now Mrs. Henry R. Whitehill, of Deer Lodge, Montana.

“My niece Emma V. Sherrard having been married to H. C. Elliot, of New York City, my brother Robert asked me to come and make my home with his family, which at that time consisted of himself, his wife, who was an invalid, and his son Harry. I staid with them in Steubenville until April 1, 1870, when we removed to New York. For the first month we remained with Mr. Elliot's family in Brooklyn, where they were then living, and on May 1, 1870, we all removed to a large house, 28 W. 26th Street, New York, and here the family lived for several years. In the fall of 1870 I had a very unexpected offer to teach in the Public School of Brooklyn at a salary of \$900 a year. This I accepted, and I taught there from October, 1870, till July 1, 1871, when the school year closed. In the fall of that year I went back to Bellewood Seminary, near Louisville, and remained one year.

“In the fall of 1872 I accepted a position as teacher in the Steubenville Female Seminary, and taught there two years. In June, 1874, I was unanimously elected Principal of the Washington Female Seminary of Washington, Pa., by the trustees of that institution. I accepted the offer then made, and soon after entered upon my duties. We opened the school September 4, 1874, with Miss Mary McDonald, of Steubenville, as Vice-Principal, several excellent teachers, and about eighty pupils. Since that time I have remained in the Washington Seminary as Principal.

“Our school has steadily increased in numbers, as our catalogues show. The catalogue of 1874-75 contains the names of 101 pupils in regular course; that of 1888-89 216 names. My niece, Miss Martha S. Hill, came with me to Washington as a teacher. She remained with me until the spring of 1879, when she returned home to Steubenville, as she expected to be married in June of the same year to the Rev. David R. Kerr. My two nieces, Mary Kithcart and Jennie H. Sherrard came with me to Washington as pupils.

“The former graduated in 1876, and the latter in 1877. Jennie Sherrard after her graduation taught for me two years, and was married June 24, 1879, to the Rev. J. C. R. Ewing. Jennie, Anna, Jessie and Ella Kithcart, all daughters of my sister Elizabeth, afterwards graduated at this seminary; also my niece, Anna R. Sherrard, now the wife of Oliver L. Blachly, M. D., of Sparta, Pa. My niece Mary Hill was a pupil here two years but did not graduate.

“There are now in the seminary three of my nieces, viz: Mary F. Sherrard, daughter of my brother John, and Virginia and May C. Sherrard, daughters of my brother Thomas. My brother David's daughter Rose was here at the seminary for a few months some years ago. His granddaughter, Lottie Mooney, graduated in 1889, and her sister Emma is at the present time a pupil here.

“During the summer of 1882 I went to Europe for a vacation tour under the care of Dr. L. C. Loomis of Washington, D. C. On this trip I was accompanied by Miss Harriet H. Campbell of Clarion, Pa., (now Mrs. Ross Reynolds, Jr., of Kittanning, Pa.) and a young lady from Allegheny, Pa.

“Dr. Loomis had a large party under his care, and we made many pleasant acquaintances during this trip. We visited parts of Scotland and England, and on the Continent we went as far east as Vienna, and as far south as Naples. This visit to Europe was peculiarly delightful to me, as it was my first. In 1886 I took another trip to Europe, being accompanied this time by ten ladies. We were again under the care of Dr. Loomis, and we visited many of the places which we had seen upon our former trip.

“In addition we visited Turin and Lake Maggiore in Italy, and Heidelberg in Germany. It was a renewed pleasure to take the second trip, as I saw much that was new to me in every city or place that we visited, and my pleasure was increased at seeing again what I had seen four years before.

“My mother and my two sisters, Jane and Sarah, came to Washington to make their home with me, after my brother William's death in 1875. They removed here from Steubenville in October of that year. It has added much to my comfort to have them as members of our seminary family. My sister Sarah's death March 4, 1889, left a vacancy which

could not be filled. She had, by her bright, cheerful disposition, her sympathetic nature, and her strong Christian character, combined with her comparative helplessness physically, so endeared herself to the members of our large family and other friends here, that her loss was very severely felt.

"I have found my work here to be that for which my long and varied experience, as a teacher, and in other relations in life, had fitted me. I have found here use for all the knowledge elsewhere acquired. It has been to me a pleasant work, and I have been happy in my surroundings.

"Miss C. C. Thompson has for several years been my efficient assistant, and is now vice-principal.

"I have always felt at home in Washington. The cordiality with which I was received, the unvarying kindness of the people, and especially the cordial relations always existing between the trustees and myself, have contributed to this end. I feel that I owe much to Mrs. Hanna, the former principal of the seminary, because of her establishing the school on firm Christian principles.

"Her wisdom in the management of the school, and her success, have made possible the seminary of the present.

"I owe very much to the friendship and support of the friends and former pupils of Mrs. Hanna."

In connection with sister Nancy's own history, I here insert a copy of a letter which she wrote to father from Arkansas, when she first thought of leaving the South on account of the troubled state of the country.

This letter I found recorded in father's journal under date of Thursday, February 28, 1861, as he had that evening received it.

"POINT CHICOT, Arkansas, February 16, 1861.

"Dear Father:

"To-day is Saturday, and I have closed the labors of the week. I am meditating seriously on going home, for I do not feel satisfied to stay here in the present state of the country. I do not know yet how soon, but indeed I begin to feel uncomfortable. People down here are strong disunionists, and blame everybody else for differing from them even in slight matters. Yesterday at dinner I displeased both Mr. and Mrs. Johnson by expressing some sentiments with regard to disunion that did not meet their approval. I cannot here relate the conversation at large, but Mrs. Johnson, turning to me, said, 'Miss Sherrard, there are a great many good people in the South.'

“‘Yes,’ said I, ‘and it is a pity that they let the rascals lead them.’ Mr. Johnson then took it up, and said that I took a great deal on myself to call them all rascals. He said I had called ‘*us*,’ &c. I said that when I spoke I was not personal, but meant those who had attempted to destroy the United States Government. That made matters worse, and everything that was said on both sides was only worse and not better. I do not think they will ever forgive me for my talk yesterday. I asked their pardon if they considered it personal, and that is all I am going to do. I have listened all winter to having all northern people classed together as the compound of all villainy that could be possibly put together.

“There is a point where forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and that point is reached. Now, I suppose the next thing they will think I am an Abolitionist, and if they do not think so now, they will miss a figure or two.

“They will never have a better friend of the South from the North than I have been, but if I were to stay here till my head was grayer than Methuselah’s was, they never would make a disunionist of me. I am sorry I made that speech, but it is done and it can’t be helped. You cannot imagine how angry they both were, and we have always been such good friends before. I suppose Mr. Johnson will think I went beyond my sphere, which is to teach his children, and not to talk politics with him, which is undoubtedly true. I wish I was at home, where I could talk without people getting angry about what I say.

“Affectionately, your daughter,

“NANCY SHERRARD.”

PERSONAL HISTORY OF JOHN HINDMAN SHERRARD.

At my request my brother John has written an account of his own life, which I insert at this point.

“When I was nearly twenty years of age I desired to leave the farm at Sugar Hill and learn a trade. My father gave his full consent, as I was not yet of age, and I left home February 4, 1850, having engaged as apprentice with the firm of Harris & McDonald, blacksmiths, in Steubenville. But the fall of 1851 I was taken sick with a fever, and after my recovery it was thought best to give up my plans about the trade, and I worked at home on the farm the summer of 1852. In November, 1852, I began attending the High School of Galloway & Buchanan, in Steubenville, and boarded at home. About mid-winter I began teaching at Hill’s school-house, and continued there till May, 1853, when I started to college at Washington, Pa. I had, however, engaged with William Salmon to meet him April 1, 1853, at Leavenworth and go with him across the plains with a drove of cattle, but through a kind Providence, at the suggestion of a loving mother, I was led to give up that plan, with the un-

derstanding that I would go to school for one year only, and it was agreed that I should go to Washington College. Everything and every person was strange to me there, and as I was to stay only a year and take a partial course, it was very difficult to decide just what I would better study.

“At the suggestion of one of the Professors I took up Latin, and the next November I took up Greek, having by that time come to the fixed determination that come what would I would take a full course. I was urged to this by my brother Robert and sister Nancy, both of whom had had a liberal education and knew the benefit of the same.

“Through the kindness of Rev. Dr. Enoch C. Wines, the new Professor of Languages in Washington College, I became a regular Freshman. His eldest son, Frederic H., was in that class, and he was always a warm friend of mine. I soon became a member of the Washington Literary Society, and in 1855, I became a member of the Beta Theta Pi Fraternity. There was no chapter of that Fraternity in Washington, but I went over to Canonsburg and was initiated in the Gamma Chapter, and then I established the Nu Chapter in Washington, being assisted in this by W. M. Stewart. We then received Joseph Waugh, Watson Hughes, George Birch, Will Hanway and James D. Kerr that same year.

“I always stood fair in my class of eighteen members, and at graduation in September, 1857, I stood seventh, and was put on commencement. I had been allowed, however, by the Faculty to take charge of the Cross Creek Village Academy, in Washington County, Pa., in May, 1857, and to graduate with my class, passing successfully the final examination. At that Academy I had some fifty students, young men and young women in every grade of advancement.

“I taught there five months, closing the last of September, and received tuition fees amounting to some \$250.

“And now comes a matter which I should have mentioned before, how that during my college course I became acquainted with Miss Kizzie N. Fulton, whose father, Mr. Abram Fulton, had taken charge of the temperance hotel in Washington, Pa., called the Fulton House, April 1, 1853, just one month before my arrival in the town. I did not, however, make the acquaintance of his daughter Kizzie till the fall of 1854. In March, 1857, her father and family removed to a farm in Louisa County, Iowa.

There we were married October 13, 1857,—John Hindman Sherrard and Kizzie Newlon Fulton.

“ We arrived home at Sugar Hill on the 15th, and our reception was the following day. It was not at all my intention then to study for the ministry, but to make teaching my life work, and during the following winter I taught the Academy at Buffalo in Washington County, Pa., and the summer of 1858 I was on the farm at Sugar Hill for the most of the time, although I was for a time employed in writing in my brother Robert's office in Steubenville.

“ But the Lord led me in a way that I knew not, and called me unmistakably to prepare to preach the gospel.

“ A daughter whom we called Jane Hindman, for my mother, was born to us July 17, 1858, at Sugar Hill, and she was just two months old when we went to Allegheny, September 17, 1858, and I entered Western Theological Seminary as a student. We boarded all the three years of my course there, but during my first vacation the summer of 1859 I had charge of Callensburg Academy in Clarion County, Pa. I was licensed by the Presbytery of Steubenville April 26, 1860, and during that summer of my second vacation I had a position as teacher for four months at Miller Academy, Washington, Guernsey Co., Ohio, and I preached frequently during the summer. On July 13, 1860, our second daughter was born at Sugar Hill, and we named her Anna Rachel. The next spring, March 27, 1861, I graduated in a class of 46 from the Western Theological Seminary, being one of seven who had part in the closing exercises. The Rev. Wm. M. Taylor, now of Mount Jackson, Pa., and myself represented Dr. Plumer's Department, Didactic and Pastoral Theology.

“ The Lord not only called me to preach, but he has always called a people to hear me. My first charge was at Rimersburg, Clarion Co., Pa., and I had the three churches of Bethesda, Oak Grove and Middle Creek, from May, 1861, to February, 1867. My ordination by the Presbytery of Clarion took place at the Bethesda Church at Rimersburg, September 26, 1861. The Lord added to these churches such, as we trust, are saved. While living in Rimersburg two sons were born to us, Charles Clinton Beatty, February 2, 1864, and John Hughes, May 19, 1866.

“ Charlie was taken from us by accidental drowning July 6, 1866.

Early in 1867 I was called to Bucyrus, O., and began my regular work there on April 1, 1867, and was installed by the Presbytery of Marion the same month.

“While here my work was blessed, and we were blessed with health and prosperity, and had many kind people.

“The congregation bought for us a parsonage just beside the church March, 1868. The church had a number of precious revivals during my pastorate at Bucyrus or more than eleven years, but the most wonderful was the winter of 1872, when over 70 were added to the church, among whom were our own beloved daughters, Jennie and Anna.

“In May, 1869, I represented the Presbytery of Marion in the General Assembly at New York, and also the Reunion Assembly in November of that year at Pittsburgh.

“Three children were born to us in Bucyrus: Robert Maurice, October 1, 1869; Mary Fulton, July 18, 1871; and Elizabeth Linn, February 25, 1874. At the request of my sister Nancy I left Bucyrus August, 1878, and removed, with my family, to Washington, Pa. There I assisted her for two years in her work in the Washington Female Seminary, teaching the Senior and Junior classes, and during that time on Sabbath days I supplied the church of Upper Ten Mile at Prosperity, Pa., ten miles south of Washington, and I removed my family to that place in April, 1879.

“While living at Prosperity our eighth and youngest child was born, July 27, 1879, and we named her Helen Ewing.

“It was also during our life at Prosperity that two marriages occurred in our family: our eldest daughter, Jennie Hindman Sherrard, was united in marriage with the Rev. J. C. R. Ewing, June 24, 1879, and that fall they went out to India as missionaries, where they have been most successful in their work. They have four children born in India: Eleanor, Anna, John Sherrard and Margaret Rhea. Our second daughter, Anna Rachel Sherrard, was united in marriage to Oliver M. Blachly, M.D., of Sparta, Washington County, Pa., on May 18, 1881, and they have two children, Stephen and John Sherrard.

“The fall of 1882 I was called to Delphos, Ohio, and removed there in November, and was installed over that church by the Presbytery of Lima in April, 1883. The work there was always pleasant and to a

good degree prosperous, but owing to so many removals, and the town of Delphos being intensely Roman Catholic, I gave up my work there in October, 1888, having received a very cordial invitation to take charge of the Presbyterian Church at Rockville, Ind. I began my work there October 21, 1888, and was installed December 12, 1889, by the Presbytery of Crawfordsville, and here we live at the present time in great peace, comfort and prosperity.

"Written January 1, 1890."

My brother John's son, Hughes, is living in Delphos, O., while Maurice is, at the present time, a Junior in Washington and Jefferson College, and Mary is a pupil in the Seminary at Washington. Bessie and Helen are at home in Rockville, Ind.

DEATH OF JOSEPH KITHCART, SR.

One of the events which made a marked impression upon our family was the death of uncle Joseph Kithcart in Mount Pleasant, which occurred May 8, 1851. Father had visited him about a month before, and this is what he says: "I bade Joseph Kithcart farewell, and I felt sad, knowing that I should see that brother-in-law no more in life, for I had known him so long and so well from the time he was a boy twelve years old at the time I married his sister Mary January 25, 1816. He was a man of gentle, good-natured disposition from a school boy to manhood, and from man's years till his death. He always had a strong attachment for me and my family, and it was the last visit he made us that he said to my present wife, Jane, that there was no other house in the land at which he could be so much at home and make so free as he could at our house, which he said was more like his own house to him. He was always welcome to my house, and I was always welcome to his, and we had no disputes to mar our peace or to break off our friendship."

I can remember a visit with father and mother to their house in Mount Pleasant when I was four years and a half old, and one lasting impression of that visit is that I had an orange given me there and it was the first one I ever saw and tasted. Uncle Joseph Kithcart left three daughters: Rebecca, who married R. M. Dickey, of Allegheny, Pa.; Mary, who married J. Plummer Bracken, of Mount Pleasant; and Louisa, who is now Mrs. John A. Page.

Their mother, aunt Martha Kithcart, died July 2, 1869. Uncle Joseph's mother, Mrs. Galloway, who was, however, always known as Grandmother Kithcart, lived in her own home in Mount Pleasant from the time she quit keeping house for father at Rush Run in 1827, and after an illness for three years, during which she was confined to her bed, she died August 20, 1854, near the close of her eighty-second year.

MY FIRST VISIT TO FAYETTE COUNTY.

During the fall of 1851 father took me with him on a visit to Fayette County to see uncle David. I was a very little boy of six and a half years to go away so far from my mother, but it was a very pleasant trip to me—the farthest away from home that I had ever before been—and I have always distinctly remembered it to this day.

It was a journey of seventy miles across the country, and we drove in the carriage, stopping over night at uncle Robert Lee's, then at Washington, for dinner, and on along the National Road, stopping the second night near Beallsville at John Hill's, and the next day passing on across the Monongahela River at Brownsville to Searight's; there leaving the pike and turning eastward along the Philadelphia clay road, and I remember a finger-board at Searight's which pointed eastward and said,—“To Philadelphia 300 mls.”

We went on through Plumpsock, and past Laurel Hill Church, and arrived at uncle David's that evening. We had brought Lizzie Stoneroad with us from Steubenville Seminary, where she had been at school, and as she was expected home about this time, her father, the Rev. Joel Stoneroad, pastor of Laurel Hill, where uncle David was an Elder, found it convenient to request father to bring his daughter home with him. Here at uncle David's we found my sister Nancy, who had come over from Unity, Westmoreland County, where she had been teaching for five months, and she came home with us.

FATHER AN ELDER IN STEUBENVILLE.

On November 10, 1851, father was elected a Ruling Elder in the First Presbyterian Church of Steubenville, and he was installed on Sabbath, December 21 of the same year, he having been ordained an Elder in the Centre Church in 1824. In this First Church he continued in the office

of Ruling Elder during the remainder of his life. He was very regular in his attendance at the regular monthly meetings of the Session, and took a deep interest in the spiritual affairs of the church, and was often in attendance at Presbytery and Synod.

He was always the warm friend of the pastor, and was loyal to the interests of the Presbyterian Church.

UNCLE ROBERT LEE'S DEATH.

One of the best men in his day and generation was Uncle Robert Lee, the husband of mother's younger and only sister, Elizabeth Hindman. He was one of the sons of William Lee, and was born in 1806, in Brooke County, Va., only a short distance across the river from Steubenville.

After Grandmother Hindman had married John Orr, of Holliday's Cove, her daughter Elizabeth lived with them, and they and the Lees all went to the Three Springs Church. In this way Robert Lee and Elizabeth Hindman became acquainted, and they were married in January, 1835.

He owned a fine farm three miles from Burgettstown, and the same distance from Cross Creek Village; and here they settled down and became members of Dr. John Stockton's church in Cross Creek Village, where he became a ruling elder. Three daughters were born to them: Mary, who was married to David M. Pry, of Burgettstown, February 5, 1885; Nannie, who still remains unmarried, and Elizabeth, who was married to Levi Scott June 5, 1867. The home of Uncle Robert Lee was always one of the most delightful places to visit, and many were the social exchanges of visits between the two families; and none more sincerely mourned the early death of Uncle Robert than father and mother and all of us children; for he died at the age of forty-seven, January 16, 1853.

Aunt Lee and her daughters continued to live on the farm and manage it for many years, until 1878, when they rented it and moved to Burgettstown, where aunt died October 22, 1886, and Nannie still resides there in her own house. Lizzie's husband, Levi Scott, died very suddenly from an accident in June, 1883. She still occupies her farm near Burgettstown, to which she went when first married, and it is man-

aged by her only child, Robert Lee Scott, who is now twenty-one years of age.

DEATH OF AUNT BETSY IRVINE SHERRARD.

The fall of 1854 father and mother and sister Sue went on a visit to Uncle David's; and as they were about to leave for home, father speaks of his parting with Aunt Betsy in this way:

"I bade farewell to sister Betsy, and before going out to the carriage, as I stood a moment in the door, she spoke in a solemn tone which struck me forcibly: 'Robert, I shall never see you again.' But I replied: 'You may see me again; for if you are not able to come to see me, I may be able to come and see you.' But there was something prophetic in her remark, for she never did see me again in this life; for, before my return to Fayette County, she had passed away. She died June 19, 1855, when she calmly breathed her last in the presence of her husband, who had always been a kind and loving husband to her since their marriage March 14, 1816. With her last breath, the last word that she spoke was 'David.' It was evident that she dearly loved David, her husband, and David dearly loved his wife, and well he might, for she was a woman of rare qualities and qualifications. During the latter part of her life she was much afflicted with spinal disease, and for the last three or four years she had the use of her hands, but could not dress herself."

Uncle David was married again February 13, 1858, to Miss Martha Watt, of Pittsburgh, and they lived together very happily until Uncle David's death, June 2, 1880, after which Aunt Martha continued to live at the same place, two miles from Dunbar, Pa., and she is living there alone at the present time in a happy old age. It is the same old house where Uncle David lived so long, and the very same place where grandfather and grandmother, John and Mary Sherrard, were living in 1786, when Uncle David was born,—the same place where Uncle David Cathcart lived so long, and he left it to Uncle David A. C. Sherrard. He sold the farm many years ago to his nephew, Thomas G. Sherrard, and after the death of cousin Thomas, his son David lived there for a few years; but the old farm is now sold into the hands of strangers. Uncle David reserved the house and a few acres for himself, and Aunt Martha continues to live there.

FARM LIFE, 1850-60.

After the older brothers and sisters were married, and Nancy and John were away at school, our home life on the farm went on as usual, for William and I were gradually growing up to take our part in the work on the farm, while for a time Brother Joseph was chief manager under father. But as Brother William grew older, he took the management of the farm, and Joseph began about 1858 to work at painting in town and country, and for a time he was clerk in a grocery in Steubenville; but he still made his home at Sugar Hill, and at times worked on the farm.

During the earlier years William and I were at school summer and winter at our District school at Hill's school-house, and the winter of 1855-6, which was a very cold and snowy winter, he and I went regularly to the South Grammar School in Steubenville, where we made good progress in our studies. Among other excellent things which we learned that winter at school was how to sing and to read music at sight, which was taught in the public schools.

The knowledge of music thus acquired was of the greatest value and pleasure to both of us all through our lives, and we tried to use it to good account.

Sister Jane started to school at the Seminary May 5, 1851, and went that summer session, and remained at home the following winter, and then went again the summer of 1852. Sister Sue then started to the Seminary November 1, 1852, and continued in attendance there till she graduated the spring of 1855. Jane then started again to the Seminary for the summer session of that year, and the following winter she boarded at brother Robert's in town, and continued at school until the summer of 1856. She was in the class of 1857, and would have graduated that spring, but sister Sue was taken with a severe sore throat the May of 1856, and Jane remained at home and gave up school.

She remained at home with mother ever after that, the centre of all the home life in connection with sister Sarah, and during all these years sister Jane was the daily companion of Sarah and a sympathizing sister in her long affliction, while she has been up to the present time the

comfort and companion to mother, faithfully and lovingly ministering to her in her declining years. And no matter where the brothers and sisters of the family had gone, far away from the old home at Sugar Hill, they were sure of a warm welcome from Jane and Sarah on their return home. In those days among the fifties, many were the pleasant visits during the slack time of the year, when sometimes one, sometimes another, would go with father and mother on visits to relatives, to uncle David's or uncle John's, or to aunt Lee's or to the various friends at Mount Pleasant, and many were the visits we received from these friends.

Father and mother were always most hospitable people and kept open house for all their friends as long as I can remember, and their circle of acquaintance and friendship was large all over the country. The fall of 1856 I went with father and mother on a visit over through Washington County, Pa., and everywhere the country was excited over the coming Presidential election, when Fremont was the Republican candidate, and Buchanan the Democratic.

I have never seen as many political poles since; every farm-house seemed to have its pole in the yard to declare the political principles of the owner.

Again the fall of 1859 I went with father and mother on a visit to Fayette County, Pa., and while there we went one day up on the mountain side to the old farm where father was born just seventy years before, and he had never seen the old place since the day they had moved off, when father was ten years old.

FATHER AS A WRITER.

It seemed to me in my boyhood that father was often engaged in transacting some kind of business for other people. And by the time I was old enough to appreciate my father's intelligence and abilities, as he was 56 years old when I was born, he was old enough to retire from active life; and as he had boys who were fully capable of attending to all the farm work, father was able to take life easier, and to have leisure for other employments. His counsel was often sought by neighbors, and often he was called upon to write the last wills of his old acquaintances. I know not how many wills he drew in his lifetime, nor how many

estates he settled as Executor or Administrator, but certainly a great many. One of the estates that occupied his attention for several years was that of old James Armstrong. In addition to his work on the farm, with occasional attention to business for other people, it seems to me in looking back over my boyhood that father in his leisure moments always had either a paper or a pen in his hand, and one of the familiar sights in our house was the old desk and the old cork inkstand, and the dozens of quill pens lying around.

For it must be remembered that during his long life father never used anything but a quill pen, and these he always made for himself. For this purpose he kept a penknife of the finest steel and keenest edge.

He was always an early riser, and one of the first things to be seen any morning of the week would be father sitting at his little stand writing, either in his journal or his family history, or some communication for a newspaper, or a letter to one of his children or his brothers David and John. He always used foolscap paper, and it must be of the best quality, and in this way he wrote in a round and legible hand thousands and thousands of pages in his day. When the War of the Rebellion broke out father was a very strong supporter of the Union, for he had been a lifelong Whig and a Republican from the day of the organization of that party, and he had voted for Abraham Lincoln and warmly endorsed his policy.

He diligently read the war news in the daily papers, and from them he copied out all sorts of interesting accounts of the progress of the war, until he filled two large volumes. Taking his Daily Journals, What I Remember, Common Place Books, Notes of the War, History of Old Centre, Family History, and other books, all of which he left in Manuscript, I have counted 10,000 pages.

UNCLE JOHN SHERRARD'S DEATH.

On July 14, 1860, Uncle John died at his home on Piney Fork, four miles west of Smithfield, Ohio, and he was buried the following day at Beech Spring. In the settling up of his estate there was a sale of his personal property, and I have, no doubt, the old chest was sold that had belonged to Grandmother Mary Cathcart Sherrard, in which she

brought over her fine clothes from Ireland when she came with her father the fall of 1773, as father mentions that it was left at Uncle John's. Among other things father bought Uncle John's family carriage, and it was a vehicle of fine workmanship, which lasted our family as long as they remained at Sugar Hill.

Aunt Sarah survived her husband only about a year and died September 27, 1861. They had only two children, and the younger, James, had died when a young man, April 15, 1851. The other son, William, who married Margaret Jane Neal, had removed out to Iowa a few years before the death of his parents, but he was frequently home to see them. But for many years past nothing has been heard of him.

FATHER'S TRIP EAST.

One of the pleasantest experiences of father's life was his first and only visit to Philadelphia and New York the spring of 1861. He went in company with brother Robert, and they were gone from April 29th to May 10th.

He was absent on this trip on his birthday that year, and from the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, he wrote in his Journal that day as follows: "Saturday morning, May 4, 1861. This day at 12 o'clock I have arrived at 72 years of age, and have had a fine golden happy time of it.

"Thank God for it, together with good health and strength, and a strong, well-balanced mind, all of which helped along the enjoyment of life, coupled with agreeable wives as companions in the journey of life."

They spent five days in Philadelphia, and father gives a minute account of everything he saw in that city, and on the afternoon of May 4th they crossed the Market Street Ferry to Camden and took the cars on the Camden & Amboy R. R. for New York, and went to the St. Nicholas Hotel.

The next morning being Sabbath, father and Robert went to hear Dr. Gardiner Spring, and this is father's account of it: "We walked two miles up Broadway northward to Dr. Spring's church. They were singing the first hymn. We were shown by the sexton to a seat some distance up the aisle occupied by one woman and a man.

“Dr. Spring, after he had made a very appropriate prayer, took a text, and preached one hour and five minutes by my watch, from 2 Cor. 5 : 10, ‘For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ.’ To be 76 years of age, Dr. Spring did the subject great justice; he stood on his feet and preached long and preached well for his age, without looking much to manuscript or notes.”

That Sabbath evening they went to hear Dr. Chapin, and this is the way father speaks of it: “Mr. Chapin preaches for the Universalists, but appears to be sound in the faith in all his expressed views. He took his text in Proverbs, and he discoursed for half an hour well and to the purpose, and quietly slipped off into a political strain with regard to the times and troubles between the North and the South. And among other things he mentioned the case of the first man that was killed in Baltimore, belonging to the Boston (Massachusetts) Regiment, on the 19th of April, 1861, and said that the moment he was shot he cried out: ‘God bless the Stars and Stripes,’ and fell dead on the spot. This brought down a very full house, and such a stamping and tapping on the floor I never heard in any church on Sabbath, at any time, in all my life before.” Monday was a rainy day, but Tuesday they started out to see the sights: “After breakfast, which was at 9 A. M., I and Robert started down Broadway, and the sidewalk was so crowded that it was difficult to get along. Just before we started I stood before the door of the St. Nicholas, and counted fifty-two men, five women and two boys pass on the sidewalk next to me in one minute; and I have no doubt but at three o’clock, P. M. the stream of human beings on each side of Broadway had increased that two hundred or more were passing every minute.” After spending four days in New York and visiting many places of interest, among others Central Park, Five Points, Trinity and the New York Exchange, all of which father describes very particularly, they returned to Philadelphia, and the towns and scenery along through New Jersey are described. They remained for a day or two in Philadelphia, and then returned home to Steubenville.

A CARRIAGE DRIVE TO RIMERSBURG.

My brother John had settled as pastor at Rimersburg, in Clarion County, Pa., the spring of 1861, and during that summer his little

daughter Jennie, three years old, was with us at Sugar Hill. The fall of 1861 Nancy, Jane and I concluded to make a visit to Rimersburg, and we were to take Jennie with us to her home. We set off in the carriage, and I drove a very fine team of horses, "Charley" and "Sylvia," which I had myself broken to drive together.

Only the day before we started I had harrowed in twelve acres of wheat all in one day, driving these two horses together with check lines, so that they would go well together on this trip. It was a splendid team, much admired everywhere along the road, and it proved to be a very delightful trip with perfect October weather.

We went by the old Steubenville and Pittsburgh pike, stopping the first night at Florence, where we visited at Mrs. Kerr's and Mr. Duncan's, and the next night we spent at Mrs. Davis', four miles west of Pittsburgh, near what is now Crafton Station. We crossed the Ohio the following day at Saw Mill Run, and passing on up through Allegheny and Sharpsburg, took dinner at Freeport and spent the night at Slate Lick, in Armstrong County.

The next day we drove on to Watterson's Ferry where we crossed the Allegheny River, and thence five miles farther to Rimersburg. On our return we came to Kittaning the first day for dinner, and from there we went on out eastward in Armstrong County and visited for a day or two at Mr. Scott's, and also at Mr. McCartney's near Apollo.

We then passed on through Elder's Ridge and Saltsburg, and came to New Alexandria, where we visited at the home of the Rev. Adam Torrance. There Jane and I left Nancy, as she was to attend the wedding of her friend Mattie Torrance who was shortly to be united in marriage to the Rev. T. F. Wallace. We drove homeward through Westmoreland County along the Northern Pike, and came through Murrys ville, and Wilksburg and East Liberty, driving down Penn Avenue through Pittsburgh, crossing the Monongahela River on the Smithfield Street Bridge, and so on out to Mrs. Davis's; then on to Florence where we turned off and visited at aunt Lee's, and from there we came home after an absence of three weeks.

THE ONE HUNDRED DAYS' SERVICE.

There were many trying times during the progress of the Civil War, but none more so than the summer of 1864, when the National Guards were called out for emergency service for one hundred days. This left many of the manufactories idle, and on the farms it was exceedingly difficult to get men to do the necessary work in securing the harvest, so that the women all over the country often came out into the fields to help. My brother William belonged to a Steubenville company of these State Guards, in connection with the 153d Regiment of Ohio. He had never gone into the army but had remained at home to take care of the family, and the first part of the war I was too young for regular service, so I was away at school.

During the spring vacation of 1864 I was at home from the academy at Merrittstown, Pa., in April, when the National Guards were called out for the summer. William had to go with his regiment, and they were sent to Fort Delaware, down in Delaware Bay, to guard rebel prisoners.

Thus William's absence rendered it absolutely necessary for me to remain at home that summer and manage the farm under father's direction. Many of our soldiers were taken sick at Fort Delaware owing to the malarial conditions of that region, and brother William came home late in the summer with inflammatory rheumatism, and from this he recovered very slowly. His health was permanently impaired, and his naturally vigorous constitution was much broken by the summer's exposure, so that from the effects of this he never fully recovered. He was, however, late in the fall of 1864, able to take up his management of the farm again, and I started to college at Washington.

FATHER'S SERIOUS ACCIDENT IN 1866.

On June 13, 1866, father met with the most serious accident of his life. He was out in a shed attached to the barn, assisting brother William in sawing off the sharp ends of the horns of a cow, when the cow, which was securely fastened, happened to give a sudden lunge, and father's left hand was caught under the cow's horn.

The sharp horn caught the finger of the left hand next to the little finger and ran through the fleshy part of the finger, lacerating the flesh

in a most serious manner. It proved to be a very painful wound, and more excruciating, father says, than anything he had ever before experienced. The finger had to be amputated at the second joint, but this did not prove effective, and finally the whole finger had to be removed at the knuckle joint, and ever afterwards father's left hand was somewhat stiff and tender. During this affliction, father was reduced to such a serious condition that the physician was very apprehensive at one time about his recovery, although he was not at any time confined to his bed.

But his situation was so alarming that father's twelve children all came home to see him, and we were all together in the old home at one time. This was something which had never occurred before. David had left home before I was born, and although there was a great deal of visiting back and forth, and often all would be at home except one or two, at the same time, yet it had so happened that all of the twelve had never met together before. And now on Thursday, July 5, 1866, we were all home together. Father and mother, and the twelve children, six boys and six girls, all sat down to supper together, and we all spent that night at Sugar Hill.

We were never all together again as a family, except on the occasion of sister Susan's marriage, which took place four months later, November 7, 1866; and again and finally in this life, the twelve children were all at home at the time of father's death, January 1, 1874.

MARRIAGE OF SUSAN CATHCART SHERRARD.

But the joy of our family reunion and father's convalescence was overshadowed only the very next day by the distressing calamity in the accidental drowning of brother John's lovely little boy, Charlie, two and a half years old. This occurred on Friday, July 6, 1866, and the following Monday John and Kizzie returned home to Rimersburg, and sister Sue thought it her duty in the time of their deep affliction to accompany them home and remain for a time. While in Clarion County, on that visit, Sue became acquainted with Mr. Culbertson Orr.

He was a widower with three children, his wife having been Miss Nancy Smith, of Westmoreland County. He was a farmer of energy, thrift and prosperity, and owned a fine farm in Limestone Township, Clarion County, six miles from Clarion, and two miles from Greenville.

The acquaintance then formed between him and my sister Sue resulted in his coming to see her at Sugar Hill, after her return home. To make a long story short, there was an engagement, and finally, a marriage, at our old home at Sugar Hill on November 7, 1866, and it was a grand occasion.

But I have requested my sister Susan to write out a connected account of her life, from the time of her graduation at the Seminary the spring of 1855 up to the time of her marriage the fall of 1866, and it is as follows :

“ About the middle of April, 1855, I went to Springfield, Ohio, where I taught in the Seminary carried on by the Rev. Mr. Sturdevant. There was only a three months' term, and I returned home by the middle of July. As Nancy was teaching at the Seminary in Steubenville and Jane attending school there that summer and the following winter, I remained at home to help my mother. Jane entered the Senior year in May, 1856, but remained only a month when I was taken very ill and brought near death's door, but I rallied, and by July was able to be about my usual work again. Jane had lost so much time and fallen behind her class that she refused to go back to school, which has been a never-failing source of regret to me. In the fall of 1856, while on a visit to aunt Lee, their neighbor, Mr. Josiah Scott, came to see me about teaching their winter school, which I agreed to do, and I spent the winter there, boarding at aunt Lee's. But I lost a month of the winter by an attack of measles, through which I was very kindly nursed by my aunt and cousins, and afterwards I enjoyed much better health than for several years.

“ In the spring of 1857 I taught two months and a half in the public school in Steubenville, assisting Miss Manly in the South Grammar School, and in that school John Henry Sharpe, now Rev. Dr. Sharpe of Philadelphia, was one of my pupils. In the fall and winter of 1857-8 I taught my first term in our school at home. After that I remained at home until July, 1858, when I went to Kentucky to teach in a Select School in Woodford County.

“ It was one of the most pleasant and agreeable schools I ever taught, and I remained there two years and a half, always spending my vaca-

tions at home for about two months each summer. But owing to the disturbed state of the country I returned home about the 1st of February, 1861, and remained until the 1st of May. At that time I went with my brother John and his family to their new home in Rimersburg, Clarion County, Pa., where I remained until August. That fall and winter I taught my second term in our home school, and about the 1st of April, 1862, I went to Clarion County to attend the wedding of my friend Bella Orr, and to make a little visit to brother John.

"During the summer of 1862 I remained at home, and that fall I accepted the Grammar School in the old Academy in Steubenville, and taught there a year. My health was not good that year, so I did not go back, but taught part of a term at our home school. I resigned in January to accept an invitation to go to Pisgah School in Woodford County, Ky., and there I taught five months until summer vacation of 1864. That fall I returned to the same place in Kentucky, but taught only one month, when sister Nancy wrote, urging me to give up my school and go to assist her in a school she had started in Fort Wayne, Ind. My patrons in Kentucky kindly released me, and I went to Fort Wayne and assisted Nancy the remainder of the year, until the last of June, 1865. My health was not good in Fort Wayne, and in the fall of 1865 I had an offer to go back to my old school in Woodford County, Ky., and I returned, remaining there until June, 1866. This closed my career as a teacher, as I was married the fall of 1866."

My sister Sue's husband, Culbertson Orr, has for many years been an elder in the Greenville Presbyterian Church.

Five children have been born to them in their home: Robert Sherard; William Culbertson; Henry Comingo; George Thomas; and Jane Hindman.

Robert has spent several years as a student in Washington and Jefferson College, and is at the present time in the Junior Class. Will has just this winter of 1889-90 entered the Middle Preparatory Class in College. Harry has been in poor health for some years past. George lived only a few months, and died of scarlet fever.

Jane is at home at school, and is her mother's great comfort and helper. For many years while my sister Sue still remained at home

she sang alto in the choir of the First Presbyterian Church of Steubenville.

Of all my father's six daughters she was the best singer, having a natural alto voice. It was a voice of unusual sweetness, clearness and power. It may be said that my testimony is biased by my boyish love and interest in my sister, but those who remember my sister Sue's voice in the old choir of the First Church will bear me out when I say that her voice had a peculiar charm to it possessed by very few alto singers. In all my wide experience, in a musical way, I have never heard a more lovely alto voice, and very few, indeed, that have been equal to it in sweetness and purity.

CLOSING DAYS OF ROBERT A. SHERRARD.

Nothing could be more beautiful and affecting to those who witnessed it than the happy old age of my father, and his life went onward toward its close with the calmness and contentment of one who had served his generation well, at peace with God and with his fellow-men.

His was a life of remarkable cheerfulness and ceaseless activity, and he came to his closing days with his natural force unabated, except as the weight of years reduced his vital powers, but he remained to the last in the vigorous use of all his faculties. His eyesight was good, his hearing acute, his memory unfailing, and his mind perfectly clear. Born the very year the American Constitution was adopted, he had lived in manhood through the first three-quarters of the most wonderful century in all the world's history, and he himself saw with his own eyes the development of that great progress in the world's civilization upon which we look back with amazement.

Blessed with an unusually vigorous constitution from his birth, it was never impaired by the practice of any vices or evil habits, and any tendency towards physical weakness was caused, according to his own testimony, by his own folly in lifting in his youth.

During the last ten years of his life, he read and wrote much, and was engaged almost daily in writing at his Family History, while for recreation he would go out and do some light work around the farm, or gathering apples and driving to town and selling them. It is one of

the pleasant things to remember him when we would be at home on our visits, and perhaps callers would come in.

He would be busy at his writing out in the dining-room, while others would be talking in the parlor, and he would come with his pen in hand, and sit for awhile taking an interest in what was said, and joining in the conversation, telling some incident of long ago times, and then getting up and going back to his writing, which he loved so well to do. He preferred writing on a little stand rather than at his desk, and this stand was one of the most familiar objects in the whole house. It was a part of my mother's outfit when she was married, ordered for her by her mother, and made of walnut by a cabinet maker. It had a little drawer in it, and in this father always kept his shaving tools, and every Wednesday and Saturday morning, as regularly as the sun rose, this little stand was set out and father carefully attended to shaving himself. In later days, about 1864, he asked me to put a new and larger top on this stand, so that he might have more room for his books and writing materials, and I did so, making a circular top of solid cherry, twenty-eight inches in diameter, and covering it with oil-cloth.

This little table is still in mother's possession at the seminary in Washington, and just here at this writing, January 4, 1890, I have gone over to the seminary to see it, and mother says she intends that I shall have this old table for mine. After I had put the new top to it father was very much pleased with it, and took great comfort in it all the rest of his days. It was so light that he could readily move it around wherever he could get the best light, and as it had casters he often drew it out on the porch in warm weather. There is perhaps no more vivid recollection of father to any of the family than as we remember him seated at that little table covered over with his books; or as we see him rising and going to the window to make or repair a quill pen.

THE STORY OF MY OWN LIFE.

THOMAS JOHNSON SHERRARD.

MY earliest recollection dates back to the time when I was about three years old, and I was playing out in the front yard one day with a sharp iron pick, when I struck it into my left foot near the toes, and the scar is there to this day. I might therefore say that this event made a marked impression upon me. About the same time I can remember that my father often took me with him out to the field where he would be at work, and if it was cool he would wrap his coat around me. He took a great deal of pleasure in me, and in having me with him, no doubt because I was the son of his old age. I went to school when I was six years old at Hill's school-house, and my first teacher was old Mr. Laverty, but before that I had learned to read at home in McGuffy's First Reader.

The winter I was eight years old I received the prize, "The Boy's Own Book," for being the best speller in the whole school, which numbered about fifty scholars, old and young. There was nothing in Cobb's spelling-book that I did not know in those days, and only a year or two afterwards it gave way to McGuffy's, and I became just as familiar with that. The winter of 1855-56 my brother William and I went into Steubenville to school at the South Grammar School, and we walked in and out every morning and evening, as we lived two miles out of town.

It was here that both Will and I learned to sing, when he was sixteen and I was eleven years old. Will and I were always very intimate and the best of companions. It was always a great thing for me to be under the protection of my big brother until I had reached my own growth, for he was a perfect giant in strength. A dozen town boys one day undertook to "pump" him, and it was amusing to see how he threw the whole set off and hurled them in every direction, as easily as Samson carried off the gates of Gaza. They never offered to touch me in the presence of such a champion. I continued at that school during

the summer of 1856, and afterwards went to our district school for a few years, but from an early period I was always at some kind of work on the farm, if not at school.

Our work was never oppressive; but we were always kept busy, and father says, in his record, that I was a stout boy at ten years of age. The old house that was abandoned when the family moved into the new brick house in 1840 was always afterwards used for a shop, and here father kept all sorts of tools. He was himself very expert in the use of carpenter's tools, and there were few things that he could not make, although he never learned the trade. His boys all learned to use these tools, partly because the genius for making things was born in them, and partly because the tools were there with which they could always practice, such as the tools of the carpenter, the joiner, the shoemaker, the saddler and the blacksmith. It was unusual to find all these tools on a farm; but father's boys picked up the use of them to some purpose. There was scarcely anything we could not make or mend, although I believe not one of us ever made a wagon-wheel. David, John and William could shoe horses; but I never tried to do that, and we could all make harness and mend shoes. John made me a pair of little shoes when I was two and a half years old, so father says, and he adds that his four oldest boys could make shoes. But he forgot that his youngest boy could do the same thing, and he never learned from any one. When I was fourteen years old, I made five pairs of shoes for myself and other members of the family, just for pastime on rainy days, and they were a good fit and wore well.

In addition to this, about a year later, I made five sets of harness; and, indeed, it would be impossible to tell how many things I made and fixed up, aside from the ordinary farm work, during my boyhood from thirteen to seventeen years of age. I made a wagon out and out, all but the wheels; a wheel horse-rake, all but the wheels; a machine for tying wool; a wheelbarrow; cider-press; built a clay oven; re-built the chimneys of the house, and re-shingled the house and barn. Besides all this, I re-painted all the inside of the house, and papered several of the rooms.

The summer of 1864, while William was away in the army, I one day built from the ground up one hundred panels of worm fence, six

rails high, and each corner locked with stakes. This was all done by myself alone in one day, in which I handled eight hundred rails. The same summer our neighbor, Joseph McConnell, and I cradled eight acres of oats all in a single day. That summer of 1864 I went for two or three days to the great Sanitary Fair, which was held in Allegheny, and there I heard, for the first time in my life, the Oratorio of the Messiah.

During the winter of 1861-62 I attended the High School in town, and made good progress in my studies, and the spring of 1863 I left home for the first time that I was ever away from my mother longer than three weeks.

I had reached my full height of six feet one year previous to this time, when I was 17, and now, when I was 18, I started in April, 1863, to Dunlap's Creek Academy at Merrittstown, Fayette County, Pa., of which Prof. D. Harvey Sloan was then Principal. On my birthday, two months before, my sister Susan had presented me with my first watch, which I highly appreciated, and which I carried for fifteen years. At the academy I remained just one year, and would have remained one year longer, if it had not been for the calling out of the One Hundred Days' Men, by which I had to remain at home the summer of 1864; for it was Prof. Sloan's desire to prepare me for the Junior Class in College in another year. However, the fall of 1864, I found myself just ready to enter the Freshman Class regularly without any conditions, and I therefore entered Freshman in Washington College, Washington, Pa.

I boarded in the family of the Rev. John W. Scott, D.D., who was the President of the College. He lived just outside the town, in the house which is now occupied by Trinity Hall, and my room-mate was Francis J. Newton, of India. Mrs. Comingo, wife of my former pastor at Steubenville, and her two sons, Edward G. and Neville B., who were both in my class, also boarded there. The Washington people were always very kind and cordial toward me, and I have never ceased to look back to my college experiences in Washington with a great deal of pleasure. Very soon I was invited to sing in the choir of the First Presbyterian Church, of which the Rev. Dr. Brownson was pastor, and I continued as a member of the choir while I remained in Washington. I united with the Washington Literary Society, and it was not long

until I was invited to become a member of the Beta Theta Pi Fraternity, which I joined. But the spring of 1865 the two Colleges of Washington and Jefferson were united, and, according to the terms of the union, the Sophomore, Junior and Senior Classes of the Classical Department were to be educated over at Canonsburgh, while the Freshman and Preparatory Classes, together with the Scientific Department, were to be in Washington. It therefore became necessary for me to go to Canonsburg the fall of 1865 to enter the Sophomore Class, and that year I roomed with Leander C. Woolfolk, of Louisville, who was a Senior. I joined the Philo Literary Society, and continued with the Beta Fraternity in the Gamma Chapter. Throughout the three years that I spent in Canonsburg I sang in the choir of the church. My voice had changed when I was fifteen years of age, and from that time until I went away from home to school I sang bass in the choir of the First Presbyterian Church of Steubenville.

During my Sophomore year at college, I made the acquaintance, which proved to be a life-long friendship, of two classmates, Josiah Welsh and James Harris Stewart, and this bond was broken only by the early death of Mr. Welsh in 1877. He established the first Presbyterian church that was ever organized in Salt Lake City, and continued as its pastor until his death. During my Junior and Senior years my roommate was my friend Harry Stewart, mentioned above. While I was a Senior I was elected, on the recommendation of the Faculty, a member of the Lyceum of Natural Sciences of the College. There were sixty members of our class, forty-nine Classical and eleven Scientific.

My class grade was eighth in a class of forty-nine members, and, singularly enough, Josiah Welsh and I were bracketed together in the same grade. I was put on Commencement, and made a speech on that occasion on the subject, "Latter Day Giants." Our class was graduated on August 5, 1868, and the Commencement was held in Canonsburg.

This was the last Commencement that was ever held in Canonsburg in old Providence Hall, for the class of 1869 had their Commencement in Washington, and in 1870 the whole college was consolidated in Washington.

When I first started to college my sister Nancy gave me this piece of invaluable advice: "Thomas, when you are away at college, you may

look at the girls and go with them as much as you please, but you must not fall in love with any one until you are through college." This excellent advice I followed strictly for four years, and I came out of college life untouched by the darts of Cupid.

But it so happened that on my return home from College Commencement, I went in a few days with my sister Sarah on a visit to our sister Susan, Mrs. Culbertson Orr, in Clarion County, Pa. While on that trip, we visited our friends in Clarion, the Rev. James S. Elder and wife, and there, for the first time, on Saturday, August 15, 1868, I met Miss Mary R. Campbell, who was home at that time on vacation from Vassar College, and who afterwards became my wife.

Throughout my college course I had had the ministry in view, and accordingly, in September, 1868, I went to Chicago, and spent my first year at the Northwestern Theological Seminary. The summer of 1869 I spent at home at Sugar Hill, and that fall I went to Princeton. After spending my second and third years in theological studies there, I was graduated in a class of thirty-three in April, 1871.

However, I had been licensed to preach at the end of my second year of study, on April 27, 1870, by the Presbytery of Steubenville. Soon after that I set out, in company with my friend Josiah Welsh, to spend our summer vacation of 1870 preaching in the west under commission from the Board of Domestic Missions. We reported to the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, at Council Bluffs, and he assigned us our work. Mr. Welsh went over into Nebraska to West Point, in the Elk Horn Valley, and I remained in Pottawattamie County, Iowa, five miles out from Council Bluffs. We preached for three months and gathered congregations together, and before we left for the east again churches were organized at each place. Just before leaving Princeton the spring of 1871, I received a cordial call from Snow Hill, Md., but I thought it best to decline it.

Part of that summer I spent in supplying churches under the direction of the Presbytery of Steubenville, and was called to the church of New Philadelphia, Ohio, but this I declined. About the 1st of July I was invited to supply the Westminster Church of Columbus, Ohio, and there I preached for three months with a great deal of interest. In September I received a most cordial call to that church, but just about that time

I was seized with malarial fever, and fearing the influence of the climate, I declined the call. In November, 1871, I was called to Mifflintown, Pa., and accepted, to begin my work there January 1, 1872. In the meantime I supplied for five Sabbaths the Second Church of Steubenville, as that church had just called the Rev. James A. Worden, who was to begin his work there on the first of January.

On December 21, 1871, I was married in Clarion, Pa., to Miss Mary R., eldest daughter of the Hon. James Campbell, who had recently completed his full term as President Judge of the 18th Judicial District of Pennsylvania.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. James S. Elder, at 9 o'clock in the morning, and it was the coldest morning of the winter, the thermometer standing at sixteen degrees below zero. The following day our reception was given at the old home at Sugar Hill, and in a few days we went to New York to visit my brother Robert, after which we came to Mifflintown, ready for the first Sabbath of January, 1872. On June 11, 1872, I was ordained and installed by the Presbytery of Huntingdon. While living in Mifflintown, three children were born to us: Virginia, June 4, 1873; Hallock Campbell, June 22, 1875, and Mary Campbell, August 30, 1879. The summer of 1877 my wife Mary and I took what we called our "second wedding journey," leaving our two children in Clarion with the friends.

We were gone two weeks, and visited Niagara Falls; Little Falls; Saratoga; Glens Falls; Lake George; Lake Champlain; friends at Peru, Clinton County, N. Y.; Ausable Chasm; and New York City. I was a member of the General Assembly of 1878, which met in Pittsburgh. The spring of 1880 I resigned my charge in Mifflintown, and we spent the summer in Clarion. For two months of that summer I supplied the church of Corry, Pa., and received a very earnest call from them, which I seriously considered but at length declined. In September, 1880, I accepted a call from the church of Brookville, Pa., and was installed over that church by the Presbytery of Clarion, November 11, 1880.

In February, 1883, I received such an urgent call from the church of Honey Brook, Pa., that I felt constrained to accept it. We moved there the first of April, and I was installed by the Presbytery of Chester, April 21, 1883.

For several years I had been interested in the subject of a Marriage License Law for Pennsylvania, similar to that in effect in Ohio. But public sentiment did not appear to be sufficiently aroused until there had been several prosecutions of clergymen for performing the marriage ceremony in the case of minors without the consent of parents, although in some cases the clergyman was imposed upon by the parties misrepresenting their ages.

On appeal to the Supreme Court it was held that under the old law there was no protection for a clergyman or other person performing the ceremony, and that he was liable to the fine of \$133.33, unless he had the positive consent of parent or guardian. Indeed so stringent was the interpretation of this old law, that a father present at the marriage of his minor daughter, and yet not positively consenting, could recover the fine. Fortunately I had never gotten into any difficulty on this score myself, but it was only by constant vigilance and diligent inquiry that I was able to decide cases of minors desiring to be married.

When the subject came up in the Legislature of 1885, there were three or four different bills relating to marriage before that body, but the one that finally became the new law of Pennsylvania, was a bill that I furnished to Senator Harlan of Chester County. I did not frame it, nor have I ever been able to learn who was the original author of it, but it had been in my possession since 1877, when it had been sent to me by Senator Crawford of Juniata County. At that time it was a Senate Bill in the Legislature, but as there was not sufficient public sentiment on the subject in that day, it was rejected by the Committee of the Senate. This bill seemed to me to be so excellent in its provisions, and contained so fully the desirable features of a Marriage License Law, that I sent it in January, 1885, to Senator Harlan of Chester County, explaining to him, as far as I knew, the origin of this bill. He at once became deeply interested in the subject, and offered it in the Senate, and with great diligence watched its progress through the Legislature.

It was amended in a few particulars, including the repeal of the old law of 1798, but its provisions remained substantially the same until it was finally passed by both Houses, and was signed by Governor Pattison June 23, 1885. The new law went into effect October 1, 1885.

There was annoyance for a few years in some counties by reason of

the clerks requiring both parties to appear before him to make application for a license, but the bill that I sent to Senator Harlan had no such provision in it, nor did it have when it finally passed the Legislature, and as a matter of fact it was not the intention of the Legislature to require both parties to appear. The whole trouble arose from a change by a transcribing clerk from the word "party," as really passed by the Legislature to "parties," and no man has ever been able to explain whether the change was made before or after the Governor's signature was affixed.

On July 30, 1885, our fourth child was born, and we named him Robert Andrew, expressly for my father, and he is the only Robert Andrew Sherrard in the connection.

In 1886 I was elected Permanent Clerk of the Presbytery of Chester, which position I still hold. I was a member of the General Assembly of 1889, which met in New York. I remained pastor of the church of Honey Brook until October 1, 1889, when I removed with my family to Washington, Pa., in order that our children might have the educational advantages of that place. Virginia and May attend the Seminary, and Hallock is in the Middle Preparatory class in College, while Robert enjoys his life by going often over to the Seminary to see his grandmother Sherrard. At the present time, February, 1890, when he is four and a half years old, he has learned to read readily. He can tell the time of day instantly and accurately on a clock or watch. He has also learned to write nicely on my Remington type-writer, and by writing off himself the different lines of the Multiplication Table, and reading them over two or three times, he has learned the whole table, and can recite it perfectly, even through the sixteenth line. This he has done simply as pastime, for we have not attempted to teach him either reading or figures. At the present time he shows a particular fondness for figures, and he has as many as fifteen Calendars for 1890 among his treasures. My children have all taken a great interest in the preparation and progress of this history. The height of Virginia, March 1, 1890, is 5.8; Hallock, 5.7; May, 4.11 $\frac{1}{4}$; and Robert, 3.7 $\frac{1}{2}$; while that of their mother is 5.3 $\frac{1}{2}$. My own height is six feet and half an inch, and my weight is 175 pounds. Later.—On Saturday, April 12, 1890, I was unanimously elected pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, Chambersburg, Pa.

FATHER'S LAST ILLNESS.

For several years previous to his death my father continued in excellent health, and as he grew older there was no marked change in him. He continued his reading and writing as pastime, and was much out around the farm and orchard attending to little things that he chose to do. He often went to town, and was regularly at church.

Almost every year he made some extended trip and visit among relatives in company with mother. In November, 1867, he spent three weeks at uncle David's, and also in Clarion County at Culbertson Orr's, where mother had been visiting, and they came home together. In November, 1868, he and mother took an extended trip to Fremont and Bucyrus, to visit David and John, and in June, 1869, they made a visit of a week or more at Joseph Kithcart's on Short Creek and to friends in and around Mount Pleasant.

They made a visit of two weeks in October, 1870, to uncle David's, and again in November, 1871, they made another visit to sister Susan in Clarion County, this time taking with them their grand-daughter Rosamond C. Hill.

Father's last visit away from home was in August, 1873, only four months before his death, and he was at that time as well as usual, and greatly enjoyed his time among the friends at Mount Pleasant. Mother was with him on this trip, and they remained two weeks, returning home September 4, 1873. Father kept up his daily Journal with his usual interest and clear statement of events all through that fall. In September, 1873, Mary and I visited home at Sugar Hill, having with us our little Virginia, who was then three months old. We spent two weeks at home, and it is one of the delightful impressions of that visit to remember the great interest that father had in this little grand-daughter Virginia, and to see the aged grand-father of nearly eighty-five years leaving his writing and getting down on his knees beside her on the floor to play with her. This was the only time that Virginia ever saw her grand-father Sherrard.

While on that visit I preached in the First Presbyterian Church of Steubenville on September 21st and father was present to hear me. He was at church only three more Sabbaths, the last being on November

9th, which was Communion. He was, however, busy as usual in various ways for some weeks later, engaged in writing, or working about the shop or barn, until Friday, December 19th, when he went to town as a witness in Court. He took cold that day which prostrated him in the course of another day, and Saturday about midnight he was taken sick.

From this time he grew weaker gradually, and in a week's time his situation became so critical that all of his twelve children came home to see him. By Tuesday, December 30, he lost the power of speech, and on Thursday, January 1, 1874, he peacefully passed away, surrounded by his family, breathing his last at 1 o'clock, P. M.

As brother William recorded in father's Journal for that day: "He went to his rest in peace at a ripe old age without a struggle, and his pleasant memory will ever remain with his family."

The funeral was the next day at 1 o'clock, P. M., and father was buried in the family vault in the Steubenville Cemetery. The funeral services were conducted by the pastor, the Rev. Thomas A. McCurdy, assisted by the Rev. Charles C. Beatty, D.D. In the evening of the same day all the family assembled together in the east room of the old home at Sugar Hill, when father's last Will was read, and all with one accord acquiesced in the provisions made in the Will. Father had named in his Will his son, William H. Sherrard, as his Executor.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM HENRY SHERRARD.

When my brother William became old enough to have his own preferences, he dropped the "Harrison" out of his name, not that he loved his father's political principles less, but a convenient name more, so that ever after he used the middle name of "Henry." He was always kind and amiable in his disposition, and a universal favorite.

He and I were together daily for years—at play, at work and at school—and a more delightful companion, or a more unselfish and pure-minded boy and man I have never known. For long years he was especially the kind and thoughtful companion of our sister Sarah who could not walk, taking care that she had every comfort and pleasure that could be afforded by his efforts. He and I were separated first when he went to Circleville, Ohio, to attend the High School the winter of 1859-60, as sister Nancy was teaching there that year.

He spent the winter of 1861-2 with brother John in Rimersburg, Pa., where he attended school at the Clarion Collegiate Institute. The fall of 1862 he went to Dunlap's Creek Academy, at Merrittstown, Pa., and remained a full session of five months. By his earnest Christian character, and his faithfulness in his studies, he made a deep impression upon the whole school, and his associates there bear testimony to this day of the influence of Will Sherrard upon their lives for good. He was not only a good student in every sense, but much above the average in his attainments. He returned home the spring of 1863 and said to me that I must now go to school, and he would stay at home. This was the close of his school days, for although he loved study, and father fully intended that both Will and I should have a full College course, yet he could not be induced to return to school, insisting that I must go. And the only explanation that I could ever give was that he felt that one of us must stay at home with father in his declining days, and he chose to be that one, desiring in his unselfishness that I should have the full College course.

However all this may be, I started to the Academy, and Will remained at home in the management of the farm, in which he was successful in providing a delightful and comfortable home for father and mother in their declining years, and in keeping up the old home at Sugar Hill in all its pleasant surroundings and associations for the brothers and sisters whenever they would return.

His soul was full of music, and he developed a rich and deep bass voice of unusual compass and power. At an early age he began to sing in the choir of the First Presbyterian Church of Steubenville, and for a number of years, in his later life, he was the leader of the choir.

Wherever he was known, at home or abroad, people were struck with that wonderful voice of his, which, in its purity, was so attractive, and yet in its depth of power would fairly make the building tremble with its vibrations. It is not too much for me to say that he was the finest bass singer in Steubenville in his day.

During his experience in the One Hundred Days' Service the summer of 1864 he was seriously ill owing to the unhealthfulness of Fort Delaware, and for some weeks he lay in the hospital at the Relay House near Baltimore.

He came home in the late summer with his constitution much injured from his exposure, and was afflicted for a time with inflammatory rheumatism. From this he fully recovered that fall, but he never afterwards was the thoroughly strong and vigorous man that he was before.

On November 9, 1872, he was elected to the office of Deacon in the First Presbyterian Church of Steubenville, and was ordained the 1st of December following. He always took a deep interest in this, the church of his birth and baptism, and the church into which he was received to full communion February 20, 1858.

In August, 1873, he and sister Sarah took a delightful trip together to Niagara, when they were gone for about a week. They made us a very pleasant visit at our home in Mifflintown during the holidays of 1874. Will went on to Philadelphia the day before Christmas and returned to Mifflintown that night, bringing some beautiful presents for our little daughter Virginia, whom he dearly loved, and in whom he had always taken a great interest.

He and Sarah seemed to thoroughly enjoy their visit, and we all had a delightful time together.

After father's death William continued the management of the farm as usual, as father, by his will, had left the farm to him, with the condition of the payment of certain legacies, and William, as the executor of father's will, undertook the duties devolving upon him in the exercise of that trust. However, his health began to fail during the spring and early summer of 1875, and he seemed not able to rally from the breaking down of his bodily powers, even under the best medical treatment.

He passed away from this life August 18, 1875, a young man of only thirty-five years of age, and yet that life had been full of love and good works for others. So passed away one who was the best of sons and brothers; one who was lovely in his life, and in whose death the family chain was first broken.

His funeral was on August 20th, the services being conducted by the Rev. Henry Woods of Washington, Pa., a former pastor of our family. He was present by special invitation, owing to the fact that the First Presbyterian Church of Steubenville was, at that time, without a pastor. The interment was in the family vault in the Steubenville Cemetery.

THE FAMILY REMOVE TO WASHINGTON.

After the death of my brother William, on the request of mother, the Probate Judge appointed Robert Sherrard, Jr., and Joseph Kithcart executors of father's will instead of William H. Sherrard deceased, and they still hold that position up to the present time.

There was then no one left to manage the farm at Sugar Hill, and it was resolved to sell or rent the farm.

The sale of personal property was held on October 1, 1875, when the farm was also offered for sale, but it was not sold at that time. It was the desire of sister Nancy to have mother, Jane and Sarah live with her at Washington, Pa., as she had one year before become Principal of Washington Female Seminary at that place.

They, therefore, removed to Washington in October, 1875, and the old home at Sugar Hill was abandoned forever, never again to witness the happy family reunions.

The farm was rented for a few years, and was finally sold in 1882 to J. D. Tweed for the sum of \$12,500.

DEATH OF JOSEPH KITHCART SHERRARD.

My brother Joseph remained unmarried, and always made his home with the family at Sugar Hill, until the removal to Washington, and from that time he made his home chiefly with sister Mary Anne, although he spent much of his time with sister Elizabeth at Mount Pleasant.

Being economical in his habits, he was independent in his means, and possessed a considerable estate in his later life. For some twenty-five years before his death he had not worked regularly on the farm, but was employed in Steubenville, part of the time in a store, and for some years in one of the banks of that place. But for the last ten years of his life he spent his time in leisure. He always retained his membership in the First Presbyterian Church of Steubenville, with which he had united February 9, 1840. He was remarkably active and diligent in any kind of work whatever, but unfortunately he injured his back by overlifting in the vigor of young manhood, and ever after that he suffered more or less from that cause. During the earlier years, before William came to manhood, father always looked to Joseph, his eldest son, for counsel in

the management of the farm. His strength gradually failed as his years increased, until his health gave way in 1883. He grew much weaker the following winter, and his life passed out peacefully and quietly on Saturday, April 12, 1884, just after midnight, at the home of his sister Mary Anne, Mrs. Joseph W. Hill. The funeral was held on the following Monday, the services being conducted by his pastor, the Rev. W. M. Grimes, D. D., and the interment was in the family vault in the Steubenville Cemetery. He left a will in which he designated his brother R. Sherrard, Jr., his executor.

DEATH OF SARAH SHERRARD.

My sister Sarah, although she was never able to walk from the time she was five and a half years old, was always the centre of life and happiness in the family, and she was a very dear sister and companion to her younger brothers William and Thomas. No matter where we were, on our return home we were sure of a smile and pleasant word of greeting from our sister Sarah, and with the greatest interest and sympathy she would always enter into our plans, and give an attentive ear to the recital of all our experiences. One winter while Will was away at school Sarah and I spent many of our evenings playing chess. Her cheerful voice was often heard in laughter or in singing about her work, for like all of father's children she was a good singer. She never sang in the choir, but nearly all the others did at various times, for there was not a time in forty years in the history of the First Presbyterian Church of Steubenville when there was not some of father's children singing in the choir, and often two or three at a time.

As has been mentioned elsewhere in this history, Sarah was a great lover of flowers, and worked a great deal in the summer in her garden. After removing to Washington she continued the cultivation of flowers for her own pleasure, and that others might have the pleasure of seeing them. She went regularly to church in Washington as she had done in Steubenville, and rode out every good day in the carriage for her health. She often took extended trips in company with one of her sisters, and her colored attendant William Lane. In this way she visited the Centennial in 1876, and different times she visited the sea-shore, and was also at New York, as well as Philadelphia. She was seriously afflicted

with neuralgia in later years, and her health became much broken through suffering, until she grew gradually weaker during the summer and fall of 1888. Her life was full of usefulness and pleasure to others, and through life she was mother's constant companion. Her acquaintance was wide in various parts of the country, owing to the many friends who visited at father's house at Sugar Hill, and besides she made many pleasant acquaintances at the Steubenville Female Seminary, where she was always a welcome visitor.

The circle of her friendship was widened during the years of her residence in Washington, so that many are the friends, aside from her own immediate family, who miss her cheerful face and sprightly conversation.

She died in peace and the hope of that blessed life where there shall be "neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain," passing away from this life on Monday evening March 4, 1889. The funeral services were conducted by her pastor, the Rev. Dr. Brownson, at the seminary on Tuesday evening, and the interment was private at Steubenville on Wednesday.

THE PASTORS OF OUR FAMILY.

When the family moved to Sugar Hill the spring of 1833 father and mother at once connected themselves with the First Presbyterian Church of Steubenville, bringing their certificates from Centre. The Rev. Dr. Beatty was then pastor, and he continued until 1837, when he resigned in order to give his whole time to his seminary.

The Rev. Henry G. Comingo, a young student from Princeton, then became pastor in 1837, and continued pastor for twenty-five years until his death December 1, 1861. He was succeeded in 1862 by the Rev. Henry Woods, a young student from Allegheny, and he remained six years, when he resigned and became Professor of Latin in Washington and Jefferson College, which position he still occupies. His successor as pastor in Steubenville was the Rev. Thomas A. McCurdy, who came in January, 1868, and left the spring of 1875, having accepted a call to Wooster, Ohio. The church was without a pastor when the family removed to Washington in the fall of 1875. Mother and my sisters, Jane and Sarah, brought their certificates over to the First Presbyterian Church of Washington, Pa., of which the Rev. Dr. Brownson was pastor, and

he remains in charge of that church up to the present time. All of father's children have been members of the Presbyterian church, and all of the nine children now living still remain members of the Presbyterian church wherever they may be living.

All were received into full communion in the First church of Steubenville in early life, except David, who became a member of the church in Fremont, Ohio, after he had made his home out there.

CLOSING WORDS AND SCENES.

My task is done. It was father's earnest wish toward the close of his life that his life-work in collecting the materials of his Family History might be appreciated by his posterity. Much more that would be interesting might be given, but it would make a volume of vast dimensions. It has been my object to select, out of the mass of material left on record, such facts and incidents as ought to be preserved to make a connected Family History of permanent value.

This volume closes with the family home at Washington, for while mother still abides with us, the home will ever remain where she is found, and there her children still gather from their distant homes, to express their words of loving interest and affection, and listen to her words of counsel. She is still in the enjoyment of excellent health, with mind perfectly clear to enjoy the companionship of her children and friends who may come in to call on her. It has been one of the most delightful privileges of my life to be able to spend the past few months near her, and while preparing the latter part of this history to go over to the Seminary often to see her, and read to her every evening what I have written during the day. And it has been to her a great pleasure to hear it, while she herself testifies that the facts as herein presented are correct. It has added no little pleasure to her life to have my little Robert Andrew, her youngest grand-son, four years and a half old, come in to see her daily. To all who know her in her beautiful old age, it will ever be one of the pleasantest remembrances to think of her as she sits in her cosy sitting-room reading the newspaper perhaps, but nearly all the time with her large print Bible in her hands and reading

it, or looking up with a smile to greet any one who may come in, and ready to engage in conversation.

This volume is published on the one hundred and first anniversary of my father's birthday, May 4, 1890.

There are of his descendants, living at the present time, children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, one hundred.

These are as follows: Nine children, fifty-one grandchildren, and forty great-grandchildren.



II. FAMILY LETTERS.

1774-1889.

I. OLD LETTERS.

IN the course of years my father, Robert A. Sherrard, filled three manuscript volumes with copies of old letters, amounting in all to 850 foolscap pages. Many of these are of very great interest, and throw not a little light upon the early history of the family, some being from relatives in Ireland, and some from Irish relatives who had come to America at an early age, while many of these letters are the correspondence between the five brothers, sons of John Sherrard.

It will add interest to this Family History to give a few of these old letters as specimens of a past age of correspondence, and one cannot help being impressed with the literary ability of these people of former generations to express themselves in such excellent, and often elegant style. Above all, we learn through these old letters how devoted the piety and how strong is the Christian character of these ancestors and connections of ours. Already we have seen this spirit breathed forth in the letters of uncle David and uncle Thomas, written at the time of uncle William's death, in 1820, as recorded in the main body of this history.

It is a matter of regret that there are no letters remaining written by our grandfather and grandmother, John and Mary Sherrard, for they were accustomed to write, nor is there any letter to be found of Alexander Cathcart to his wife whom he had left in Ireland. However, there is one letter on record from our great-grandmother, Ann Gamble Cathcart, to her husband, Alexander Cathcart, during their separation, while he was on a visit to this country, and to this the first place is given. There are few experiences in life more affecting than this, to

reflect that this loving couple never saw each other again, separated as they were by the wide ocean, and the bitter struggles of war meanwhile springing up between the two countries, preventing the coming of the wife to America as she so fully intended, or the return home of the husband and daughter Mary. For seven years their hopes of reunion must have been cherished, only to be completely crushed in his death in 1780, and for thirty-three years longer this dear old lady remained a widow in her native land until her death, in 1813, never again in this life permitted to behold the face of her beloved daughter Mary. This letter was found by uncle David among some old papers in 1838, and he says in a letter to father that he does not remember ever seeing it before.

ANN GAMBLE CATHCART TO ALEXANDER CATHCART.

“BALLYGONNELL, County Fermanagh, Ireland,

“September the 4th, 1774.

“DEAR HUSBAND:

“This is to let you know that I received your letter and one from our son David, which is a great comfort to me to hear that you and our daughter Mary are safe arrived with him and in good health. I and the rest of the family are in good health at present. I thank God for it. I thought to be with you before now; but I have not all things in readiness yet, and was persuaded by my brother to stay to May next, as we were informed that there was great trouble talked of being in that place.

“I have the two boys at school, and they are with their uncle in Graan. I got all safe out of Maughrygannon, and left it November last. They took possession, and gave it to a man from County Wexford, who is living there now. I request that you will let me know, by the first opportunity, how you are settled in that place, and if there be any appearance of trouble there, as I have heard there was between the inhabitants of that country and England. I have bought twenty stone of feathers, and some coarse cloth, and several articles such as you wrote to me about. There is some cloth and feathers bought for David. My mother desireth to be remembered to you. Your children all desire to remember their love and duty to you; also your brothers and sisters

and friends desire to be remembered to you. Give my love to David and Susannah, also to daughter Mary and to my brother Andrew Gamble and his family, and let him know that his son David is in good health. I intend to set off for America about May next, with the help of God.

“Fail not in letting me know by the first opportunity how all things are with you there. No more at present, but remain,

“Your loving wife till death,

ANN CATHCART.

“To Alexander Cathcart.”

Father adds this foot-note: “Twenty stone of feathers would be, at 14 pounds to the stone, 280 pounds of feathers,—enough of feathers to make one dozen good feather-beds. Grandmother was a mind to have good beds if she had got to America.”

The next oldest letter on record is one from George Gamble to his uncle, Andrew Gamble, who was then living at Thunder Hill, New London Cross Roads, Chester County, Pa.

This Andrew Gamble was the youngest brother of Ann Gamble Cathcart, and he was the youngest of six children of David Gamble, of Graan, three miles from Enniskillen, County Fermanagh, Ireland. The names of these six children were as follows in the order of their ages, as near as I have been able to make out: Baptist, Ann, David, Mrs. Hughes (whose name was probably Magdalen), William and Andrew.

GEORGE GAMBLE TO ANDREW GAMBLE.

“GRAAN, Ireland,

“September the 7th, 1785.

“DEAR UNCLE:

“Your friends in this country think it very strange that you have not these ten or twelve years acquainted them or any of them how your health or affairs do.

“I think it necessary, however, to give you an account of the state of your friends in this country. We are at present all well in health, and as happy as we can wish for in every respect. My uncle, William Gamble, has got his daughter Mary married to a Mr. Brien, within four miles

of Duross; his son William is also married to a Miss Frith, of Derryargan. Moses Gamble's daughter is joined to Mr. Alexander, of Cornagrey. William Hall's eldest son and daughter are married, and they are all happy and well.

"My uncle, William Gamble, has not got any letter from his son John these eighteen months; he was at that time in Nova Scotia, and was in very good business there.

"I understand he is now married there, and has a plantation, besides other profits very great. William Gamble has got a legacy this year, which doubles his estate, by Miss Cox, who lived in Dublin. We received a letter from David Cathcart May last, which told us at that time our friends were all well. We also had a letter from David, your son, February last, but none since.

"He gave us to understand that he was in very good business, and he expected preferment in the spring of the year. I will close here, giving you in charge those letters which I hope you will take every means that may conduct them safe, lest there should be any miscarriage of these letters after you receive them. I hope you will let them know that their friends are all well, and hoping to be remembered by them oftener. Dear uncle, it is the request of all your friends to be remembered to you, and they hope that you may write as often as opportunity serves, as it would be their greatest happiness to hear of your welfare. So trust

"Your affectionate nephew,

GEORGE GAMBLE.

"To Andrew Gamble."

There is also a letter on record from Thomas Elliott and wife, of Ballygonnell, Ireland, to David Cathcart, dated June 11, 1789, and in a foot-note father says: "The above-named Thomas Elliott was married to my mother's oldest sister, Magdalen Cathcart, and he was by trade a cabinet-maker, carpenter and joiner. My mother left behind her a small chest of his make, in which she brought from Ireland to this country, in company with her father, the fall season of 1773, some of her finer clothes; which said chest is still in possession of my brother John. It was made of what my Irish ancestors called deal boards, brought from Norway."

In this letter they say: "Your mother is in good health at present,

and so is Stephen Johnson and his family. George McDonald and his family are all well at present, and so are your uncles and their families."

Stephen Johnson was married to Sarah Cathcart, and George McDonald was the husband of Jane Cathcart, daughter of Alexander Cathcart and Ann Gamble.

There is another old letter on record from Jane McDonald to her brother, David Cathcart, dated Cleens, Ir'd, June 3d, 1794, in which she gives the names of her six children, and among other things says: "Let me know concerning your sister Mary and her family, and whether they are well or not, or if she is living near you, or in what part of the country she is living."

WILLIAM GAMBLE TO DAVID CATHCART.

"PHILADELPHIA, April 8th, 1802.

"MR. DAVID CATHCART.

"Sir: Your favor of 26th February, 1800, came safe to hand. Since that I received none of your favors.

"I wrote you last summer by Major Death who informed me that he lived about ten or twelve miles distant from you, and would take particular care to have that letter sent carefully to you. I have now to inform you that I intend to depart for Ireland very shortly, which will take place in the course of four or five weeks at farthest. I have the pleasure to inform you that the letters I received last summer from Ireland informed me of all our friends being living and well in that country.

"Your mother continues to keep in good health. Your sister Jane's eldest son, Samuel McDonald, is determined to come to this country this summer, and no doubt but many of the younger sons will follow. I understand that their father encourages them very much, and says he will in some time follow them himself. In my opinion, if he leaves that comfortable habitation where he now dwells, he will never live in so comfortable or independent a situation as he does now in the Cleens. I heard last week from the family of Thunder Hill that they were all well as that time, though my uncle is wearing very fast.

"Last winter I had the satisfaction of receiving two letters from your brother Andrew. The first of these letters was accompanied with one from him for you, which I forwarded by the first post which left this city

for the westward, and hope it has been received by you. I would wish you to write to me shortly, as my stay in this country is not long; it will require to do it on receipt of this letter, and if you have any commands to Ireland, inform me thereof. I would thank you if you would inform me where James Irvine and his sisters now live. I am sorry to hear that your brother-in-law has got the palsy, but hope he has got better before this time. Pray give my best respects and well wishes to your wife and sister Mary and other friends, and believe me to be, dear sir,

Your Ob't Servant,

"W. GAMBLE.

"To David Cathcart."

This William Gamble who wrote the above letter was the second son of David Gamble, and a nephew of Ann Gamble Cathcart. He came over to America in September, 1797, and spent the first winter with his uncle Andrew out in Chester County, Pa., at Thunder Hill. He then went to Philadelphia and was employed as book-keeper for Mr. Hare, who was Speaker of the Senate. He remained there four years except that for three months during an epidemic of yellow fever he was out at his uncle's in Chester County. In May, 1802, he returned to Ireland and engaged in the queensware business in Belfast for a number of years, and was married to a Miss Jane Douglass.

He afterwards went to Dublin and went into the chemical business with his brother Josias.

JOHN GAMBLE TO DAVID CATHCART.

"THUNDER HILL, Chester County, Pa.

"September 15, 1806.

"DEAR DAVID:

"It is with peculiar satisfaction that I now sit down to write to you. But sorry I am to inform you that my father has been lying bed-fast these fifteen months with the most excruciating pains. He is not in the smallest degree able to make himself any assistance, but as I lift him in and out of bed and turn him, and he is like to continue so for years. I can just inform you that David McDonald, son to your sister Jane, with his wife and child, have come to this country, and are living in Lancaster, but farther I cannot tell.

"Your mother is living with your brother-in-law, Thomas Elliott. Give my compliments to John Reed, and to cousin Susan in particular manner, and believe me to be

"Your cousin in sincerity,

"JOHN GAMBLE.

"To Mr. David Cathcart."

JOHN GAMBLE TO DAVID CATHCART.

"THUNDER HILL, Chester County, Pa.

"February 17, 1812.

"MY DEAR DAVID AND SUSAN:

"This comes with my best respects to you and your nephew, hoping you are all in good health as I am at present. But it is with pain and pleasure I inform you that my father, your uncle, is dead.

"He died the 9th of this month about 11 o'clock, A. M.—pain, because you know it is hard to part with an earthly parent who was the guardian of my youth, and provided for me—pleasure, because he is removed from a land of sorrow and trouble to that of (I hope) peace.

"If any man ever suffered for sin in this life he did; seven years he kept his bed, and never was he out but when I lifted him, twice every day, in that time, but frequently ten times in twenty-four hours. This may seem like a fable to you, but it is strictly true, and oftener if I might say it. The first three and a half years I never got one night in bed, and frequently have I been three days and three nights without any sleep whatever. My health is much impaired and my constitution much broken. I have advertised my land for sale, and if I sell it soon you will see me with you this fall, if well, as it is my determination to leave this neighborhood if possible. It would give me a great deal of happiness could I but see you before you are removed.

"I am here very lonely, and I think if I could be settled near you or James Hughes my mind would be more at ease. I am not yet married, and not determined whether I ever will be or not. My sisters and family are all well. James Hughes is well, as also W. Gamble. He now lives in Belfast, but thinks if the difference between this country and England was settled he would come to this country. I have not heard from your

nephew for three years or more. Fail not to write to me on receipt of this letter. I conclude with my love to you and all friends, and am,

“Your most sincere cousin,

“JOHN GAMBLE.

“To Mr. David Cathcart.”

JOHN GAMBLE TO DAVID CATHCART.

“THUNDER HILL, New London, Chester Co., Pa.

“March 1, 1813.

“DEAR DAVID:

“A considerable time has elapsed since I have had any letter from you—I believe not since the death of my father, at which time I wrote you but received no answer. I have not yet sold my land, nor have I any prospect at present of selling it. I wish very much to sell if I could, as I wish to move from here to your country.

“The land in this place has got very poor, and there is not any way of enriching it but by lime, which makes it come very dear, and there are but few men able to improve it in that way here. My health is very much injured and broken by attending on my father when in his long suffering, and I am very fearful it will never be better now, but this I must put up with.

“Our cousin Hughes in Philadelphia is well and is making out well. He is a very industrious, sober, steady man, but looks old like. He has had some severe trouble in his time. It is more than a year since I had a letter from your brother, Andrew Cathcart. I presume you have heard from him since that. John Whitcraft has moved on his own place, and has built a new stone house and an excellent frame barn. His eldest son, James, has got married a few days previous to this to a Miss Pinkerton.

“He is a carpenter to trade, and his third brother is learning the trade with him. I am not yet married, nor do I know when I will; I wish to move from here before I change my way of living. Give my most grateful compliments to cousin Susan, and D. A. C. Sherrard. If it was so ordered I wish very much to see you before you quit this stage of action, or could I leave home I certainly would go to see you. Write me on receipt of this, and let me know how you are, and also if you

know anything of my sisters Peggy Graham and Mary Conn, or any of their children. Wheat has been sold at \$2.20 per bushel here, but a trifling part of it fell to my lot to sell.

“JOHN GAMBLE.

“To David Cathcart.”

This John Gamble was the son of Andrew Gamble, who was the youngest brother of our great-grandmother Ann Gamble Cathcart, and John was consequently a full cousin to David Cathcart. His father, Andrew, came to America in 1765, and settled in Chester County, Pa., in the southern part, about fifty miles west-southwest of Philadelphia.

In addition to his farming interests there at Thunder Hill, two miles from New London, he made seven successful trading trips between this country and Ireland. He was a paralytic sufferer for several years before his death, and the farm was left to his son John. It was here that Alexander Cathcart and his daughter Mary came when they landed from Ireland, in 1773, and he found his son, David Cathcart, already living in the neighborhood, as he and his wife, Susannah, had come out from Ireland the year before, and settled across the Elk Creek, probably not more than a mile away. As a matter of fact, John Gamble never succeeded in selling that farm, but continued to live on there till his death, which occurred about 1830. He did finally get married to a widow, who proved to be unworthy of him, and they separated, and he paid her \$3000. They had one child but it died. After his death the farm was sold, and the proceeds divided among his sisters, so far as I could learn. I visited this old place at Thunder Hill, in May, 1889, and learned many of these facts from old neighbors of the Gambles, who had known John and his father well, and they testified that they were excellent people, and highly esteemed.

I saw the old stone barn still standing, which John Gamble had built in 1822, and also the chimney of the old log-house which Andrew Gamble had originally built, and the old crane was still hanging in the fire-place.

John Gamble had a cousin, James Hughes, living in Philadelphia, and teaching school there. He had come at an early day from Ireland, and was always on intimate terms out at his uncle Andrew's house in Chester County.

I have been able to learn nothing from the old letters about the father of this James Hughes, but his mother was the fourth child of old David Gamble, and therefore a full sister of Ann and Andrew and the rest of them. She left several children whose names are mentioned here and there, and she herself died of paralysis. It is my impression that her name was Magdalen.

I next give two letters from this James Hughes.

JAMES HUGHES TO DAVID CATHCART.

“PHILADELPHIA, June 25, 1810.

“RESPECTED FRIEND:

“Probably you may think it singular to be written to by a person of whom you have no personal acquaintance, or do not recollect having seen. To avoid further ceremony, the cause of my addressing you is to give you some information respecting your relatives in Ireland. Uncle David Gamble’s son James, by his second wife, arrived in Charleston, South Carolina, on the first of the present year. He is acquainted with business, having lived with his brother William in Belfast, and got a situation immediately, but is gone out to the western part of the State during the warm season with a Mr. Keys, from near Enniskillen. Last fall, on his departure from home, your mother enjoyed perfect health, free from rheumatic complaints, but thin of flesh. Your sisters and families were well.

“Uncle William is living, in tolerable health. Baptist and mother both died of paralytic complaint, similar to that under which uncle Andrew has been afflicted so long in this country. Samuel Gamble, of Graan, is married to Moses’ daughter Mary. William, who resided in this city some years back, now lives in Belfast; is largely in the queensware, china, glass, etc., and is married to a former Miss Jane Douglass, whose father is a merchant there and of a respectable family. William and I correspond by letter, and I heard from him a few days ago.

“The oppression under which the Irish labor has seldom been equaled by any other people. Latterly they have suffered much by the want of good flaxseed. It sold in Belfast on the 4th of May last at £8 per hundred.

“When it would be conveyed into the interior and retailed out you

know it must be much higher, but the despots of Europe have no compassion for the poor. I regret to inform you that uncle Andrew remains in the same condition as formerly, helpless, and John suffers greatly attending him. How thankful ought we to be for health and the innumerable mercies conferred on us daily by the Supreme Governor of the universe, yet examine our conduct and behold what ingratitude and complaining and discontent, even when we enjoy all the necessities of life, and many of the superfluities. How thankful we ought to be in this land of gospel liberty. May you and I be enabled to work out our salvation through the merits of Christ. When we look forward, our departure from this stage of existence must not be far distant. Heretofore I presume you have been informed by John Gamble that I teach school. I have met with good encouragement, but begin to feel the approach of age.

“John Henderson, son to my sister Jane Thompson, lives in this city. He has another brother in Virginia. My sister Margaret and younger brother Francis remain in Ireland. He has a small farm of land very cheap, and they live comfortably. Sister Jane is dead. Sister Magdalen and family are well, also John Thompson and family. Our worthy friend Baptist Irvine of Baltimore is well. I must claim your indulgence in my tedious and perhaps to you uninteresting letter, and request you will write me a few lines shortly, and address me No. 3 Wathens Alley. Being acquainted with Mr. Trevor I send this to his care. Please present my best respects to Mrs. Cathcart, and I am, dear sir,

“Your friend, &c.,

“JAMES HUGHES.

“To David Cathcart.”

JAMES HUGHES TO DAVID CATHCART.

PHILADELPHIA, June 29, 1814.

“DEAR COUSIN,

“Yesterday I received a letter from William Gamble written last Christmas Day. I must now inform you of an event you must long have expected. Your mother died on that day five weeks preceding Christmas Day.

“She was confined only three days and departed this life quite easy after a long life. All the relations are well. Thank God my health at

present is good, and I expect to teach during the summer and not go to the country. I wrote by Mr. Alex. Johnson the last time he was in the city. John Gamble and John Henderson are well, with all their friends. The times in Ireland were very brisk in all kinds of business. Linen had raised twenty per cent. with every kind of British goods. Potatoes 3*d.* a stone.

"Beef and pork cheap. Fine times for the poor. He says he will go to live in Dublin soon. Write to me before long. Please give my love to Mrs. Cathcart and all the friends, and believe me to be

"With sentiments of respect and esteem,

"JAMES HUGHES.

"To David Cathcart."

This James Hughes was still living as late as 1825, for in a letter from John Gamble to his sister, Mrs. Margaret Graham, dated December 5, 1825, he says: "Mr. James Hughes is now in Ireland, but expects to be back in Philadelphia this spring. He will make \$2,000 by this trip; this is the way to make money."

ANDREW CATHCART TO MARY SHERRARD.

"TOWNSHIP BUTTERNUTS, Otsego Co., N. Y.,

"October 4, 1810.

"DEAR SISTER,

"I take this opportunity of informing you that we are in a state of good health, hoping to find you and the boys well when this arrives by the bearer, friend William Ferguson, who informs me that the boys are doing well and very industrious, which is a very great trait in their character. And what adds more to it, friend William informs me that they are very good to their mother, who brought them from a state of childhood to what they are at present. But by so doing they are only fulfilling a duty they owe to a kind parent, an injunction laid on us by our maker, hoping they and all of us may strictly observe them with others enjoined on us to perform.

"Ann, my wife, and little John send their love to you all. I refer to cousin William for further intelligence, remaining,

"Your brother and the boys' uncle,

"ANDREW CATHCART.

"To Mary Sherrard and Boys."

ANDREW CATHCART TO DAVID CATHCART.

“ BUTTERNUTS, August 12, 1812.

“ DEAR BROTHER,

“ I received yours of the 17th of June, which informed me of sister's illness, and was very sorry for her affliction, but thankful to God for her recovery, trusting in him to continue his goodness and sparing mercy which we have long enjoyed, and prepare us for that unchangeable state that awaits us, as it is fast approaching, if lengthened to the common age of man.

“ But we know not the moment ; therefore I pray to God, who created the universe, and has been a Father and Brother to us in this strange land, and has bestowed blessings on us, all that this world can afford, to make us mindful of our latter end, and give us peace in our day with the full assurance of a happy immortality beyond the grave.

“ I am happy to hear that sister and her children are well, and that the boys are well, and so promising, hoping that God will bless them and prosper them in their undertakings, and give them a heart to fear him and be thankful. I had a letter from John Gamble, Thunder Hill, informing me of his father's death, and also that he had a letter from William Gamble, Belfast, who informed him that mother and uncle William Gamble were well, but no other account of sister or friends. Respecting our situation in these troublous times of war between Great Britain and the United States, we are in an interior part of the country where there is very little fear from the frontiers or seaboard, nevertheless it seems to be a very unpopular war ; notwithstanding, we must receive it as a rod of correction from our Maker. Being blessed with the good things of this life we waxed fat, and forgot the Giver and that thing which is most needful. And it is said, ‘ whom he loveth he chasteneth,’ and may God grant it to be the case to bring us to a true sense of our duty, to know that he is the Disposer of all things, and that there is none other to fly to for refuge and a happy eternity. I should be pleased to hear from you every opportunity, and as God has endowed us with faculties and the means, we ought to make use of them to communicate a friendly intercourse with each other, as there is nothing this side of the grave more gratifying than friends and friendly intercourse.

I am happy cousin William Ferguson got home safe, as it gave us some uneasiness, it being a great undertaking for a man advanced to his years all alone and the route he took, by the Lakes.

“Joined with Nancy’s and John’s love to you and sister, and sister Mary and children, William Ferguson and family, concluding,

“Your affectionate brother and sister,

“ANDREW AND ANNE CATHCART.

“P. S. John sends his love to you and his aunt, and promises to comply with your request, to know his Creator in the days of his youth, and if blessed to prolong him to old age, not to depart from it.

“Remaining your affectionate nephew,

“JOHN A. CATHCART.

“To David Cathcart.”

Father adds a note that the postage on the above letter was twenty-five cents.

ANDREW CATHCART TO DAVID CATHCART.

“TOWNSHIP OF BUTTERNUTS, Otsego Co., New York,

“Nov. 22, 1822.

“DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER,

“I am at a loss to know whether I am addressing the living or the dead, as I have not received any intelligence from you for some time. I wrote to you twice, but no answer as yet. We all enjoy good health, but by the course of nature we are approaching to our long home, hoping that God will not forsake, but prepare through time, and fit us for eternity, which ought to be impressed on our thoughts, and we ought to pray for his heavenly grace so that we may be partakers of his heavenly bliss in his kingdom which is not made with hands. Oh, my dear brother, I hope and pray that we may live and die in the favor, and good will of our heavenly Father, and be received into his fold at the last day. As I am sensible that he has been my guide and protector through every period of my life, and in an especial manner ever since I left my native land, then how ungrateful must I be, and indeed all of us, if we do not keep in remembrance of our God, and our Guide who has bestowed so many blessings upon us, as his

promise is sure that he will never leave us nor forsake us, if we merit his grace.

"I should be pleased to hear from sister Mary Sherrard and family. The last sorrowful news was the loss of her dear son, but God is wise in all his actions, hoping it is all for the best, and we ought to resign it freely and realize it is for our good; as God gives, he has a right to take away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

"My son John is out to the westward about 160 miles at Rochester in Monroe County in the mercantile business and is doing well. He is married to my eldest stepdaughter. All the boys are in business, and only three girls at home. The youngest, Elizabeth Ann Cathcart, is in her eighth year and promises well; she is fond of her book and a good scholar for her age; often says she would wish to see her uncle, and take a journey to Western Pennsylvania. She sends her love, and all join in the same, and may God in his infinite mercy govern and protect us all, is the sincere wish of

"Your affectionate brother,

"ANDREW CATHCART.

"To David Cathcart."

Andrew Cathcart above mentioned was the youngest child of Alexander Cathcart and Ann Gamble, and was born in 1755. He emigrated to America in 1786 and landed in New York; made his way up to Albany, and thence out to Otsego County, N. Y., where he followed surveying, afterwards purchased a farm of 200 acres, but hired a farmer and continued his surveying; married a wealthy girl by the name of Brown, by whom he had one child, John Alexander, born in August, 1798.

Living as he did in those early times away up in western New York, it is perhaps not strange that Andrew Cathcart had no communication with his uncle Andrew Gamble in Chester County, Pa., nor with his brother David Cathcart or sister Mary Sherrard out in Fayette County, Pa., for many years after he came to this country.

It would seem from inferences in old letters that these near relatives did not know where Andrew Cathcart was until 1799, when a certain James Adams who had lived at Thunder Hill and knew the Gambles well, went up to the North River on a visit to his own

uncle living on the Mohawk River, west of Schenectady. While there he heard of Andrew Cathcart living still further west, and wrote to him, and gave him the news of his relatives in Pennsylvania, and thus communication was established, and many letters afterwards passed. In a letter to his brother David, dated August 26, 1803, Andrew Cathcart gives an affecting account of the death of his first wife, which occurred May 30, 1803, leaving him very lonely with his little son John. In this letter he says: "I had a letter from my sister Mary Sherrard some time ago, which informed me she was in expectation of moving, also of the indisposition of her husband, John Sherrard. Write me if you have any account of my mother and friends in Ireland; if uncle Andrew Gamble of New London Cross Roads, Thunder Hill, Chester County, Pa., is still living. Oh! had I but my dear old mother, if still living, I would think it a great consolation, and to have it in my power to pay the last duties to my dear parent who watched over my tender years, and brought me to a state of manhood. But this thought I give up, and resign her to our God, who is a Father to all, hoping he will prepare us for his heavenly inheritance, is the sincere wish of your loving brother.

"My kindest love to sister Susan, your wife, and tell her I hope to live to see her, but I believe I should be put to a stand to know any of you."

In July, 1805, he came down to Pennsylvania on a visit to his brother David, and together they came out to Ohio and visited their sister Mary Sherrard and her family, who had just moved that spring from Fayette County, Pa.

Andrew Cathcart was married a second time May 18, 1807, to Miss Anne Moore, a wealthy lady of thirty-eight or forty years of age, of Albany. She died November 30, 1812, without any children, but her husband testifies that she was a tender step-mother to his little son John. About 1814 he married a third time, a widow, whose name is not given, with seven children, four boys and three girls, and he often wrote to his brother David how happily they lived together. He had only one child by this third marriage, Elizabeth Ann, and she was in her eighth year in November, 1822. As he relates in one of his letters, his son John married one of his step-sisters, and was a merchant in Rochester. Andrew

Cathcart was still living in 1825, as the following letter from his brother David shows, and it is believed that he lived until about 1840.

DAVID CATHCART TO ANDREW CATHCART.

Preceding the letter, my father, Robert A. Sherrard, made the following note: "Copy of a letter written by Robert A. Sherrard at the request and desire of his uncle, David Cathcart, to his brother, Andrew Cathcart. Uncle David, at the date of this letter was eighty-three years of age, and not being in the practice of writing, conceived the opinion that he could not write. I believe he could have written, and for a man of his age could not for a beautiful hand be beaten by one of ten thousand, but I think his greatest loss would be in arranging the matter, although his mind appeared to be sound and good for more than nine years afterwards up to his death. He still retained the use of his eyesight up to the day of his death in June, 1836." Father happened to be on a visit to Fayette County at this time.

"DUNBAR TOWNSHIP, Fayette County, Pa.

"January 26, 1827.

"MY DEAR BROTHER :

"I embrace this opportunity of sending a few lines to you, and perhaps this may be the last that you will ever receive from me, though my health is as good as I could expect it to be considering my uncommon advanced age. I now lack but a few days of being fourscore and three years old. I was born on the 17th day of March, 1744, old style, and I have great reason to be very thankful to God for his preserving care over me to this advanced period, but also for the use of my faculties which are but little impaired. I enjoy a good share of health, and I experience so little pain or sickness, and I am not left to pine or languish in the evening shade of my life; and there is one thing remarkable, and which but few of my age enjoy, and that is the use of my eyesight. I have had no need of glasses for the last twelve or fifteen years, but can read the smallest print without them.

"Notwithstanding that I am thus spared to reach such an advanced period of life, and the enjoyment of such good health, it hath pleased the great disposer of all things to call away my companion in life, my wife Susannah. She had been my partner in all the joys and sorrows, the

ups and downs, the crosses and losses in a marriage state for fifty-six years. She departed this life on the 21st of April, 1826, without a struggle or a groan, after a short illness, which she bore with resignation and unshaken Christian fortitude. And although my mind was overcome with grief and sorrow, yet it has been a lesson useful to me, which has taught me that I must soon follow, must soon bid adieu to time and things of time, to all my earthly friends and earthly enjoyments, both of time and sense. I patiently wait for death to come as my friend, and loose my servile chain. He hath many forms, nor should they all be fearful when he comes to us as a deliverer.

“My sister Mary is still living, and enjoys a reasonable share of good health, considering her advanced age.

“She is now nearly seventy-six years old. She was born seven years and six months after me. She lives with her son John, who was the last of her children that married, which took place on the 8th of September, 1825. But I must close this with my best love and esteem to you and your family. I add no more but remain, your loving brother

“DAVID CATHCART.

“To Andrew Cathcart.”

DAVID CATHCART TO MARY SHERRARD.

“DUNBAR TOWNSHIP, Fayette County, Penna.

“February 20, 1821.

“DEAR SISTER,

“I have taken up my pen with a trembling hand to inform you and all friends that we are all in a middling state of health at present. We thank God for his mercies. David has been poorly for eight or ten days, with a swelling on one side of the head, but it is getting better. I have received a letter from my brother Andrew Cathcart. It informs me all are well. He is married to the third wife,—a widow with seven children, four sons and three daughters. It is seven years since his marriage took place. He has one daughter by her, called Elizabeth Ann Cathcart. His wife’s name is Sally Betsy.

“He says that he has an affectionate wife, and loving children, which compensates for the charge he has taken, and all live together in the greatest harmony. He writes that his son John, born to him by the first wife, is gone to Genesee, 170 miles from home to commence busi-

ness for himself. He also states that his son John is to be married to his oldest stepdaughter, of whom he says, she is very pious. His own daughter is six years old, and a fine girl of her age. She is always talking of her uncle and aunt in the State of Pennsylvania.

"Dear sister, brother sends his kind love to you and your children, in hope that you and them are thinking of that change which must take place one day or other, and wishes that you and them would not neglect writing to let him know how you are coming on, both for time and eternity. He has sent me a great deal of talk; good talk on our eternal state. He further adds that they are blessed with plenty of bread, but no market for anything, owing to the turn of times. Your aunt desires to be remembered to sister, to Mary, to Robert, to Rebecca and all inquiring friends. My wish to God is that He will prepare us for His heavenly kingdom, is the sincere desire of,

"Your affectionate brother to death,

"DAVID CATHCART.

"To his sister Mary Sherrard."

BAPTIST IRVINE TO DAVID CATHCART.

"PHILADELPHIA, June 4, 1805.

"MUCH ESTEEMED FRIEND :

"A true statement ought ever to be the only apology for neglects of correspondence between genuine friends. Immediately after I received your last favor, I determined to write to you ; but as several letters were then due from me to others, I wrote them; and as I was in much hurry then, I actually forgot my determination.

"This is the truth ; but when I frankly declare that a leaky memory, and not a deficiency of respect, was the sole cause of my delinquency, I hope to be forgiven, more especially as my letters can never be worth the reading, circumscribed as I am both as to talents and means of information. Letters have lately been received by Mr. Hughes from William Gamble, who is about establishing himself in business in Belfast; and I have lately had a letter from my father, mentioning that most of our friends are in good health, except David Gamble, who is in a bad state of health. I was very happy, my dear friend, to learn, by a letter lately received from my sister, that Peggy has met with the kindest treatment from your hands.

“Removed to a distance as I am from these poor girls, it gladdens my heart to find that they have a generous friend. I trust I shall live to make you amends hereafter. As to myself, I had some thoughts, if Alexander had come here last winter, to have laid some plan of quitting this city, if not printing altogether, as I have found that it is impossible to clear anything at it here in my capacity. But you already know, I presume, of his return to Kentucky. Poor fellow, I was sorry for his misfortunes; I thought him imprudent in several transactions. Our friend Hughes is well, and desires that his respects be presented to you and Mrs. Cathcart.

“I have not heard from Alexander since he went last for Kentucky. Be good enough to mention whether you have heard from him. I wonder very much that my sister Peggy has not written to me. Should it ever be necessary for you to have any business to attend to, I shall assist you as far as in my power. At all events write to me, if it were only to let me know how you and family are. John Cook lived at St. Clairsville a few months ago, and was well when he wrote to me. He was disappointed somehow in getting money from his uncle. Write to me in care of Mr. Armstrong, corner of Third and Plum Streets, Philadelphia. I am, with my best wishes for the welfare of yourself and family.

Your unchangeable friend,

“B. IRVINE.

“To David Cathcart.”

DAVID CATHCART TO BAPTIST IRVINE.

“DUNBAR TOWNSHIP, Fayette County, Pa.

“March 9, 1807.

“RESPECTED FRIEND:

“I have sent you several letters, but have received no account from you this long time. Now I have determined to let you know how all the friends in this country are doing. Your sisters are all well at present.

“Your sister Margaret has come from Greensburg after paying her friends a visit, and all were well when she left them. I am very happy in having her so near, as she is the only friend I have in this part of the country. She is doing very well, and is very much respected.

"I hope you will do me the favor as to let my friends in Ireland know, by a letter from your hand directed to my mother, that we are all well as usual, only wearing away to the other country. Sister Mary and family are living over the Ohio, seventy miles from me. Brother Andrew was to see me last July was a year; he went back to Albany in twelve days. He sent me a letter from there; but I have got none since. I think he is dead, for he told me he would write frequently to me. I have had no account from Alexander this long time.

"DAVID CATHCART.

"To Baptist Irvine."

The mother of Baptist Irvine was a full cousin of David Cathcart, and her maiden name was Nancy Rachel Gamble. She married John Irvine, and they lived at Clabby, near Enniskillen, Ireland. Their six children came to America in 1794. (See the Gamble records.)

It is amusing to hear Baptist Irvine in his letter given above saying that "my letters can never be worth reading, circumscribed as I am, both as to talents and means of information," when all accounts agree that he was an unusually gifted person, a writer of his time of great distinction, and a man of extensive travel and wide information. His brother James was the oldest child. He was married and lived in Westmoreland County, and had nine children. They removed to Louisville, Kentucky, in 1853.

One of the sons of this James Irvine was Hugh, and the following correspondence between him and my father will give some further information about the Irvine family.

ROBERT A. SHERRARD TO HUGH IRVINE.

"SUGAR HILL FARM, near Steubenville, O.,

"Tuesday, February 10, 1863.

"MR. HUGH IRVINE:

"Dear Sir,—For some days past I have thought I would write you a letter, but what should I write about to a man I have never seen, and I thought I would draw upon my memory and write about something I remember.

"Well, I remember that in 1798 your uncle, Alex. Irvine, and William Cook, his cousin, came to my father's and staid a few days. Cook

afterwards at an early period settled in Cincinnati. This was not long after your father, his two brothers and three sisters, with William Hughes and William Cook, left near Enniskillen, Ireland, and came to the United States. William Cook got a place as clerk at Isaac Mason's furnace under the chief clerk, old Greenough, but had to leave in a month or two.

"And I remember mother asked young Cook why he had to leave so soon, and his answer was that he did not know, unless it was that he was too honest for them. I remember to have heard it said frequently by Mason's hired men that Mason and his clerk Greenough were notoriously dishonest, charging poor work hands with more than they got.

"I believe Cook soon made his way to Cincinnati, where you probably know more about him than I do. But as to your uncle, Alex. Irvine, he soon got a school to teach convenient to where my brother David now lives, and while thus employed made his home at my uncle David Cathcart's, who was a son of Ann Gamble, and aunt to your grandmother Irvine. Alexander Irvine joined in company with several others to escort an old Englishman and his family to Big Sandy, the upper north line of your State, to seek a silver mine, which the old man Swift, the old schoolmaster, said he had discovered on Big Sandy years before.

"Each of these men thus joined in Swift's company was to have a certain share as stock in the silver mine.

"This all being settled and agreed upon, the company made every necessary arrangement to be off to Kentucky on their enterprise. They purchased a small family boat, furnished it with all necessary provisions, and paid off a considerable debt that old schoolmaster Swift owed to his creditors. Then with all Swift's family on board they left Fayette County, Pa., for Big Sandy, Kentucky, the spring season of 1799. That he might have no lack of money, and not knowing how soon he might have the handling of ingots of silver from old Swift's silver mine, Alex. Irvine sold his old Irish Enniskillen watch to uncle Cathcart, and my brother David has it yet, and will keep it while he lives as a keepsake, on account of his first wife, who was Betsy Irvine, and her brother, Alex. Irvine.

"And I do hope he will not leave it in possession of the present wife, for he ought to leave it to some of his first wife's people of the Irvine name.

"But I know you are ready to ask what about the silver mine? Why, after they had landed at the mouth of Big Sandy, they left Swift's family in the boat, and set off with Swift in search of the mine, but after a long and fruitless search during the whole of the summer months, they were unable to find so much as a trace of it.

"But these men came home to Fayette County in the fall with their clothes badly torn and patched and stitched together, and now sixty-three years have passed away and I have not heard in all that time of any silver mine being found in that locality.

"After his return from that expedition, October, 1799, Alex. Irvine taught school as opportunity served till 1801, when we find him studying Latin under Rev. James Dunlap, pastor of Laurel Hill congregation. He afterwards studied medicine, and settled down in Greensburg, Ky., where my youngest brother Thomas, on his way from New Orleans the last of July, 1821, stopped with Dr. Alex. Irvine and found him married to a widow. Peggy Irvine, you know, married Robert Davis, but he proved rather a profligate by turns.

"After they came to Ohio she resided in our family with her three children, a girl and two boys, all she ever had, I believe, from spring till fall of 1814. During this time he was working at his trade in Marietta, O.

"Late in the fall he came up and moved his family to that place, and afterwards he removed to Circleville, O., where he cut a wide swath for a time, as he had done in Uniontown before that. But he again broke up in Circleville, and moved over the Scioto River ten miles, and went to farming, where I found him and family June 17, 1825.

"I staid with them two days and two nights and then bid them farewell.

"Baptist Irvine went through many checkered scenes in life, and ended his days in New Orleans. After the Irvine family arrived in this country from near Enniskillen, Baptist Irvine learned the printing business in Washington, Pa., with one John Colrick, and this was among the very first printing establishments in the western country.

After some time we find Baptist Irvine co-editor of the "Aurora," in Philadelphia, with Duane. But time and paper would fail me to trace his footsteps round; suffice it to say that the last time I saw Baptist Irvine he came and staid a week with us the summer of 1820.

"Please excuse the scribbling liberty I have taken; I may not thus intrude my sentiments of bygone days again. Farewell,

"ROBERT A. SHERRARD."

HUGH IRVINE TO ROBERT A. SHERRARD.

"LOUISVILLE, March 4, 1863.

"DEAR FRIEND:

"For I will call you 'friend,' as I always regarded all of your name on account of the esteem I have always had for uncle David Sherrard. I received your letter in due time and was glad to hear from you, and pleased with the information you gave of the early life of some of our friends. I never saw Alexander Irvine, but understand he died in Greensburg, in this State, many years ago. William Cook died near Lexington, Ky., several years ago. Uncle Alex. Irvine left no children. William Cook left, I believe, a family of children, but I have never seen any of them. Uncle Davis, I understand, died in Illinois some years ago. Aunt Peggy having died many years before, I believe, he was married to a second wife.

"Uncle Baptist Irvine, as you state, died in New Orleans in 1833. My father, James Irvine, was born in 1769, and settled in Westmoreland County, Pa. He lived there till October, 1853, when he and my two single sisters came with me and my family here, and he died November 3, 1854.

"There were nine children of my father's family, five boys and four girls, six of whom are living, and all here but my youngest sister, who is married to John H. Anderson, and still lives in Westmoreland County, Pa. I married in 1840 Miss Ann Carothers, a daughter of William Carothers, formerly of Enniskillen, Ireland, and came to this country about 1800, and settled near Congruity, Pa. My wife died June 11, 1854, and left seven children; two of them have since died. I have three sons and two daughters who have managed the house affairs for the past seven years.

"Mary, my youngest daughter, has been going to school at Mr. Hill's Seminary at Anchorage, and is taught by your daughter Nancy. Mary and your daughter came down last Friday evening, and returned Monday morning. My oldest son is in the army; he is a Lieutenant in the 28th Kentucky Regiment of Union Volunteers now in Clarksville, Tenn. The watch that you say uncle David has, I would like to have after uncle David's death, not for the mere value of it, but as a remembrance of the Irvine family.

"I will be pleased to have a letter from you at any time, and as often as you can find it convenient to write. We are all well at present, and your daughter was well on Monday morning when she left on the cars for her school.

"Yours with respect,

"HUGH IRVINE.

"Mr. Robert A. Sherrard, Sr."

There are many old letters from uncle David to father, and a few from uncle to other friends; a few from uncles John and Thomas, but there is only one letter from uncle William to be found.

I have selected one letter from each of the five brothers, taking those which seemed to me would be of general and permanent interest.

II. LETTERS FROM THE FIVE SHERRARD BROTHERS.

WILLIAM SHERRARD TO DAVID A. C. SHERRARD.

"RUSH RUN MILLS, JEFFERSON CO., O.

"December 4, 1816.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"I take this opportunity of informing you that we are all in a tolerable state of health at present, and hope that these few lines may find you all in good health also. But we are almost out of patience looking for you and Betsy these three weeks past, but we have generally concluded that John is sick and not able to come with you, or that he is looking out for a wife or some other nonsense. But you may tell him to hurry home, for he is losing ground in this quarter. His old acquaintance Phebe Filson was married back foremost to a Mr. Thomas Odbert of Smithfield, a hatter to trade; but don't misunderstand me in saying 'back

foremost,' for when she stood up she fainted, and the second trial the minister stood at their backs while saying the ceremony.

"But no more of this; tell me something of grain and the price. Wheat is \$1.30 at Steubenville, and \$1.25 at our mill, and it is generally thought it will be higher by spring. But we have engaged seven or eight hundred bushels at the present price. Corn is frosted more in this country than it was ever known to be since it was first inhabited. Corn has been selling for fifty cents at the heap, and sixty, but it is now seventy-five cents a bushel, and flour has been selling at \$10.00 a barrel in Pittsburgh about two weeks since, but it is now falling in price.

"But again, we have a new bank in operation in Smithfield, and Thomas and Robert have subscribed two shares; Thomas has drawn \$200 to purchase wheat, and intends applying for \$200 more to-morrow. Nothing more worth relating, but desire to be remembered to uncle and aunt, and Betsy, and remain,

"Your affectionate brother,

"WILLIAM SHERRARD.

"To David A. C. Sherrard."

DAVID A. C. SHERRARD TO JOHN SHERRARD.

"DUNBAR TOWNSHIP, Fayette County, Pa.,
October 28, 1833.

"DEAR JOHN,

"I have just returned from paying the last respects to the mortal remains of our dear old mother. She departed this life on yesterday morning at fifteen minutes past six (Sabbath). On Monday last she was taken with a chill at breakfast, which was noticed by Betsy who threw a cloak around her. She soon afterwards went to bed, and complained of a stitch in her left side just below the left breast; this was removed by the application of salt heated." (Uncle David proceeds to give a minute account of the last illness of grandmother Sherrard, and concludes as follows. T. J. S.) "She seldom complained, but I could perceive by the contracting of her countenance that she was often pained. As to other particulars, I am ready to answer such questions as you may ask hereafter. I laid mother beside her father's bones, on the right side of his grave, which opened little sister Mary Ann's grave.

"Nothing was to be seen but some black mole, and two small pieces

of the coffin, cherry of which the coffin was made, and of which perhaps the black mole was a part.

"Old uncle bore it with calm fortitude, but feelingly. He would often go in and speak to her in a tender, affectionate manner, and wipe the tear from his eye.

"When told of her death, he said 'The Lord's will be done.' Now he laments the loss of his company, for he often held lengthy conversations with her, and was very affectionate to her. He is in usual health. Betsy is still complaining of the pain in her side on which she has had two blisters, and must repeat them. I am in good health since relieved of my complaint in the stomach, but have a world of care, trouble and expense to wade through. Baptist Irvine was in New Orleans on the 26th of June last editing the New Orleans 'Bulletin.' I have written a short line to Robert, and refer him to your letter for particulars which you may give by copy or send this.

My best respects to you and sister and sons.

DAVID A. C. SHERRARD."

"To John Sherrard."

JOHN SHERRARD TO ROBERT A. SHERRARD.

"PINEY FORK MILLS, 4 miles west of Smithfield, O.

"January 12, 1852.

"RESPECTED FRIENDS,

"I just take up my pen this morning to inform you that we are all in usual health. Son William arrived home from Union County, Ohio on Saturday evening last, where he had been uniting himself to a wife. He was married on Monday evening, the 5th of January, instant, to Margaret Jane Neal, his cousin. Lucinda was out with him. They left home on Tuesday before New Year's day, and they had a pretty rough time of it. They made their appearance yesterday at Beech Spring meeting house, and there were more looking at him and his new wife than at the preacher, as there were but few knew he was from home, and none knew his errand but his uncle Adam. William's mother had told her brother Adam what was going on. The Thompsons and Smiths did not know for several days after he had started that he was gone; then the inquiry was where they were gone to. I told them he

was gone to see his cousin Margaret J. Neal married. I never was asked who to, so I got along on that score very well.

"We are not going to have any infare, but I want all the friends and cousins to come and see us as soon as they can. I would like that old Robert A. Sherrard and his wife Jane, could be here on Tuesday next, as we expect to invite old father Harrah and wife down to take dinner with us on that day. The rest of the friends I intend to invite to come just when they see proper.

"If Robert and Jane cannot come, Joseph and Jane, Jr., might come. Remember to tell Joseph Hill and Mary Ann that we want to see them. I want you to let young Robert know that we would be happy in seeing him and his wife, and don't forget John.

"All come as soon as you can. Our house is so cold, and only one fireplace, or I should have all the friends at once. No more.

"Yours with respect,

"JOHN SHERRARD."

"To Robert A. Sherrard, Sr."

ROBERT A. SHERRARD TO THOMAS G. SHERRARD.

"RUSH RUN, September 25, 1823.

"DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER,

"We received your favor of last August, and were glad to hear of your good health, and you had need to be thankful for the rich blessing. Mary and I enjoyed reasonably good health from the time we were married until lately, when we were both afflicted, and her illness resulted in her death, of which you have already heard. Mary and our little daughter Elizabeth were both sick nearly at the same time. We still entertained hopes of Mary's recovery, at least some days she appeared so much better, and then on other days worse, yet notwithstanding she was better by turns, she would frequently lament about her poor children, and query what would become of them. At one time I was sitting on the bedside and asked her how she was. She said: 'I am willing to go, but how will you and the children do? Will you marry again and keep house, and keep the children together, or will you break up housekeeping?' At this touching appeal my heart bled and the tears flowed, for this was the most severe wound I had ever experienced in all my life, and

although the smart by times is gone, yet the remembrance of what I suffered at that time is fresh, and since often when by myself it causes the silent tear to flow and roll down my sunken hollow whitened cheeks ; but particularly when I have reflected and do reflect that one who was my earthly joy and comfort I shall see no more, meet no more, hear no more, converse with no more on this earthly ball.

“Depend upon it, my brother, it is a trial which no person can have a proper or just conception of until they gain it by experience. But to return to the questions she asked : I answered that I could have no inclination to marry again very soon. She then requested that if I should break up housekeeping, I must leave Mary Ann and Joseph with my mother, and David with his uncle David, and Elizabeth with her own mother, and Robert the babe with her sister Sarah Andrews.

“A mortification struck on the glands of the heart after her fever, which lasted twelve hours and ended the existence of one of the best of wives ; one who was kind and affectionate to her husband and children, courteous to friends and acquaintances, and hospitable to strangers.

“But she has gone and has left me and her children to mourn their loss. She was too good for me, and her heavenly Father called her home. I had been taken ill of the fever the morning of the 13th of July, just at the time when Mary was at her worst, but by the time of her death on the 31st of July I was able to be up a little for two days before. In the course of two weeks I was able to walk alone, and during this time my mind was much employed in devising plans for housekeeping, for when I looked around upon my five motherless children, my heart yearned over them, and I could not bear the thought of having them scattered far, far away from each other.

“I came to the conclusion that I would send my brother-in-law Joseph Kithcart up to his mother's that he might bring down his sister Betsy to assist her sister Kezia in the house and to take care of the children, with directions that if she would not come, to bring with him his sister Sarah Andrews to take home with her the young child Robert. Accordingly he took the carriage and went up to his mother's but Betsy would not come with him.

“But Sarah Andrews came with him, and aunt Betsy Sherrard came down in a separate carriage to see us.

"They only staid from Saturday evening till Wednesday morning, and I fixed up and went with them, although still very weak. I staid away three weeks and four days, and got the consent of mother-in-law to move down and oversee my household affairs, and act as matron and governess for the children. I am to go and move her down by the first of November. This will be a considerable expense, but I hope it will prove a blessing to me and my children.

"I shall add no more, but remain, Yours,

"ROBERT A. SHERRARD.

"To Thomas G. Sherrard."

THOMAS G. SHERRARD TO ROBERT A. SHERRARD.

"SANDUSKY, August 19, 1823.

"MY DEARLY BELOVED BROTHER :

"Of all friends on this earth the nearest and the best beloved! I this day have received my brother John's letter of the 3d of August instant, which wounds me to the heart, and likewise the heart of Rebecca. When we think of the mass of sorrow our dear brother must be enveloped in, and when we think still and reflect on that loss to ourselves, the loss of a near and dear sister whom we both so sincerely loved, the grief is more than we can bear. Alas! alas!! alas!!! how can you stand the severe trials of this life? But in that God who has sent us into this world is that asylum of comfort to be found, and no other worldly pursuits or enjoyments can give such blessings as the divine will can bestow.

"Depend on him and weep not, for you have your sphere to fill in this life. Poor Mary is no more! poor Mary is no more! is still resounding in our ears, although not unaffected by either of us, as was hinted in my address to her brother Cunningham; we were both conscious, and are yet conscious that when we bade her farewell it appeared to us that farewell was the last of one whom we never shall forget as a dear, a near and a loving sister.

"Oh! that sister! Oh! that sister! that unexceptionable sister! shall we ever be able to check that flood that now gushes from our eyes, or calm that flow of sorrow that ruffles our brows, and see the storm of grief blow past! August the 19th, this day three months ago we left

you! What you will do it is hard for me to tell. I don't want you to harbor the idea of parting your children. Keep them together, as natural affection being acquired they will love each other and be better brought up together, and you will be more blessed with a contented mind, even if you should raise them on bread and water—better than if they should live with their friends on the richest luxuries of life. This is my advice, and I can give no better.

“Your loving brother and sister, bearing you in mind till death,

“THOMAS AND REBECCA SHERRARD.

“To Robert A. Sherrard.”

Of those five children left motherless in 1823, four are yet living this 21st day of December, 1889. It is a matter of history already recorded how father did follow the advice of his brother Thomas, and kept the children together; first, by getting his mother-in-law, their grandmother Kithcart, to keep house for him, and then after about four years by marrying Jane Hindman.

And now sixty-six years after their own mother's death, two of these five children—David and Robert—have written birthday letters to their second mother, congratulating her on reaching her eighty-fifth birthday on December 14th, 1889. Without the knowledge of these two brothers I take the liberty of recording their letters just here.

Although they were written as private letters to mother only, yet I feel that they are so full of interest to the whole family connection that they ought to have a place among these Historical Letters.

III. BIRTHDAY LETTERS.

DAVID TO MOTHER.

“FREMONT, O., December 1, 1889.

“DEAR MOTHER:

“I have just been thinking that four days more brings on your eighty-fifth birthday, and Oh! how thankful we as children should feel that God in his goodness has spared your life and permitted you to stay and comfort us with your presence. While we are all growing old, when I think of it, if I live one month from this day I will be seventy,

and am now enjoying good health ; not an ache or pain about me, thanks be to our Father in heaven, he has been good to us all.

“ My mind runs back to the days of my youth, and to the pleasures and the labors of the past, and when we were yet children and you had a mother’s care over us all.

“ When I left home, being the first one of the children to leave the old home, I left a dear father and a kind mother, and ten dear brothers and sisters. Thomas was not born then, but well do I remember the day sister Sarah was born, and how I had to hitch up the old yellow sleigh and skip over the snow and bring in the old ladies, Mrs. Erwin, Mrs. McConnell, Mrs. Williams, and I don’t think who else, only I know it was Sunday, and I had to skip down to town and into the Presbyterian Church, and slip quietly to old Dr. Leslie’s pew and whisper to him that he was wanted. He got up and out, and we were soon on the way to old Sugar Hill Farm, and in the evening I carried him back, as the Irishman would say.

“ Well, mother, I can’t come to see you on this birthday, but hope I may see you before long. If you will come here the 10th of next month, we will have a fat turkey roasted and give you a full share. Now I will say we are all in our usual health.

“ Ida is in town at Robert’s since last Saturday. I will go for her tomorrow as we expect to kill our hogs Thursday. Our children and theirs were all well last report. We had late letters from Alabama ; Lizzie and Rose write that they like their homes, and are doing as well as could be expected. They had a good crop of corn and potatoes, oats and hay ; had no wheat ; cotton was poor, and they had frost early which hurt that and the buckwheat.

“ We expect Laura and her two girls here to spend the holidays. Lottie is busy in her school, but will keep the house in order for herself and her father while they are gone.

“ Now, mother, maybe you would like to know what your boy David is doing. Well he is doing odd jobs like his father used to do. I feed three cows and one calf, and am raising the finest heifer calf that I think I ever owned. I also feed my hogs ; I have ten shoats and five others to feed. I started out the last day of July to buy cows, and was forty-two days with one man. I helped him to buy seventy-eight and to ship two

car loads, forty head to Radnor, twelve miles this side of Philadelphia. I quit him then for one of my New Jersey men who had come for a car load.

“ I got him twenty-one, and another of my men came before the first one got away; they live six miles apart, and I helped him; he took twenty-four head. So you think that is stirring round enough for a boy nearly seventy years old.

“ Well it is just good exercise for me here when the weather is good and the roads good. I had a letter a few days ago from Robert, and one from John. Thomas, I suppose, is too busy with the History of the Sherrard Family to write, and I will excuse him.

“ With love and best wishes for you, I am, as ever,

“ Your son,

“ DAVID A. C. SHERRARD.”

ROBERT TO MOTHER.

STEUBENVILLE,* Ohio, December 13, 1889.

MRS. JANE SHERRARD,

“ My Dear Mother,—I am reminded this day that eight years ago to-day, I was united in marriage to Katie Johnson, and that reminded me of the fact that to-morrow, the 14th of December, 1889, you will pass your eighty-fifth mile-stone in this life. I cannot allow the occasion to pass by without writing to you, not so much to apprise you of the fact that this is your eighty-fifth birthday, but to recount some of the blessings which in that time, by the goodness of an all-wise Providence, has been granted to some of us by reason of your having been born, and placed in a position whereby your precept, example, and prudent conduct as a mother, have brought all the members of so large a family mentally and spiritually to Christ.

“ The Bible teaches us that the Eternal never selects as the instruments of his will any of those whose hearts are not inclined towards Him. I have often asked myself the question: Where or what would be my position in life, if I had not had, when young, the influence of such a mother?

“ And while I know that many times I was the means of testing your patience and your trial of faith, I have to acknowledge that by your patience,

devotion and zeal, aided as you were by the influence from above, which you daily sought and which was liberally granted, you did overcome the evil tendencies of my nature ; and I am to-day where I am and what I am, for which I am thankful to you and grateful to our Heavenly Father, because of the care you were ever willing to bestow upon me.

“I want to remind you of another fact, which I have often referred to with my older brothers and sisters, as well as to friends, which is, that in referring back to the time when you came into the family, finding a family of five children to take the charge of, all young, to grow up and mingle with seven others born after you took charge, to manage, regulate and control, required a special gift for which you were equal. And I have now to say that at no time or place can I refer, when, in the exercise of the discipline which you were required to exercise, was there any partiality shown for one more than another.

“I have to thank you for your acts of kindness toward me personally ; for the many years of patience you were called to endure, and hope that in the great day when He who has given you so long a life of usefulness, and those of us who have so long enjoyed your love and favor, meet, as I trust we may do in that better and brighter home above, we will recount the pleasant lives we have enjoyed on earth, and the dangers we have been enabled to avoid by reason of the unselfish acts of you in our behalf.

“I enclose you, as a slight token of my love and affection for you as a kind, good mother, a small remembrance, and hope that you will be spared in good health, with your reason and faculties in place, until the time when it is the Master's will to summon you to come up higher, and this will be my constant prayer.

“I remain, as ever,

“Your affectionate son,

ROBERT SHERRARD, JR.”

IV. SHERRARD ANTIQUITIES.

While looking over some of father's old MS. volumes, the spring of 1889, I found an old letter in the original handwriting of one James Usher, of New York City. It was written to father in 1872 in relation to certain Sherrard relics and antiquities then in possession of the

writer. I had never heard of this letter before, nor did any member of our family remember anything about it, and we do not know whether father ever replied to it or not. The letter mentions so many curious things about the Sherrard name that I immediately wrote to the address in New York, and received the following reply :

“NEW YORK, April 16, 1889.

“The letter to which you refer was evidently written by my deceased father. His library and effects have since been disposed of.

“Yours, &c.,

JAMES USHER.”

A month later I was in New York at the General Assembly, and I called to see this James Usher at his office, and learned from him that his father had been a real-estate dealer, but had always taken an interest in collecting family genealogies and relics. These Sherrard antiquities had been sold among his other effects, and the son could find no trace whatever of them.

These Ushers had no connection at all with the Sherrards; but the father had collected these, with those of many other families, simply as a matter of interest and pastime to him. The following is a copy of his letter to father :

JAMES USHER TO ROBERT A. SHERRARD.

“7 MURRAY ST., New York City,

“Dec. 23, 1872.

“ROBERT A. SHERRARD, ESQ.,

“Steubenville, Ohio.

“Dear Sir: I take the liberty to write to you about a collection of antiquities relating to the Sherrard family, which may possibly interest you somewhat. I was showing them, or rather part of them, to your son in this city, and he was so kind as to give me your address, and in writing to you respecting them, I believe it is with his approval. The collection consists of four pieces, and I will endeavor to explain and describe the same faithfully.

“I. A Coat of Arms very handsomely drawn and colored, showing motto, coat, crest, supporters, and done at the expense of Bennet Sherrard, who was born in 1709; done about 1760; framed in black walnut

and gilt; size of all, about 18 inches by 24 outside measurement. In fine order, high as a work of art, and in all respects reliable.

"II. A pedigree in tabular form, on a roll a little over three feet long by one broad, tracing the family back to the Robert, whose father came over with William of Normandy.

"The last date given is 1750, with an additional line showing the Irish and Scotch branches, done in 1760 or thereabout, showing the water-mark of George II., and in fine order.

"III. An engraving mounted on a board about 12 inches by 18, showing the tomb and effigies of Geoffry and Jean Sherrard 1490, with the various quarterings and arms of allied lines round the border; in fine order and unframed.

"IV. A similar one to the above, with 15 effigies thereon purporting to be the ancestors of the Sherrard family, and possibly done at or about the same date as the three preceding. This collection which I honestly believe to be unique, at least in this form, I will dispose of for \$25.

"In addition to the above there is a printed history of not many leaves, with some other illustrations which will go with the above without any extra charge.

"I remain, respectfully yours,

"JAMES USHER."

V. IRVINE ANTIQUITIES.

The following is a copy of an old letter in possession of Mr. John Irvine Anderson, of New York, which he has kindly sent for my perusal. It is in the handwriting of his great-grandfather, John Irvine, and was given him by his aunt Nancy Irvine, of Louisville, the only living child of James Irvine, who was the eldest child of John Irvine.

See The Gamble Records. In reading this letter it will be readily appreciated that the term "bold jade," which the father uses in speaking to his youngest child, is meant to be one of endearment, when it is known that Betty was at this time only thirteen years old, and was only eight when she parted from her father in Ireland. She married her second cousin, my uncle, David A. C. Sherrard, and is spoken of on pp. 118 and 377 of this volume.

The form of writing in this old letter is preserved as nearly as possible. It is addressed to "Miss Peggy and Miss Betty Irvine."

JOHN IRVINE TO HIS DAUGHTERS, PEGGY AND BETSY.

"CLABBY 1st July 1799.

"D^R GIRLS :

"Whilst I am taking the opportunity of writing to the Rest, I send you a few lines letting you know that I am in good health at present thank God. I never got a word from any of you, since you parted with me, only what Frank Johnston mentioned of you always in his letters. I rec^d letters from Jenny, Alick, and Baptist, which gives me great comfort to hear of your all being well, and Jenny mentions Baptist and Betty growing very Big. I am glad to hear of Jenny's being married to her satisfaction, and that the Boys is at some sort of Business, but I hope that they will fall into something Else soon, that will be more Beneficial, as for yourselves, I hope that you will take care and pray to God to guide you, and I hope and trust that you will Do well, and that you will put your full trust in providence. O Betty you Bold Jade will you not write to me, it wou'd give great satisfaction if you wou'd, for I am lonely, and has no Body to Comfort me, or to make my moan to—for it seems that none of you Encourages me to go to you, if providence grants me Days perhaps I may be with you yet.—all friends is well only your Aunt (*name illegible*) Died Beginning of Last Winter, for more particulars I refer you to Jimmy's and the Rests letters. I expect that you will Study amongst you how to forward letters and don't neglect it.

"Whilst I Remain Your Loving and

"Disconsolate Father till Death,

"JOHN IRVINE."

There is another old manuscript letter in possession of Mr. Anderson, from Baptist Irvine to his brother-in-law, Robert Davis. This letter is dated at Baltimore, September 21, 1812, and it is valuable as suggesting the time of the death of his father, John Irvine. The following is an extract from that letter :

“Tell Peggy I have just received a letter from Joseph Dunlap, of Corrylongford, giving an account of my father’s affairs and death. There are some rents due from tenants in Clabby, and 40 pounds a year is the rent. He had spoken to Lord Belmore, the landlord, relative to the lease, and informed him that two lives of it were still in existence, viz., Edward and John Irvine, now in the State of Ohio, New Lancaster. These things Mr. Dunlap mentioned for our guidance, as nothing could be done without our consent and authority.”

There is another ancient document of date January 8, 1799, making mention of the children of John Irvine as the legatees of Doctor William Irvine, of Lynchburg, deceased; and another ancient manuscript giving an inventory of the wearing apparel of the said William Irvine, which is certainly a curiosity, to note the ample supply of personal apparel of a Virginia gentleman of a century ago. In this collection of ancient documents is also found the Certificate of Naturalization of James Irvine, the grandfather of Mr. Anderson.



III. FAMILY RECORDS.

EXPLANATORY TERMS.—The small Arabic figures after any name show the number of the generation; the large Roman numerals are placed before any name whose Record is given in detail. At the place where such a name first appears it is preceded by an Arabic number, to indicate that the Record of that name will be given more fully under the corresponding Roman numerals.

ABBREVIATIONS.—b., born; m., married; unm., unmarried; s. p., without issue; d., died; d. s. p., died without issue.

I. THE SHERRARD RECORDS.

WE have information of a Coat of Arms, and a Pedigree in tabular form, in existence in 1872, tracing the Sherrard Family back to the Robert whose father came over with William, Duke of Normandy. Tradition in our own immediate Family traces our ancestry back to a Sherrard who was a French Huguenot, who came over and settled in Scotland. The earliest authentic names we have are those of two brothers, Hugh and William Sherrard, whose father came over from Scotland about 1710, and settled in Newton Limavady, County of Londonderry, Ireland. Here Hugh and William were born, and when Hugh arrived at manhood he married and settled across the Bann Water, near Coleraine. He had a son, Hugh Sherrard, who emigrated to America in 1770, and settled on Miller's Run, in Washington County, Pa. They were very seriously annoyed by the Indians previous to Wayne's Treaty, in 1794. It was at the house of this cousin Hugh that grandfather, John Sherrard, stopped for a few days as he was on his return from Crawford's Campaign. This Hugh Sherrard had several sons, one of whom, William, lived over on Raccoon Creek, near Florence, and was killed by the Indians.

I. WILLIAM SHERRARD,¹ b. 1720, in Newton Limavady, Ireland; m. in 1750, Margaret Johnston; lived near Newton Limavady, on a freehold farm, and besides farming, carried on the business of linen weaving, employing a number of hands, and d., wealthy, in 1771. They had issue:—

2. i. *John Sherrard*, b. 1750; m. Mary Cathcart.
- ii. *Elizabeth Sherrard*, b. 1752; m. Mr. McConkey; emigrated to America; nothing more known of them.
- iii. *Margaret Sherrard*, b. 1755; m., and emigrated to America; nothing more known.
- iv. *James Sherrard*, b. 1757; m.; by his father's will, remained in possession of the freehold lease in Ireland. In 1785 he visited America with his mother, but they both returned to Ireland, and nothing more is known of either of them; tradition says that he came again to America after the Irish Rebellion of 1798.
- v. *Mary (?) Sherrard*, b. 1760; Christian name unknown; m., and came to America, but nothing more known.

II. JOHN SHERRARD² (William¹), b. 1750; emigrated to America 1772; naturalized December 29th, 1777; m., May 5th, 1784, Mary Cathcart (b. Sept. 28th, 1751; d. Oct. 27th, 1833); d. April 22d, 1809; buried at Smithfield, O. They had issue:—

- i. *William Johnston*, b. May 7th, 1785; d. Nov. 7th, 1820; unm.
- ii. *David Alexander Cathcart*, b. Sept. 2d, 1786; m., first, March 14th, 1816, Elizabeth Irvine (b. 1786; d. June 19th, 1855); secondly, Feb. 13th, 1858, Martha Watt); d. June 2, 1880; no issue.
3. iii. *John James*, b. Oct. 28th, 1787; m. Sarah Harrah.
4. iv. *Robert Andrew*, b. May 4, 1789; m., first, Mary Kithcart; secondly, Jane Hindman.
- v. Ann, b. Dec. 6th, 1790; d. in infancy.
5. vi. *Thomas Guthridge*, b. March 18th, 1793; m. Rebecca Conn.

III. JOHN JAMES SHERRARD³ (John,² William¹), b. Oct. 28th, 1787; m., Sept. 8th, 1825, Sarah Harrah, who d. Sept. 27th, 1861; d. July 14th, 1860. They had issue:—

- i. *William*, m., Jan. 5th, 1852, Margaret Jane Neal; removed to Iowa more than thirty years ago, and nothing now known of them. They had issue.
- ii. *James*, d. April 15th, 1851; unm.

IV. ROBERT ANDREW SHERRARD³ (John,² William¹), b. May 4th, 1789; m., first, Jan. 25th, 1816, Mary Kithcart (b. Jan. 4th, 1798; d. July 31st, 1823). They had issue:—

6. i. *Mary Anne*, b. March 26th, 1817; m. Joseph W. Hill.
- ii. *Joseph Kithcart*, b. Aug. 11th, 1818; d. April 9th, 1884; unm.
7. iii. *David Cathcart*, b. Jan. 10th, 1820; m., first, Catherine M. Welday; secondly, Narcissa T. Grant.
8. iv. *Elizabeth*, b. Sept. 23d, 1821; m. Joseph Kithcart.
9. v. *Robert*, b. June 9th, 1823; m., first, Sarah Anne Salmon; secondly, Catherine Johnson.

Robert Andrew Sherrard m., secondly, May 24th, 1827, Jane Hindman (b. Dec. 14th, 1804). They had issue:—

- vi. *Nancy*, b. April 10th, 1828; Principal of Washington Female Seminary, Washington, Pa; unm.
10. vii. *John Hindman*, b. March 24th, 1830; m. Kezia N. Fulton.
- viii. *Jane*, b. March 22d, 1832; unm.
11. ix. *Susan Cathcart*, b. July 31st, 1834; m. Culbertson Orr.
- x. *Sarah*, b. Jan. 8th, 1837; d. March 4, 1889; unm.
- xi. *William Henry Harrison*, b. Feb. 12, 1840; d. Aug. 18th, 1875; unm.
12. xii. *Thomas Johnson*, b. Feb. 25th, 1845; m. Mary R. Campbell.

V. THOMAS GUTHRIDGE SHERRARD³ (John,² William¹), b. March 18th, 1793; m. Sept. 20th, 1820, Rebecca Conn (who, after her husband's death, m., secondly, in 1834, Samuel Junk, of Fayette County, Pa., and they had issue—surname Junk; she d. Oct. 13th, 1873); d. March 26th, 1823. They had issue:—

- i. *William Johnston*, b. October, 1822; m.; d. without issue, April 22d, 1872.
13. ii. *Thomas Guthridge*, b. Oct. 17th, 1824; m. Mary Ann Henderson.

VI. MARY ANNE SHERRARD⁴ (Robert A.,³ John,² William¹), b. at Rush Run, O., March 26th, 1817; m., Oct. 10th, 1848, Joseph Welsh Hill (b. June 11th, 1811; d. Feb. 22d, 1877). They had issue (surname Hill):—

- i. *Rosamond C.*
- ii. *Elizabeth Jane.*
- iii. *Martha Sharon*; m., June 12th, 1879, Rev. David R. Kerr. They have issue (surname Kerr): Willis Holmes, James Frederic, Mary Hill, David R., and Julia C.
- iv. *Mary*; m., Oct. 14, 1880, Jesse Bennett.

- v. *Robert Sherrard*; m., June 30th, 1885, Mary Mears, They have issue (surname Hill): Henrietta Menager, Mary Sherrard, and Nannie Mears.

VII. DAVID CATHCART SHERRARD⁴ (Robert A.,³ John,² William¹), b. at Rush Run, O., Jan. 10th, 1820; m., first, July 4th, 1843, Catherine M. Welday. Farmer, Fremont, O. They had issue:—

- i. *Laura A.*, m. Benjamin Mooney. They have issue (surname Mooney): Lottie S., Emma, Mary A., and Nettie.
- ii. *Kezia W.*, m. Homer Overmyer. They have issue (surname Overmyer): Dora; m. J. Biddle.
- iii. *Elizabeth C.*, m. John S. Brust. They have issue (surname Brust): Ida.

David Cathcart Sherrard m., secondly, Feb. 24th, 1848, Narcissa T. Grant. They have issue:—

- iv. *Harriet B.*, m. Charles E. Tindall; she d. Sept. 16th, 1873. They had issue (surname Tindall): Hattie.
- v. *Robert W.*, m. Clara A. Karshner. They have issue: Blanche M., and Zella.
- vi. *John F.*, m. Jennie E. Bowlus. They have issue: Harry, Ida, Robert, and Zelpha.
- vii. *Emma V.*, m. Josiah Smith. They have issue (surname Smith): Milan, Robert, Jesse, Howard, Orie, Lulu and Granvil.
- viii. *Mary J.*, m. David W. Cookson. They have issue (surname Cookson): Clarence.
- ix. *Rose T.*, m. John R. Tindall. They have issue (surname Tindall): Mabel and Louis.
- x. *Ida M.*

VIII. ELIZABETH SHERRARD⁴ (Robert A.,³ John,² William¹), b. at Rush Run, O., Sept. 23d, 1821; m., May 7th, 1846, Joseph Kithcart (b. Oct. 13th, 1823). They have issue (surname Kithcart). See The Kithcart Records.

IX. ROBERT SHERRARD⁴ (Robert A.,³ John,² William¹), born at Rush Run, O., June 9th, 1823; m., first, July 2d, 1846, Sarah Anne Salmon, who d. Nov. 7th, 1870. Banker in Steubenville, O. They had issue:—

- i. *Emma Virginia*, b. April 2d, 1847; m., Dec. 3d, 1868, Henry Clay Elliot, of New York. They have issue (surname Elliot): Robert Sherrard, Lillie Beatty, and Harry Stanton.
- ii. *William*, b. July 22d, 1850; d. in infancy.
- iii. *Henry Comingo*, b. Aug. 25th, 1857.

Robert Sherrard m., secondly, Dec. 13th, 1881, Catherine Johnson. They have issue :—

- iv. *Thomas Johnson*, b. Sept. 17th, 1882.
- v. *Robert Stanton*, b. March 24th, 1884; d. Aug. 5th, 1889.
- vi. *Mary Catherine*, b. Aug. 23d, 1887.

X. JOHN HINDMAN SHERRARD⁴ (Robert A.,³ John,² William¹), b. at Pleasant Hill, O., March 24th, 1830; m., Oct. 13th, 1857, Kezia N. Fulton. Presbyterian minister, Rockville, Ind. They have issue :—

- i. *Jane Hindman*, b. July 17th, 1858; m., June 24th, 1879, Rev. J. C. Rhea Ewing, D.D., now of Lahore, India. They went to India, as missionaries, in October, 1879. They have issue (surname Ewing): Eleanor Elizabeth, Anna Kezia, John Sherrard, and Margaret Rhea.
- ii. *Anna Rachel*, b. July 13th, 1860; m., May 18th, 1881, Oliver L. Blachly, M.D., of Sparta, Pa., They have issue (surname Blachly): Stephen Lindley, and John Sherrard.
- iii. *Charles Beatty*, b. Feb. 2d, 1864; d. July 6th, 1866.
- iv. *John Hughes*, b. May 19th, 1866.
- v. *Robert Maurice*, b. Oct. 1st, 1869.
- vi. *Mary Fulton*, b. July 18th, 1871.
- vii. *Elizabeth Linn*, b. Feb. 25th, 1874.
- viii. *Helen Ewing*, b. July 27th, 1879.

XI. SUSAN CATHCART SHERRARD⁴ (Robert A.,³ John,² William¹), b. at Sugar Hill, near Steubenville, O., July 31st, 1834; m., Nov. 7th, 1866, Culbertson Orr, of Clarion Co., Pa. They have issue (surname Orr) :—

- i. *Robert Sherrard*, b. Oct. 14th, 1867.
- ii. *William Culbertson*, b. March 12th, 1869.
- iii. *Henry Franklin*, b. April 20th, 1871.
- iv. *George Thomas*, b. Aug. 7th, 1873; d. May 22d, 1874.
- v. *Jane Hindman*, b. May 2d, 1875.

XII. THOMAS JOHNSON SHERRARD⁴ (Robert A.,³ John,² William¹), b. at Sugar Hill, near Steubenville, O., Feb. 25th, 1845; m., Dec. 21, 1871, Mary R. Campbell. Presbyterian minister, Washington, Pa. They have issue :—

- i. *Virginia*, b. in Mifflintown, Pa., June 4th, 1873.
- ii. *Hallock Campbell*, b. in Mifflintown, Pa., June 22d, 1875.
- iii. *Mary Campbell*, b. in Mifflintown, Pa., Aug. 30th, 1879.
- iv. *Robert Andrew*, b. in Honey Brook, Pa., July 30th, 1885.

XIII. THOMAS GUTHRIDGE SHERRARD⁴ (Thomas G.,³ John,² William¹), b. Oct. 17th, 1824; m., May 9th, 1850, Mary Ann Henderson; d. March 22d, 1874. They had issue:—

- i. *David Cathcart*, b. March 12th, 1851; m., Dec. 3d, 1874; Mary Jane Hankins, who d. April 12th, 1885; d. at Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 25th, 1881. They had issue: Rachel, Thomas Guthrie, and Mary Ann.
- ii. *Alexander Conn*, b. Dec. 28th, 1852; m., Aug. 26th, 1875, Elizabeth Cooper Pollock. They have issue: Margaret Jane, Thomas Guthrie (d. in infancy), David Pollock (d. in infancy), Mary Ann, John Core, William Johnson, James Espey, and Jacob Henderson.
- iii. *Rebecca Ann*, b. Jan. 15th, 1855; d. Dec. 11th, 1870.
- iv. *Nancy*, b. Jan. 23d, 1857; m., Oct. 10th, 1878, Peter Preston Humbert. They have issue (surname Humbert): Thomas Sherrard, Martha Jane, Joseph Arthur, and Elsie May.
- v. *William Johnson*, b. Jan. 7th, 1860.
- vi. *Martha Jane*, b. June 26th, 1862; m., May 4th, 1882, Guthrie Wilson Curry; d. Dec. 28th, 1883.
- vii. *Jacob Henderson*, b. Jan. 17th, 1865; d. July 17th, 1883.

II. THE GAMBLE RECORDS.

The connection of the Sherrards with the Gambles is through Ann Gamble, whose daughter, Mary Cathcart, was the mother of Robert Andrew Sherrard, of Steubenville.

The Family Records of my father, Robert Andrew Sherrard, trace the Gamble connections back only as far as David Gamble of Graan, near Enniskillen, but they do not give the date of his birth. From the "Records of the Gambles of Toronto," published in 1872, I have learned the date of his birth, and the additional information that his father's name was Solomon, who was the son of Josias; also, that tradition traces the Gamble Family back to that of Lord Eglington, and affirms that the Gambles are entitled to estates in Ayrshire.

I. JOSIAS GAMBLE,¹ the first of the name of whom the family now have any record; he was married, and had issue, of whom mention is made of his eldest son only.

II. SOLOMON GAMBLE² (Josias¹); he was married and had issue; the name of his eldest son only is mentioned.

III. DAVID GAMBLE,³ of Graan (Solomon,² Josias¹), b. 1682, near Enniskillen, County Fermanagh, Ireland, on the old homestead, called Graan; there he died, but at what period we have no information. He was married, but we have no information concerning his wife, except that from an old letter in my possession, it appears that she was still living in 1772. David Gamble, of Graan, had issue:—

4. i. *Baptist*, of Graan, b. 1720.
5. ii. *Ann*, b. March 28th, 1721; m. Captain Alexander Cathcart.
6. iii. *David*, of Ratonagh; m. twice.
7. iv. *Magdalen* (?); m. Mr. Hughes.
8. v. *William*, of Duross; m. Leah Tyrer.
9. vi. *Andrew*, of Chester County, Pa.

IV. BAPTIST GAMBLE,⁴ of Graan (David,³ Solomon,² Josias¹), b. 1720; d. 1810, of paralysis; m. Miss Hopper, of Crew, Monaghan. They had issue:—

- i. *Ann*, m. James Frith of the Cross.
- ii. *Sarah*, m. her cousin, William Gamble, second son of William of Duross
- iii. *Mary Rebecca*, m. Scott, of Farnhill.
- iv. *Jane*, m. Montgomery, of Ashbrook.
- v. *Elizabeth*, unm.
- vi. *Samuel*, of Graan, b. 1765; m. Mary Gamble, dau. of Moses, of Bal-laghmore. This marriage is mentioned in our old Irish letters, but there is in them no explanation of the ancestry of Moses. It is stated in the "Family Records of the Gambles of Toronto" that this Moses was the son of Josias, who was the son of David of Graan, but when David's children are given, no mention is made of a son Josias, and in all our knowledge of the Gamble ancestry, we have no hint that our great-grandmother, Ann Gamble, had any brother Josias. This Samuel, son of Baptist, had two sons: Baptist, of Graan, b. 1809, and Samuel, b. 1815.

V. ANN GAMBLE,⁴ of Graan, (David,³ Solomon,² Josias¹) b., March 28, 1721; d., Nov. 20, 1813; m., March 17, 1743, Captain Alexander Cathcart, (b., 1715; d., April 15, 1780). They had issue: see the Cathcart Records, The Sherrard Records (Mary Cathcart,⁵ Robert A. Sherrard,⁶ Thomas J. Sherrard,⁷ Hallock C. Sherrard.⁸)

VI. DAVID GAMBLE,⁴ of Ratonagh, (David,³ Solomon,² Josias,¹) m., twice, and had issue :

10. i. *George*, b. 1772.
11. ii. *William*, b. 1774 ; m. Jane Douglass.
- iii. *Baptist*, b. 1776 ; unm. ; d. 1857 in Armagh.
- iv. *Josias Christopher*, b. 1778 ; m. Hannah Gower, and had issue : David and Jane. He is mentioned in the old Irish letters as being very successful in the chemical business in Dublin.
- v. *Mary Anne*, b. 1778 ; m. Captain Ball, of Rathmines ; lived near Dublin.
- vi. *James* ; came to Charleston, South Carolina, 1810.

VII. MAGDALEN (?) GAMBLE,⁴ (David,³ Solomon,² Josias,¹) m., Mr. Hughes ; d., of paralysis. All that we know of her and her family is gathered from old letters. They had issue (surnamed Hughes) :

- i. *James* ; came over from Ireland previous to 1797 ; lived in Philadelphia, and was a school teacher there for many years ; often visited his uncle Andrew Gamble out in Chester Co., Pa. ; was still living in Philadelphia in 1828.
- ii. *Jane*, m. first, Mr. Henderson ; secondly, John Thompson of Philadelphia.
- iii. *Margaret* ; remained in Ireland.
- iv. *Francis* ; remained in Ireland.
- v. *Magdalen* ; lived in Philadelphia.

VIII. WILLIAM GAMBLE,⁴ of Duross, (David,³ Solomon,² Josias,¹) m. Leah Tyrer, dau. of Mary Bodle Tyrer, and niece of Elizabeth Bodle Cox, (who had one son, John Cox, who d. unmarried).

We have an old Irish letter that tells how this William Gamble's estate is doubled by means of a legacy from Mrs. Cox of Dublin. He was still living in Ireland in 1812. They had issue :

12. i. *John*, b. 1755 ; m. Isabella Elizabeth Clarke.
- ii. *David*, m. Elizabeth Frith.
- iii. *Ann*, m. Michael Humphries.
- iv. *William*, m. first, his cousin Sarah, dau. of Baptist Gamble of Graan ; secondly, Miss Frith of Derryargan.
13. v. *Nancy Rachel*, m. John Irvine.
- vi. *Sarah*, m. James Henderson.
- vii. *Magdalen*, m. James Rutledge.
- viii. *Samuel*.
- ix. *Jane*, m. Christopher Armstrong.

- x. *Mary*, m. Edward Brien.
- xi. *Leah*.
- xii. *Tyrer*.

IX. ANDREW GAMBLE,⁴ of Chester Co., Pa., (David,³ Solomon,² Josias,¹) b. at Graan in Ireland; emigrated to America 1765; settled on a farm of 400 acres, called Thunder Hill, two miles from New London, Chester Co., Pa.; m., but name of wife unknown; d. Feb. 9, 1812 of paralysis. They had issue:

- i. *Agnes Magdalen*, m. Mr. Hill; d. without issue.
- ii. *David*; lived for a time in America, but went to Ireland, and d. there.
- iii. *John*, called Major John; very large and tall, and of commanding presence; m. Mrs. Mackey; one child, but it d. in infancy. Major John Gamble succeeded to his father's farm, and d. 1830.
- iv. *Mary*, m. Alexander Conn. They had issue (surname Conn): Rebecca, who m. her second cousin, Thomas G. Sherrard, (see The Sherrard Records); Mary; Margaret; and Sarah.
- v. *Margaret*, m. 1780, Thomas Graham, (who was b. 1747 in County Tyrone, Ireland; emigrated to America and served a term of five years as a Revolutionary soldier, and d. 1825 near Holliday's Cove); d. 1806. They had issue (surname Graham): David, who was brought up by his uncle Andrew Gamble in Chester County, and was killed in the war of 1812; George; Polly; Thomas; Sarah; and Rebecca.
- vi. *Phæbe*, unm. d. 1849 at 90 years of age.
- vii. *Leah*, m. John Whitcraft. They had issue (surname Whitcraft): Andrew, John, David, and Phæbe, who m. John Brogan. The Brogans live five miles west of Medina, O., and have seven children.

X. GEORGE GAMBLE,⁵ (David,⁴ David,³ Solomon,² Josias,¹) b. 1782; emigrated to America; m., and had issue:—

- i. *James*, of Cincinnati; m. and had issue; Mary, James, Norris, George, Olivia, William, David B., and Elliott. David B. is of the firm of Proctor & Gamble, of Cincinnati, and is an Elder in the Presbyterian Church of Avondale. He is m. and has issue: Edwin and Lillie. To Mr. David B. Gamble, I am greatly indebted for the loan of his copy of the "Family Records of the Gambles of Toronto."
- ii. *Media*, of Delaware, O.
- iii. *Eliza Rizer*.

XI. WILLIAM GAMBLE,⁵ (David,⁴ David,³ Solomon,² Josias,¹), b. 1774; d. 1849; came to America, Sept., 1797; lived for a time with his uncle

Andrew Gamble, in Chester County ; afterwards had a position in Philadelphia ; returned to Ireland, May, 1802 ; engaged largely in the queensware business in Belfast ; m. 1810, Jane Douglass. We have copies of three letters, written by him while in this country, to his cousin, David Cathcart, of Fayette County, and many of the items of information we have concerning our Irish relatives, come through letters mentioned as written by him to his cousin and intimate friend, James Hughes, of Philadelphia. A letter written by James Hughes to David Cathcart in 1810, mentions that " William Gamble, uncle David's son, is married to Miss Jane Douglass, daughter of a merchant in Belfast." They had issue :—Marianne, William, Media and Margaret (who m. Samuel Wann, of New York),—all these were dead in 1872. Besides these he had three sons living in 1872 : James Hughes, David, and Thomas John of Cincinnati.

XII. JOHN GAMBLE,⁵ of Canada, (William,⁴ David,³ Solomon,² Josias,¹) b. 1755 ; came to America 1779 ; Surgeon of Queen's Rangers ; went to New Brunswick 1783 ; m. May 18th, 1784, Isabella Elizabeth Clarke ; removed in 1802 to Kingston, Canada, where he d. Sept. 1st, 1811. His wife removed to Toronto in 1820, and continued to reside there with her children until her death, March 9th, 1859. They had thirteen children, nine daughters and four sons, three of whom grew up to manhood, viz :

- i. *John William* of Vaughn. He was m., and had issue : Elizabeth, Anne Birchall, Mary Shivers, Magdalen, John William, Harriet, Matilda, and Isabella Caroline. His dau. Elizabeth, b. May 24th, 1824 ; m. William Greey, and had issue (surname Greey) : Mary McCaulay, Frances Mary, John Gamble, Anne Isabella Elizabeth.
- ii. *William* of Etobicoke ; m. Elizabeth Brenchley, niece of General Sir William Rowan, and had issue : one daughter, Patty Rowan, who m. John Boulton, Esq., of Toronto, and had eight children.
- iii. *Clarke* of Toronto ; m. first, Mary Boulton ; second, Harriet Boulton, first cousin of his first wife, and had issue : Sarah, John, John Henry, Elizabeth, Sophia, Francis Clarke, Alleyne Woodbridge, Reynald Darcy, Harry Dudley, Emily, and Gordon.

XIII. NANCY RACHEL GAMBLE,⁵ (William,⁴ David,³ Solomon,² Josias,¹), m. John Irvine ; lived near Enniskillen at Clabby ; they had six children, who all came to America as early as the fall of 1794, since the certificate

of naturalization of the eldest son, James, states that he was in America previous to January, 1795. They left their father behind in Ireland, and from an old letter in possession of his great-grandson, J. Irvine Anderson, of New York, written in 1799 by John Irvine from Ireland to his daughters Peggy and Betsy, he speaks of his disconsolate situation. This leads us to believe that his wife had died some time before. It would seem probable that the older children had decided to come to America, and as the younger children were now left without a mother's care, the youngest, Betsy, being only eight years old in 1794, they all came together, with the expectation that the father would come later, after a home had been secured in America. But from an old letter, it appears that John Irvine died in Ireland in 1812. They had issue (surname Irvine) :—

14. i. *James*, b. Feb. 1st, 1770; m. Elizabeth McCall.
15. ii. *Jane*, m. 1778, John Morrison.
- iii. *Peggy*, m. 1809, Robert Davis; d. in Illinois. They had issue (surname Davis): Sarah Ann, James and Irvine.
- iv. *Alexander*, a physician; m. and lived in Greensburg, Ky., where he d. without issue 1839.
- v. *Baptist*, journalist; a man of remarkable talent and distinguished ability; learned the printing business in 1802 in Washington, Pa.; a political writer of great distinction in his day; established and conducted the *Baltimore Whig*, also editor of *New Orleans Bulletin*. My father says of him, that "he could not content himself long at any one place or business; he was well educated and well gifted, but one of those restless spirits not content in any situation in life." He d. in 1833 in New Orleans.
- vi. *Betsy*, b. 1786; m. March 14th, 1816, her second cousin, David A. C. Sherrard (see the Sherrard Records).

She was an unusually gifted woman; well educated and remarkably well versed on all questions of the day; all who knew her testify that she was one of the finest conversationalists they ever knew. In her later years she was afflicted with spinal disease, and d. without issue, June 19th, 1855.

XIV. JAMES IRVINE⁶ (Nancy Rachel Gamble,⁵ William,⁴ David,³ Solomon,² Josias,¹) b. Feb. 1st, 1770, in Enniskillen, Ireland; emigrated to America 1794 (as we judge from his certificate of naturalization now in possession of his grandson, John Irvine Anderson of New York,) and settled in Westmoreland Co., Pa.; naturalized Sept. 23, 1779; this states

that he was "a resident" in the United States Jan. 29, 1795; removed in 1853 to Louisville, Ky., where he d. Nov. 3d, 1854. He m. Oct. 1801, Elizabeth McCall, who was b. in Chambersburg, Pa., April 18th, 1773. They had issue (surname Irvine): all now deceased except Nancy.

- i. *Mary*.
- ii. *John*.
- iii. *Nancy*, unmarried; living in Louisville.
- 16. iv. *Hugh*, b. Feb. 7, 1807; m. March 24th, 1840, Ann Carothers.
- v. *William*.
- vi. *Elizabeth*.
- vii. *James W.*; m. Sept. 1st, 1846, Catherine Graves.
- 17. viii. *Jane Torrence*; m. April 17th, 1843, John H. Anderson.
- ix. *Baptist*.

XV. JANE IRVINE,⁶ (Nancy Rachel Gamble,⁵ William,⁴ David,³ Solomon,² Josias,¹) b. in Ireland; emigrated to America 1794, and settled in Westmoreland Co., Pa.; m. 1798 John Morrison, who lived near what is now Beatty's Station. In a letter dated July 1st, 1799, her father, John Irvine, says he is "glad to hear that Jane is married to her satisfaction." This letter will be found among the Family Letters in Part II of this volume. They had issue (surname Morrison):

- 18. i. *Nancy*, b. March 9th, 1799; m. John Barnett.

XVI. HUGH IRVINE,⁷ of Louisville, (James Irvine,⁶ Nancy Rachel Gamble,⁵ William,⁴ David,³ Solomon,² Josias¹), b. Feb. 7th, 1807; m. March 24th, 1840, Ann Carothers. They had issue (surname Irvine):

- i. *Elizabeth*; deceased.
- ii. *William C.*
- iii. *Mary Ann*; m. Samuel M. Merwin. They have issue (surname Merwin): Ann Tingley; Calena Robb; Hugh Irvine; Susie Buckingham; and Samuel Anson.

Mrs. Merwin has taken much interest in the preparation of The Gamble Records, and through her I first heard of the existence of the old letter of her great-grandfather, John Irvine, in possession of Mr. John Irvine Anderson of New York.

- iv. *Nancy Jane*; deceased.
- v. *James*; m. Alice Olmstead. They have issue: Elizabeth.
- vi. *John Baptist*; m. Rose Seabolt. They have issue: Samuel Merwin.
- vii. *Albert W.*; deceased.
- viii. *Ann Carothers*; deceased.

XVII. JANE TORRENCE IRVINE,⁷ (James Irvine,⁶ Nancy Rachel Gamble,⁵ William,⁴ David,³ Solomon,² Josias,¹); m. April 17, 1843, John H. Anderson, of Westmoreland Co., Pa.; both deceased. They had issue (surname Anderson):

- i. *Mary*; m. David Alter, M.D., of Parnassus, Pa. They have issue (surname Alter): Alonzo, William and Joseph.
- ii. *Matilda*; m. John Wenner, of Forest, O.; no issue.
- iii. *Maria Elizabeth*; unmarried; lives in Louisville.
- iv. *James*; deceased.
- v. *Obadia McKown*; m. May Shelby; live in Forest, O.; no issue.
- vi. *David McCaslin*; unmarried; lawyer in Arkansas City, Kan.
- vii. *John Irvine*; unmarried; in stationery business, New York City.
- viii. *William*; deceased.

XVIII. NANCY MORRISON,⁷ (Jane Irvine,⁶ Nancy Rachel Gamble,⁵ William,⁴ David,³ Solomon,² Josias¹); b. March 9, 1799; m. Feb. 7, 1822, John Barnett. This is the "pretty cousin," mentioned by my father on p. 120 of this volume in the Family History. They had issue (surname Barnett):

- i. *Jane Elizabeth*.
- ii. *Rachel*, b. June 27, 1824; m. June 12, 1849, Rev. Wilson M. Donaldson; d. April 6, 1854. They had issue (surname Donaldson):
 - (1). *Sarah Jane*, d. in infancy.
 - (2). *Rev. John B., D.D.*, of Minneapolis; m. Mary, daughter of Rev. R. F. Sample, D.D., of New York. They have issue (surname Donaldson): Robert Sample and Henry Wilson.
 - (3). *Alexander Morrison*, of Denver; m. Mary Hatfield. They have issue (surname Donaldson): McPherrin Hatfield.
- iii. *John Morrison*, b. May 20, 1826; m. Martha R. Elder, who d. Oct. 14, 1889. Presbyterian minister, Washington, Pa. They have issue (surname Barnett):
 - (1). *James Elder*; lawyer in Washington, Pa.
 - (2). *Mary Agnes*; m. Dec. 5, 1889, Charles N. Boyd, of Butler, Pa.
 - (3). *Margaret Bright*.
- iv. *Martha Jane*, b. March 26, 1828; m. Oct. 14, 1845, Thomas Pollock, of Ligonier Valley. They had issue (surname Pollock):
 - (1). *Agnes Morrison*; m. Rev. S. S. Gilson, of the "Presbyterian Banner," Pittsburgh. They have issue (surname Gilson):
Martha Helen, Mary Barnett and Agnes Louise. n Henry Bignall

m - Wm - Cooper

Mrs. Gilson, who has taken much interest in the preparation of The
 Agnes Cooper - Hamilton = Alexander Scott Hamilton II
 Wm. Cooper - m. Isabel Strong
 William Miller Cooper III
 Anne Louise Cooper.

Gamble Records, has in her possession an old hair breastpin, set in Guinea gold, with the initials "E. I." engraved on the back. It was presented to her by our aunt Betsy Irvine Sherrard before her death, with the statement, that it contained the hair of her brother, Baptist Irvine. It was evidently a present from him to his sister in her girlhood.

- (2). *Elizabeth Herron* ; m. Robert J. Smith, of Wooster, O. They have issue (surname Smith) : Watson, and Robert Pollock.
 - (3). *Mary Emma* ; m. Albert Shupe, of Lancaster, O. They have issue (surname Shupe) : Edward Pollock, and Thomas P.
 - (4). *Annie Rachel*, of Wooster, O.
 - (5). *Martha Jane* ; m. H. F. Stark, of Greensburg, Pa. They have issue (surname Stark) : Mary, and Frank Pollock.
 - (6). *Jesse Irvine*, of Wooster, O.
 - (7). *John Barnett* ; d. in infancy.
 - (8). *Kate Mabel*, of Wooster, O.
 - (9). *Thomas Cathcart*, of Wooster, O. ; named for uncle David A. C. Sherrard.
- v. *Elizabeth Irvine*, b. June 25, 1830 ; d. May 27, 1839.
- vi. *Nancy*, b. July 16, 1833 ; m. Dec. 22, 1858, Rev. James S. Elder, D.D., of Clarion, Pa. They have issue (surname Elder) :
- (1). *John Wilson Barnett* ; Prof. in State Normal School, Indiana, Pa.
 - (2). *James Montgomery* ; Journalist ; Washington, Pa.
 - (3). *David Judson* ; d. in infancy, Dec. 21, 1871.
- vii. *Mary*, b. Jan. 27, 1837 ; m. Prof. Thomas B. Elder, of Elder's Ridge, Pa. They have issue (surname Elder) : Nettie, Wilson Barnett, Margaret M., Lillie, Gertrude, Grace, James, and John.
- viii. *James Wilson*, of Hillside, Pa. ; b. May 27, 1839 ; m. Sophronia Gore. They have issue (surname Barnett) : John Irvine, Ella Amanda, Nancy Elder, Mary Olive, and Ralph.

III. THE CATHCART RECORDS.

The connection of the Sherrards with the Cathcarts is through Mary Cathcart, who was the mother of Robert A. Sherrard.

I. ALEXANDER CATHCART,¹ called Captain Cathcart, was born near Enniskillen, County Fermanagh, Ireland, in 1715 ; m. March 17th, 1743, Ann Gamble (see the Gamble Records). They lived on a farm three

miles from Enniskillen, at a place called Maughrygannon, and the farm was a life-lease, each generation of Cathcarts having renewed it for a long period back.

He came to America for his health October 25th, 1773, bringing with him his daughter Mary for company on the trip. They visited his son David, who had emigrated to America the year before, and was settled in the southwestern part of Chester County, Pa. His intention at first was to return to Ireland; but it is evident from an old letter from his wife, which may be seen among the Family Letters, that he had changed his purpose, and had sent for his wife to come to America, and she had all her arrangements made to come over the spring of 1775. However, the Revolutionary War broke out, and she was prevented from coming, nor could he return to Ireland with his daughter with safety. The result was that he and his wife never again met, for he came with his son David out to Fayette County, Pa., the spring of 1780, and died there April 15th, 1780, and was buried in the old Laurel Hill graveyard. His wife, Ann Gamble, remained in Ireland, and her life was prolonged until Nov. 20th, 1813. They had issue:

2. i. *David*, b. March 17, 1744; m. Susannah Guthridge.
 ii. *Magdalen*, m. Thomas Elliott, of Ballygonnell.
 They had issue (surname Elliott): Alexander, Thomas, Nancy, Sarah, David, Mary, Gabriel, Andrew and George.
- iii. *Jane*, m. George McDonald, of Cleens. They had issue (surname McDonald): Samuel, David, George, Alexander, Ann and James.
- iv. *Sarah*, m. Stephen Johnson, of near Enniskillen.
 They had issue (surname Johnson): David, Mary, Ally and Magdalen.
3. v. *Mary*, b. Sept. 28, 1751; m. John Sherrard.
 vi. *Robert*, d. in Ireland when a young man.
4. vii. *Andrew*, b. 1755.

II. DAVID CATHCART² (Alexander¹), b. March 17th, 1744; m. Sept. 3, 1770, Susannah Guthridge; emigrated to America 1772; settled first in Chester County, Pa., in Nottingham Township; removed to Fayette County 1780; d. June 17th, 1836. His wife was b. Dec. 5th, 1748, and d. April 21st, 1826. They had no children, but adopted their nephew, David Alexander Cathcart Sherrard, who always lived with them from the time he was fourteen months old, and he inherited his uncle's property.

III. MARY CATHCART² (Alexander¹), b. Sept. 28th, 1751; m. May 5th, 1784, John Sherrard; d. Oct. 27th, 1833, and buried at Laurel Hill. They had issue (surname Sherrard): see the Sherrard Records (Robert A. Sherrard,³ Thomas J. Sherrard,⁴ Hallock C. Sherrard⁵).

IV. ANDREW CATHCART² (Alexander¹), b. 1755, near Enniskillen, Ireland; emigrated to America in 1786; settled first in Albany, afterwards in Butternuts Township, Otsego County, N. Y., where he d. in 1840. He was a surveyor and farmer, and was married three times: first, in 1794, Miss Brown, who d. May 30th, 1803. They had issue:

- i. *John Alexander*, b. Aug., 1798. This John Alexander Cathcart m. his eldest step-sister in 1821, and about that time he established himself in the mercantile business in Rochester, N. Y.

Andrew Cathcart m. secondly, May 18th, 1807, Ann Moore, who d. without issue Nov. 30th, 1812. He m. thirdly, in 1814, Sally Betsy ———, a widow with four boys and three girls. By this third marriage Andrew Cathcart had issue:

- ii. *Elizabeth Ann*, b. 1815.

In March, 1890, I directed a letter to Mr. Cathcart, Rochester, N. Y., thinking it might fall into the hands of some of the descendants of Andrew Cathcart; but it was returned, with the statement that the name was not in the Directory.

I also made inquiries in Otsego Co., N. Y., but could get no information of any of the name of Cathcart, so that it is probable there are none of the descendants of Andrew Cathcart left to bear his name. There are copies of many letters from him preserved in my father's old letter books, and he was a prominent figure in the early history of the family. It seems from the letters that his son, John Alexander, was never in the enjoyment of vigorous health, and it is possible that he never had any children.

Andrew Cathcart was a highly intelligent and well educated man, and his strong, earnest, Christian character is very manifest through his letters. Being the youngest child, he was with his mother, Ann Gamble Cathcart, for many years in her loneliness, after her husband had come to America, and they were separated by the breaking out of the Revolutionary War.

IV. THE KITHCART RECORDS.

The connection of the Sherrards with the Kithcarts is through Mary Kithcart, who was the first wife of Robert Andrew Sherrard of Steubenville.

I. JOHN KITHCART,¹ or CATHCART, was b. 1737, in County Antrim, Ireland; m. Sarah White (who was b. 1740, and d. March 4, 1798, in Fayette Co., Pa.) They emigrated to America in early times, but it is not known at what time they removed west of the mountains, nor where their three children were born. He d. Oct. 26th, 1812, in Fayette Co., Pa. They had issue :

- i. *Mary*, b. 1766; d. unmarried March 4, 1788.
- ii. *Thomas*, b. Oct. 20th, 1768; d. Oct. 5, 1792; killed at a barn raising, and was to be married the next week.
2. iii. *Joseph*, b. Nov. 25th, 1770; m. Elizabeth Cunningham.

II. JOSEPH KITHCART,² (John,¹) b. Nov. 25th, 1770; m. March 22d, 1792, Elizabeth, dau. of Barnett and Anna (Wilson) Cunningham. Barnett Cunningham was b. in Easton, Pa., 1737; m. 1762, Anna Wilson; lived at Peach Bottom, York Co., Pa., removed in 1770 to Tyrone Township, Fayette Co., Pa., where he d. 1804.

His wife, Anna (Wilson) Cunningham, was b. Sept. 18th, 1739; d. Aug. 4, 1825, aged eighty-six, and at that time had of children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, two hundred and fifty. Joseph Kithcart d. Feb. 24th, 1814. Elizabeth (Cunningham) Kithcart m. secondly Feb. 2d, 1818, John Galloway, (who d. Sept. 1819). She d. Aug. 20th, 1854; no issue by her second marriage. Joseph and Elizabeth (Cunningham) Kithcart had issue :

- i. *Sarah*, b. Dec. 28th, 1792; d. Aug. 10, 1866; m. Sept. 15, 1812, William Andrews, who d. Oct. 4, 1840. They had issue (surname Andrews): Mary, Joseph, Thomas, Frank, Elizabeth, John, Anna and Sarah.
- ii. *Anna*, b. Oct. 6th, 1794; d. June 26th, 1860; m. May 5, 1814, Thomas Andrews, a younger brother of William.

Thomas Andrews d. Sept. 18th, 1838. They had issue (surname Andrews): Joseph, who was a minister in the U. P. Church, and d. June 19th, 1869, in Wellsville, O.; William (d. in infancy); Elizabeth, Agnes, Sarah, John, Thomas (d. in infancy), Nancy, William (2d), and Thomas (2d), who was a minister in the U. P. Church, and d. Sept. 1865.

- iii. *Thomas*, b. Sept. 7, 1796; d. Sept. 16, 1860; m. 1818, Deborah Wright; lived in Ashland Co., O. They had issue: Joseph, Nathan, Elizabeth, John, Thomas, Sarah, Cunningham, Deborah, Anna, and Isaiah.
- 3. iv. *Mary*, b. Jan. 4th, 1798; m. Robert Andrew Sherrard.
- 4. v. *John*, b. Dec. 5th, 1799; m. Mary Crossland.
- 5. vi. *Cunningham*, b. Sept. 18th, 1801; m. Jane Dunlap.
- 6. vii. *Joseph*, b. Dec. 14th, 1803; m. Martha Bennett.
- viii. *Betsy*, b. March 6th, 1806; m. Oct. 1823, John Sloanaker.
They had issue (surname Sloanaker): John, Joseph, Abraham, Daniel, Barnett, William, Elizabeth, Sarah, and Kezia.
- ix. *Martha*, b. June 24th, 1809; m. June 21st, 1827, Smiley Sharon. They had issue (surname Sharon): William, Joseph, Sarah Jane, John, Elizabeth, Cunningham, Alexander, and Martha Ellen.
- x. *Kezia*, b. April 26, 1812; d. June 12, 1878; m. Dec. 30, 1834, Elias Yost. They had issue (surname Yost): George A., Mary J., Rachel K., Elizabeth C., Martha E., Sarah F., Michael, Margaret E., Hannah A., Caroline M., and Catherine K., who is m. to Mr. Sprague of Steubenville, O.

III. MARY KITHCART,³ (Joseph,² John,¹) b. Jan. 4, 1798; d. July 31, 1823; m. Jan. 25, 1816, Robert Andrew Sherrard. They had issue (surname Sherrard); see The Sherrard Records (Robert,⁴ Emma Virginia (Elliott),⁵ Robert Sherrard Elliott.⁶)

IV. JOHN KITHCART,³ (Joseph,² John,¹) b. Dec. 5, 1799; m. 1821, Mary Crossland; lived in Uniontown, Pa.; both d. there in 1849. They had issue:

- i. *Catherine*, m. Mr. Dutton. They had issue (surname Dutton): Elizabeth Jane.
- 7 ii. *Joseph*, b. Oct. 13, 1823; m. Elizabeth Sherrard.

V. CUNNINGHAM KITHCART,³ (Joseph,² John,¹) b. Sept. 18, 1801; d. June 3, 1876; m. 1831, Jane Dunlap, who d. Sept. 11, 1884. They had issue:

- i. *Adam*; d. in infancy.
- ii. *Elizabeth Ann*; m. first, Andrew Mitchell; secondly, Daniel Parkinson. They have issue (surname Parkinson): Mary Jane.
- iii. *Joseph Addison*; m. Martha Yost.
- iv. *Catherine D.*; d. 1865.
- v. *Sarah*; m. John Barkhurst.
- vi. *Martha Ellen*; m. John Elliott Henderson.
- vii. *William Smiley*; m. Martha Reynard.

- viii. *James Thomas* ; m. Mary Cole.
- ix. *Mary Elthisa* ; m. David Elliott.

VI. JOSEPH KITHCART,³ (Joseph,² John,¹) b. Dec. 14, 1803 ; d. May 8, 1851 ; m. 1830, Martha Bennett, who d. July 2, 1869. They had issue :

- i. *Joseph* ; d. at four years of age.
- ii. *Rebecca B.* ; m. Robert M. Dickey, who d. March 7, 1890. They have issue (surname Dickey) : Mary Ada, who graduates at Washington Female Seminary in June, 1890 ; and Martha.
- iii. *Cunningham* ; d. in infancy.
- iv. *Samuel W.* ; d. in infancy.
- v. *Mary Elizabeth* ; m. J. Plummer Bracken. They have issue (surname Bracken) : Joseph Willard, physician in Salt Lake City ; Walter, and Edith.
- vi. *Sarah Louisa* ; m. first, William Stier ; secondly, John A. Page.
- vii. *Martha Helen* ; d. in infancy.

VII. JOSEPH KITHCART,⁴ (John,³ Joseph,² John,¹) b. Oct. 13, 1823 ; m. May 7, 1846, Elizabeth Sherrard, his cousin, dau. of Robert Andrew Sherrard. They had issue :

- i. *John Albert*, b. Nov. 9, 1847 ; graduated at Washington and Jefferson College 1871 ; lawyer in Steubenville, O. ; m. Dec. 26, 1871, Sarah Jane Bigger. They have issue : Nancy Sherrard, who d. in infancy ; Joseph Bigger, Mary Helen, Elizabeth Jane, and Wilma Alberta.
- ii. *Robert Sherrard*, b. May 24, 1850 ; m. Jennie Newby. They have issue : Margaret, Paul, and Percy.
- iii. *Henry Comingo*, b. Sept. 13, 1852 ; m. Elizabeth Gregg.
- iv. *Mary*, b. July 16, 1855 ; m. James Orr. They had issue (surname Orr) : Velma.
- v. *Emma*, b. Oct. 26, 1857 ; d. in infancy.
- vi. *Elizabeth Jane*, b. Nov. 9, 1858 ; d. Sept. 20, 1886 ; m. Watson Walker. They had issue (surname Walker), Louella and Earl.
- vii. *Anna Katherine*, b. Feb. 10, 1861 ; m. Oliver Cleaver. They have issue (surname Cleaver) : Frank.
- viii. *Jessie Bertha*, b. Nov. 6, 1864.
- ix. *Martha Ellen*, b. August 18, 1867.

V. THE JOHNSON RECORDS.

The connection of the Sherrards with the Johnsons is through the second wife of Robert Andrew Sherrard of Steubenville, who was Jane Hindman, the granddaughter of both Esther and Jane Johnston. The spelling of the name was changed in later times.

I. JOHN (?) JOHNSTON¹, lived and was married in County Down, Ireland. The Christian name of his wife is thought to have been Elizabeth. His Christian name is not known by any of his descendants, but from the fact that every generation of Johnstons has had a John, it seems at least probable that the name of this ancestor was John. He had seven children and the oldest, whose name was John, remained in Ireland, while the father and mother, with their other six children left Ireland in 1772 to come to America.

The father and mother died on ship-board. The children came on and landed at New Castle, and settled in Delaware, and at this time Richard, the youngest of the family, was only nine years old. The three older members of the family were married in Delaware, and in 1791 the whole family came across the mountains and settled in Washington Co., Pa., near Canonsburg. The names of these seven Johnston children were as follows:

- i. *John*; remained in Ireland, and d. there.
2. ii. *William*, b. 1750; m. Elizabeth Laughlin.
3. iii. *Esther*; m. Hugh Jackson.
4. iv. *Jane*; m. James Hindman.
5. v. *Margaret*; m. Robert Anderson.
6. vi. *Elizabeth*; m. William Campbell.
7. vii. *Richard*, b. June, 1763; m. Jane Bradford.

II. WILLIAM JOHNSTON², (John¹), b. 1750; d. Jan. 4, 1829; m. 1772, Elizabeth Laughlin, (who was b. 1751; d. Jan. 10, 1816); lived on Miller's Run, Washington Co., Pa., afterwards removed to Harrison Co., O., and lived near Beech Spring. They had issue:—

- i. *John*; m. Hannah Sellers (who d. 1830); d. May 28th, 1832. For many years he kept "John Johnston's tavern" in Washington, Pa.; was a great land speculator, and d. wealthy. They had issue: John Jr., William, Samuel B., Sarah, m. Rev. Ebenezer S. Graham, who was

- pastor at Pigeon Creek, 1837-1842, Elizabeth, m. Mr. Hitchcock, and d. 1848, aged 27.
- ii. *Catherine*, b. Oct. 22d, 1778; d. July, 1851; m. James Slemmons. They had issue (surname Slemmons): John, Linn, William, and Mary.
 - iii. *Ann*, b. 1779; d. June 7th, 1849; m. John McLaughlin, 1800; moved to Jefferson Co., O., 1801. They had issue (surname McLaughlin):
 - (1). *Eliza*; m. Mr. McMillan.
 - (2). *Mary*; m. Thomas Hamilton.
 - (3). *Nancy*; m. William Calderhead.
 - (4). *Margaret Ann*; m. John Hagan.
 - (5). *William*, b. 1812; m. Elizabeth Berry.
 - (6). *James M.*
 - (7). *Jane*; m. Kinney McLaughlin.
 - (8). *John*; m. Miss Kerr.
 - (9). *Samuel R.*; m. Ellen, dau. of Richard Johnson.
 - (10). *Catherine*; m. Robert Hagan.
 - iv. *Richard*; d. Feb., 1843.
 - v. *Robert*; m. first, Anna Leech; secondly, Miss Sutherland, by whom he had a son, Samuel, who is now Superintendent in the Ohio State Penitentiary.
 - vi. *Rev. William*, of Dunlap's Creek; b. 1784; d. at Brownsville, Pa., Dec. 31st, 1841; m. Sept., 1814, Martha Gallaher. They had issue: ten children, of whom William Cunningham was the oldest, and d. Jan. 4th, 1887. Two only of these ten children are now living; George Gallaher, who m. Hannah McCullough, of Canonsburg, and James Guthrie, who m. Emma Huston, of Uniontown.
 - vii. *Alexander*; m. Miss Johnson, and family went west.
 - viii. *Elizabeth*; d. April 6, 1823.
 - ix. *Mary*; d. Oct. 6, 1823.
 - x. *James*, b. April 12, 1793; d. Nov. 9, 1863; m. 1818, Mary Simpson. They had issue:
 - (1). *Margaret Ann*, b. 1819; m. Samuel Mutchmore, who d. 1888. They had issue (surname Mutchmore): one child only, Martha, who m. John C. Tallman, of St. Clairsville, O., and they have one child, Ina Tallman, who graduates at Washington Female Seminary in June, 1890.
 - (2). *Elizabeth*; unmarried.
 - (3). *Mary*; m. Mr. Dickerson. They have issue (surname Dickerson): Harvey; Anna, who m. Rev. William Hunter; Ruth and Flora.
 - (4). *Sarah*; m. William Boals.
 - (5). *Catherine*; unmarried.
 - (6). *James Harvey*.
 - xi. *Samuel*, b. 1798; d. 1821.

III. ESTHER JOHNSTON,² (John¹), m. 1777, Hugh Jackson. They both d. in 1815 at the home of their son-in-law, John Hindman, in Cross Creek Township, Jefferson Co., O., and were buried in old Centre graveyard. They had issue (surname Jackson); one child only:

- i. *Nancy*, b. Dec. 10, 1778; m. Dec. 15, 1803, John Hindman, her cousin. They had issue (surname Hindman) see The Hindman Records (Jane Hindman (Sherrard), Thomas Johnson Sherrard, Hallock C. Sherrard).

She m. secondly, April 15, 1830, John Orr, of Holliday's Cove, Va., and d. Feb. 4, 1839; buried at Three Springs, near Holliday's Cove.

IV. JANE JOHNSTON,² (John¹), m. 1777, James Hindman, who d. in 1801; d. 1824, at her brother Richard Johnston's, near Canonsburg, while on a visit there, and was buried in the old Chartiers graveyard. They had issue (surname Hindman): see The Hindman Records (John Hindman, Jane Hindman (Sherrard), Thomas Johnson Sherrard, Hallock C. Sherrard).

Mrs. Stockton, of Canonsburg, daughter of Richard Johnston, and niece of Esther and Jane Johnston, now in her eighty-sixth year, has recently spoken to me about her aunts, Esther and Jane. She says they were both fine-looking women; attractive and interesting in their manner, and very pleasant in their conversation. My mother has also this evening, April 3, 1890, spoken to me in the same terms of these, her two grandmothers, and she says that Jane Johnston in particular was very tall; that she was a woman of remarkable vigor of body and strength of character, with a very cheerful disposition.

V. MARGARET JOHNSTON² (John¹), b. 1760; d. Sept. 13, 1827; m. Robert Anderson (who d. Sept. 2, 1838, in his eighty-fifth year); lived two miles southwest of Claysville, Washington Co., Pa.

They had issue (surname Anderson), none now living:

- i. *Samuel*; m. June 28, 1814, Catherine Forbes.
- ii. *Richard*; m. and left two daughters.
- iii. *Mary*; m. William Ramsey, and d. about 1860.
- iv. *John*; d. July 25, 1863.
- v. *James*; d. April 14, 1814.
- vi. *William*.
- vii. *Robert*.

- viii. *Margaret*; m. Isaac Finical.
- ix. *Hugh*; m. Miss Wallace.
- x. *Jane*; m. James George; lived in Claysville, and one daughter, Mary George, is still living there.
- xi. *Thomas*, a physician; d. in Indiana.

VI. ELIZABETH JOHNSTON² (John¹), b. about 1761; d. March 22, 1839; m. 1790, William Campbell, who d. July 2, 1810; both buried in Chartiers graveyard. They lived south of Canonsburg, and not far from Chartiers Church. They had issue (surname Campbell):

- i. *James*, b. Feb. 7, 1792; d. Jan. 22, 1873.
- ii. *John*, b. March 2, 1794; d. May 28, 1869.
- iii. *Rev. Richard*, of Holliday's Cove, b. June 4, 1796; President of New Athens College; d. Nov. 17, 1835, at Crab Apple, O.
- iv. *William*, b. May 15, 1798; d. March 22, 1874.
- v. *Mary*, b. July 13, 1800; d. in infancy.
- vi. *Andrew*, b. May 9, 1803; d. Nov. 19, 1878; a son, Thomas Johnson Campbell, is living.
- vii. *Elizabeth*, b. March 10, 1808; d. Aug. 28, 1838.
- viii. *Hugh*, b. Feb. 10, 1810; d. Jan. 14, 1878.

VII. RICHARD JOHNSTON,² (John¹), b. June, 1763; d. Nov. 13, 1836; m. Aug. 23, 1796, Jane Bradford. She was b. Dec. 12, 1779; d. July 21, 1839. They lived two miles south of Canonsburg, on the farm which is still owned and occupied by their grandson, Richard Van Eman Johnson. For many years before his death Richard Johnston was an elder in the Chartiers Presbyterian Church, and his tombstone of the olden style may still be seen in the old graveyard of that church.

The old house, where he took his youthful bride of seventeen, has long since disappeared, but it stood very near to the present Johnson's Station on the Chartiers Valley R. R., on the side next to the creek. They had issue:

- 8. i. *Mary*, b. Sept. 24, 1798; m. Thomas Allison.
- ii. *James*, b. March 10, 1800; d. Sept. 19, 1819.
- 9. iii. *William*, b. May 3, 1802; m. Elizabeth Orr.
- iv. *Elizabeth*, b. Feb. 6, 1804; m. first, April 8, 1830, George Gladden, who d. May 9, 1859, in his sixty-sixth year; secondly, Nov. 19, 1861, Rev. John Stockton, D.D., of Cross Creek Village, who d. May 5, 1882, aged seventy-nine. No issue by either marriage. Mrs. Elizabeth Stockton, after the death of her second husband, removed to Canonsburg, where she is still living, April 3, 1890, and is the only remaining representative of her generation.

10. v. *John*, b. March 6, 1806; m. Rebecca Van Eman.
- vi. *Richard*, b. July 1, 1808; d. Dec. 10, 1831.
- vii. *Jane*, b. May 21, 1811; twin with Thomas; d. June 2, 1888; m. May 11, 1833, Guyan Morrison (who was b. Aug. 5, 1804; d. Dec. 11, 1876). They had issue (surname Morrison): John, who lives at Canonsburg, and has taken a great interest in the Johnson Records, furnishing me with many names and dates.
11. viii. *Thomas*, b. May 21, 1811; m. Catherine Johnson.
12. ix. *David*, b. May 19, 1813; m. Jane Rex.
- x. *George*, b. Aug. 7, 1815; d. April 14, 1875; m. Aug. 25, 1847, Mary Ruth Tracy; lived in Portsmouth, O.
They had issue: Emma T., who m. S. B. Jennings, and he d. March 29, 1881; Samuel, m.; Albert T.; and Tracy B.
- xi. *Nancy*, b. April 15, 1822; d. Oct. 17, 1827.

VIII. MARY JOHNSON,³ (Richard,² John,¹) b. Sept. 24, 1798; d. Feb. 7, 1884; m. May 1817, Thomas Allison (who was b. April 15, 1780; d. Oct. 21, 1849. They had issue (surname Allison):

- i. *Jane*, d. at twenty-four years of age.
- ii. *James*; unmarried.
- iii. *Richard*; d. 1847 at Jalapa, Mexico.
- iv. *William*; d. at twenty-one years of age.
- v. *Thomas*; unmarried.
- vi. *Jonathan*; m. 1857, Margaret Gabby. They have issue (surname Allison): Mary, who d. in infancy; Margaret, who m. William A. Dickson, and she d. Sept. 26, 1888; Albert Johnson; Thomas G.; Edwin E.; William E. (twin with Edwin, and d. at ten years of age); John Blakeslee; Ralph M.; and Jane.

IX. WILLIAM JOHNSON,³ (Richard,² John,¹) b. May 3 1802; d. Dec. 27, 1838; m. May 10, 1826, Elizabeth Orr of Washington, Pa.; a physician, first in Washington, Pa., afterwards in Cadiz, O.

His wife d. soon after him, and their children were scattered among their uncles and aunts: Margaret to John; Richard to Mrs. Morrison; Albert O. to Mrs. Gladden; and William F. to David. Dr. William Johnson had issue:

- i. *James*, b. 1827; d. 1853.
- ii. *Margaret*; d. July 12, 1885; m. Augustus Blakeslee of Waterbury, Conn.
They had issue (surname Blakeslee); Albert; and Jennie E.
- iii. *Richard*; m. and lived in Illinois, and had six children.

iv. *Rev Albert Osborne*, b. June 22, 1833; m. Amanda Joanna Gill; missionaries to India; himself and wife shot at Cawnpore massacre, June 10, 1857.

v. *Junius C.*; d. at two years of age.

vi. *Rev. William F.*, b. March 16, 1838; m. Rachel Lillie Kerr; missionary to India in 1860 to take his brother Albert's place; twenty years in India; now President of Biddle University, N. C.

They had issue: William, Mary, Ella, Edwin Kerr, Bertie, Jane Rex, Frank Orr, Walter Frederic, and Dora Elizabeth.

X. JOHN JOHNSON,³ (Richard,² John,¹) b. March 6, 1806; d. Oct. 9, 1888; m. March 17, 1840, Rebecca Van Eman (b. Sept. 13, 1812; d. Sept. 5, 1889). They had issue:

- i. *Richard Van Eman*; m. Nov. 17, 1869, West Anna Lee. They have issue: Rebecca Jane, who graduates at Washington Female Seminary in June, 1890; and William Lee.
- ii. *Joseph Bradford*; m. June 5, 1867, Hannah Jane Crothers. They have issue: Ella Maud, John Tracy, and Charles Crothers.
- iii. *John G.*; m. June 22, 1875, Annie Morrison. They have issue: George V., William M., Edwin, who d. young, and Ernest.

XI. THOMAS JOHNSON³ (Richard,² John¹), b. May 21st, 1811; twin with Jane; d. June 19th, 1879; m., Jan. 12th, 1842, Catherine Emery Johnson, who was no relation; physician in Steubenville. They had issue:—

- i. *Thomas*, m. Margaret Jane Sharp. They have issue: William Richard; Thomas, who d. in infancy, and Catherine Elizabeth.
- ii. *John M.*; unm.
- iii. *David B.*; unm.
- iv. *George*; unm.
13. v. *Catherine*, m. Robert Sherrard, Jr.
- vi. *Mary Elizabeth*.

XII. DAVID JOHNSON³ (Richard,² John¹), b. May 19th, 1813; d. Feb. 8th, 1883; m., Feb. 9th, 1841, Jane Rex, who d. May 12th, 1889; lived at Two Ridges, O.; afterwards in Steubenville. They had issue:—

- i. *John G.*; physician in Detroit; m., first, Kate Doty, and had issue: Bradford and Nora. He m., secondly, Alice Parker. They have issue: Rex.
- ii. *Pamelia Rex*, m. D. Madison Welday. They have issue (surname Welday): William.

- iii. *Walter O.*; banker in Steubenville; m. Julia Blinn.
- iv. *Mary Alice.*

XIII. CATHERINE JOHNSON⁴ (Thomas,³ Richard,² John¹) m., Dec. 13th, 1881, Robert Sherrard, Jr., of Steubenville. See The Sherrard Records. They have issue (surname Sherrard):—

- i. *Thomas Johnson*, b. Sept. 17th, 1882.
 - ii. *Robert Stanton*, b. March 24th, 1884; d. Aug. 5th, 1889.
 - iii. *Mary Catherine*, b. Aug. 23d, 1887.
-

VI. THE HINDMAN RECORDS.

The connection of the Sherrards with the Hindmans is through Jane Hindman, the second wife of Robert Andrew Sherrard, of Steubenville.

I. JAMES HINDMAN,¹ b. in County Antrim, Ireland, 1750; m. in Delaware, in 1777, Jane Johnston; removed, with all the Johnston family, across the mountains, in 1791, and settled near Canonsburg. They brought their Presbyterian certificates of church membership with them, and united with the Chartiers Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. John McMillan was pastor. James Hindman died in 1801, and was buried in the old Chartiers graveyard. His wife, Jane Johnston, removed with her sons in 1812, and settled near Centre Church, in Jefferson County, O., and they all brought their certificates and joined that church. Her son Robert afterwards removed to Washington, Pa., and she lived with him there. Father says: "I saw, and conversed with her, February 22d, 1823, in the tavern of her nephew, John Johnson, in Washington, Pa., and I found her kind, courteous and affable, and at that time she was quite lively on foot." While on a visit to her youngest brother, Richard Johnston, near Canonsburg, she was taken ill, and died at his house early in the spring of 1824, and was buried in the old Chartiers graveyard. Mrs. Stockton, daughter of Richard Johnston, who is still living, has told me that when they were all children at home, it was a matter of

the greatest delight to them to have a visit from "Aunt Jennie." The children of James and Jane Johnston Hindman were as follows:—

- i. *William*, b. 1778; d. 1788.
2. ii. *John*, b. 1780; m. Nancy Jackson.
- iii. *Richard*, b. 1782; m. Anna Mahan; removed from Washington County, Pa., in 1812, and lived near Centre Church, Jefferson County, O.; removed to Morgan County, O., in 1831, and his wife d. in 1838. They had issue: Jane, Ann, James, Rachel, Mary, and Margaret. He m. a second time, and d. many years ago.
- iv. *Robert*, b. Aug., 1788; d. June 23d, 1856; m. Jan. 6th, 1820, Sidney Miller, of Wellsburg; lived in Washington, Pa., and were members of the First Presbyterian Church of that place until their death. They had issue: Elizabeth (b. 1823; d. July 17th, 1858), who m. David Gray, (and they had issue—surname Gray: Ella and John, and they removed to California years ago); and Mary who d. at five years.

II. JOHN HINDMAN² (James¹), b. 1780; d. Aug. 23d, 1820; m. Dec. 15th, 1803, his cousin, Nancy Jackson. She m. secondly, April 15th, 1830, John Orr, of Holliday's Cove. John Hindman lived first near Canonsburg, and they were members of Dr. John McMillan's church at Chartiers, and were married by him.

In April, 1810, they removed to Ohio, to a farm afterwards called Pleasant Hill, on the waters of McIntyre Creek, Jefferson County. They became members of the Old Centre Church, which John Hindman helped to organize, and in which he was one of the first elders, and he remained in that office until his death. They had issue:

3. i. *Jane*, b. Dec. 14th, 1804; m. Robert A. Sherrard.
- ii. *Elizabeth*, b. Jan. 31st, 1807; d. Oct., 1886; m. Jan. 8th, 1835, Robert Lee, who was b. 1806; d. Jan. 16th, 1853. They had issue (surname Lee):
 - (1.) *Mary*, b. May, 1836; m. Feb. 5th, 1885, David Pry, of Burgettstown.
 - (2.) *Nancy*, b. March, 1839; unmarried; lives in Burgettstown.
 - (3.) *Elizabeth Jane*, b. Aug., 1844; m. June 5th, 1867, Levi Scott, of near Burgettstown, and he d. in June, 1883. They had issue (surname Scott): Lee, b. 1868, and he now has charge of his father's farm.
- iii. *James*, b. 1810; d. 1815.
- iv. *Hugh*, b. 1813; d. 1815.
- v. *John Jackson*, b. 1819; d. eighteen months old.

III. JANE HINDMAN³ (John,² James¹), b. Dec. 14th, 1804; m. May 24th, 1827, Robert Andrew Sherrard, who d. Jan. 1st, 1874. She removed in Oct., 1875, from Steubenville, Ohio, to Washington, Pa., and lives with her daughter Nancy, who is Principal of the Washington Female Seminary. See the Sherrard Records. (Thomas Johnson Sherrard,⁴ Hallock C. Sherrard.⁵).



IV. FAMILY GENEALOGIES.

The following pages contain Genealogical tables of related families. The design is to show at a single glance, in the order of generations, the descent of these kindred families from the most remote ancestor whose name is known, and at the same time show the kinship existing between those who belong to the same generation.

The perpendicular lines divide the generations, and these are numbered to correspond precisely with the small Arabic figures attached to certain names in the preceding Family Records. According to this plan, to make such a table to be of practical value, it must be included within two opposite pages for ready reference. This will explain why many names found in the Records do not appear in the Genealogies, and it is a matter of regret that the space does not permit the use of all the eight hundred and fifty names found on the Records.

I. THE SHERRARD GENEALOGY.

GENERATION 1.	GENERATION 2.	GENERATION 3.	GENERATION 4.
	<i>Children of William Sherrard.</i>	<i>Children of John Sherrard.</i>	<i>Children of John J. Sherrard.</i>
			William.
			James.
	John, m. Mary Catheart.	William Johnston.	<i>Children of Robert A. Sherrard.</i>
			Mary Anne (Hill).
	Elizabeth.	David A. Catheart, m. Betsy Irvine.	Joseph Kithcart.
			David C.
			Elizabeth (Kithcart).
			Robert.
William, b. 1720; m. 1750, Margaret Johnston.	Margaret.	John James, m. Sarah Harrah.	————
			Nancy.
			John Hindman.
			Jane.
	James.	Robert Andrew, m. Mary Kithcart; also Jane Hindman.	Susan Catheart (Orr).
			Sarah.
			William Henry.
			Thomas Johnson.
	Mary (?).	Thomas Guthridge, m. Rebecca Conn.	<i>Children of Thomas G. Sherrard.</i>
			William Johnston.
			Thomas Guthridge.

I. THE SHERRARD GENEALOGY.

GENERATION 5.	GENERATION 6.
<p><i>Children of Mary Anne Sherrard (Hill).</i> Rosamond C. Elizabeth Jane. Martha Sharon (Kerr) Mary (Bennett) Robert Sherrard</p>	<p>Willis H., James F., Mary H., David R., Julia C. Henrietta M., Mary S., Nannie M..</p>
<p><i>Children of David C. Sherrard.</i> Laura A. (Mooney) Kizzie W. (Overmyer) Lizzie C. (Brust) Hattie B. (Tindall) Robert W. John F. Emma V. (Smith) Mary J. (Cookson) Rose T. (Tindall) Ida M.</p>	<p>Lottie S., Emma, Mary A., Nettie. Dora. Ida. Hattie. Blanche M., Zella. Harry, Ida, Robert. Milan, Robert, Jessie, Howard, Orie, Lula. Clarence. Mabel, Louis.</p>
<p><i>Children of Elizabeth Sherrard (Kithcart)</i> John Albert Robert Sherrard Henry Comingo. Mary (Orr) Emma. Elizabeth Jane (Walker) Anna K. (Cleaver) Jessie B. Martha Ellen.</p>	<p>Nancy S., Joseph B., Mary H., Lizzie J., Wilma A. Margaret, Paul, Percy. Velma. Louella, Earl. Frank.</p>
<p><i>Children of Robert Sherrard.</i> Emma Virginia (Elliot) William. Henry Comingo. Thomas Johnson Robert Stanton. Mary Catherine.</p>	<p>Robert Sherrard, Lillie B., Harry S.</p>
<p><i>Children of John Hindman Sherrard.</i> Jane Hindman (Ewing) Anna Rachel (Blachly) Charles Beatty. John Hughes. Robert Maurice. Mary Fulton Elizabeth Linn. Helen Ewing.</p>	<p>Eleanor, Anna, John Sherrard, Margaret R. Stephen, John Sherrard.</p>
<p><i>Children of Susan C. (Sherrard) Orr.</i> Robert Sherrard. William Culbertson. Henry Franklin. George Thomas. Jane Hindman.</p>	
<p><i>Children of Thomas Johnson Sherrard.</i> Virginia. Hallock Campbell. Mary Campbell. Robert Andrew.</p>	
<p><i>Children of Thomas G. Sherrard.</i> David Cathcart Alexander Conn Rebecca A. Nancy (Humbert) William Johnson. Martha Jane. Jacob Henderson.</p>	<p>Rachel, Thomas G., Mary A. { Margaret J., Thomas G., David P., Mary A., { John C., William J., James E., Jacob H. Thomas S., Martha J., Joseph A., Elsie M.</p>

II. THE GAMBLE GENEALOGY.

GENERATION 1.	GENERATION 2.	GENERATION 3.	GENERATION 4	GENERATION 5.
<i>Gamble.</i>	<i>Gamble.</i>	<i>Gamble.</i>	<i>Gamble.</i>	<i>Gamble.</i>
JOSIAS.	SOLOMON.	DAVID, of Graan, b. 1682.	Baptist, of Graan.	Samuel, Mary Rebecca, m. Mr. Scott.
			<i>Gamble.</i>	<i>Cathcart.</i>
			Ann, m. Alexander Cath- cart.	Mary, m. John Sherrard.
			<i>Gamble.</i>	<i>Gamble.</i>
			David, of Ratonagh.	George. William.
			<i>Gamble.</i>	<i>Hughes.</i>
			Magdalen (?), m. Mr. Hughes.	James, of Philadelphia.
			<i>Gamble.</i>	<i>Gamble.</i>
			William, m. Leah Tyrer.	Dr. John, of Canada, m. Isabella E. Clarke.
				Nancy Rachel, m. John Irvine.
			<i>Gamble.</i>	<i>Gamble.</i>
			Andrew, of Chester County.	Mary, m. Alexander Conn.

II. THE GAMBLE GENEALOGY.

GENERATION 6.	GENERATION 7.	GENERATION 8.	GENERATION 9.	GENERATION 10.
<i>Gamble.</i> Baptist. Samuel.				
<i>Scott.</i> Baptist.	<i>Scott.</i> Baptist.			
<i>Sherrard.</i>	<i>Sherrard.</i>	<i>Sherrard.</i>	<i>Sherrard.</i>	
	David C.	Robert W.	Blanche. Zella.	
Robert A., of Steubenville.	Robert.	<i>Sherrard.</i> Emma V., m. H. C. Elliott.	<i>Elliot.</i> R. Sherrard, Lillie B. Harry S.	
	John H.	<i>Sherrard.</i> Jane H., m. J. C. R. Ewing.	<i>Ewing.</i> Eleanor, Anna, Sherrard, Margaret.	
	Thomas J.	<i>Sherrard.</i> Virginia, Hallock C. Mary C., Robert A.		
Thomas G., of Fremont.	<i>Sherrard.</i> Thomas G.	<i>Sherrard.</i> Alexander C.	<i>Sherrard.</i> Margaret J., Mary A. John C., William J.	
<i>Gamble.</i> James, of Cincinnati.	<i>Gamble.</i> David B., of Cincinnati.	<i>Gamble.</i> Lillie, Edwin.		
<i>Gamble.</i> Thomas John.				
<i>Gamble.</i> John William, of Vaughn. Clarke, of Toronto.	<i>Gamble.</i> Elizabeth, m. William Greey.	<i>Greey.</i> Mary McCauley, Frances Mary, John Gamble, Anne Isabelle E.		
<i>Irvine.</i>	<i>Irvine.</i>	<i>Irvine.</i>	<i>Merwin.</i>	
James.	Hugh, of Louisville.	Mary, m. Samuel H. Mer- win.	Ann T. Cafena R. Hugh Irvine. Susie B. Samuel A.	
	<i>Morrison.</i>	<i>Barnett.</i>	<i>Barnett.</i>	
Jane, m. John Morrison.	Nancy, m. John Barnett.	John M. Martha Jane, m. Thomas Pollock	James, Agnes, Mar- garet.	
			<i>Pollock.</i> Agnes M., m. S. S. Gilson.	<i>Gilson</i> Helen, Mary, Louise.
<i>Conn.</i>	<i>Sherrard.</i>	<i>Sherrard.</i>	<i>Sherrard.</i>	
Rebecca, m. Thomas G. Sherrard, of Fremont.	Thomas G.	Alexander C.	Margaret J. Mary A. John C. William J. James E. Jacob H.	

III. THE KITHCART GENEALOGY.

GENERATION 1.	GENERATION 2.	GENERATION 3.	GENERATION 4.
John Kithcart, m. Sarah White.	<i>Children of John Kithcart.</i> Mary.	<i>Children of Joseph Kithcart.</i> Sarah (Andrews).	<i>Children of Sarah (Kithcart) Andrews.</i> Mary, Joseph, Thomas, Frank, Eliza- beth, John, Anna, Sarah.
		Anna (Andrews).	<i>Children of Anna Kithcart Andrews.</i> Joseph, Elizabeth, Agnes, Sarah, John, Nancy, William, Thomas.
		Thomas.	<i>Children of Mary (Kithcart) Sherrard.</i> Mary Anne (Hill). Joseph Kithcart. David Cathcart. Elizabeth (Kithcart). Robert.
		Mary (Sherrard).	<i>Children of John Kithcart.</i> Catherine (Dutton). Joseph.
	Thomas.	John.	<i>Children of Cunningham Kithcart.</i> Elizabeth Ann (Parkinson). Joseph Addison. Catherine D. Sarah (Barkhurst). Martha Ellen (Henderson). William Smiley. James Thomas. Mary Elthisa (Elliott).
		Cunningham.	<i>Children of Joseph Kithcart.</i> Rebecca B. (Dickey). Mary L. (Bracken). Sarah Louisa (Page).
		Joseph.	<i>Children of Betsy (Kithcart) Sloanaker.</i> John, Joseph, Abraham, Daniel, Bar- nett, William, Elizabeth, Sarah, Kezia.
		Betsy (Sloanaker).	<i>Children of Martha (Kithcart) Sharon.</i> William, Joseph, Sarah Jane, John, Elizabeth, Cunningham, Alexander, Martha Ellen.
		Martha (Sharon).	<i>Children of Kezia (Kithcart) Vost.</i> George, Mary, Rachel, Elizabeth, Martha, Sarah, Michael, Margaret, Hannah, Caroline, Catherine.
		Kezia (Vost).	
	Joseph, m. Elizabeth Cunningham.		

III. THE KITHCART GENEALOGY.

GENERATION 5.	GENERATION 6.
<p><i>Children of Mary Anne (Sherrard) Hill.</i> Rosamond C. Elizabeth Jane. Martha Sharon (Kerr) Mary (Bennett). Robert Sherrard</p>	<p>Willis H., James F., Mary H., David R., Julia C. Henrietta M., Mary S., Nannie M.</p>
<p><i>Children of David Cathcart Sherrard.</i> Laura A. (Mooney) Kizzie W. (Overmyer) Lizzie C. (Brust) Hattie B. (Tindall) Robert W. John F. Emma V. (Smith) Mary J. (Cookson) Rose T. (Tindall) Ida M.</p>	<p>Lottie S., Emma, Mary A., Nettie. Dora. Ida. Hattie. Blanche M., Zella. Harry, Ida, Robert. Milan, Robert, Jessie, Howard, Orie, Lulu. Clarence. Mabel, Louis.</p>
<p><i>Children of Robert Sherrard.</i> Emma Virginia (Elliot) William. Henry Comingo. Thomas Johnson. Robert Stanton. Mary Catherine.</p>	<p>Robert Sherrard, Lillie B., Harry S.</p>
<p><i>Children of Catherine (Kithcart) Dutton.</i> Elizabeth Jane.</p>	
<p><i>Children of Joseph Kithcart.</i> John Albert Robert Sherrard Henry Comingo. Mary (Orr) Emma. Elizabeth Jane (Walker) Anna K. (Cleaver) Jessie B. Martha Ellen.</p>	<p>Nancy S. Joseph B., Mary H., Lizzie J., Wilma A. Margaret, Paul, Percy. Velma. Louella, Earl. Frank.</p>
<p><i>Children of Elizabeth Ann (Kithcart) Parkinson.</i> Mary Jane.</p>	
<p><i>Children of Rebecca B. (Kithcart) Dickey.</i> Mary Ada. Martha.</p>	
<p><i>Children of Mary L. (Kithcart) Bracken.</i> Joseph Willard. Walter. Edith.</p>	

IV. THE JOHNSON GENEALOGY.

GENERATION 1.	GENERATION 2.	GENERATION 3.	GENERATION 4.
John (?) Johnston. of County Down, Ireland.	<i>Children of John (?) Johnston.</i>	<i>Children of William Johnston.</i> James.	<i>Children of James Johnson.</i> Margaret Ann (Mutchmore). Mary (Dickerson).
	John, remained in Ireland.	<i>Children of Esther (Johnston) Jackson.</i> Nancy (Hindman) m. her cousin, John Hindman.	<i>Children of John Hindman.</i> Jane (Sherrard). Elizabeth (Lee).
	William, m. Elizabeth Laughlin.		<i>Children of Robert Hindman.</i> Elizabeth (Gray).
	Esther, m. Hugh Jackson.	<i>Children of Jane (Johnston) Hindman.</i> John. Richard. Robert.	<i>Children of Mary (Johnson) Allison.</i> Jonathan. <i>Children of William Johnson.</i> Rev. William F.
	Jane, m. James Hindman.		<i>Children of John Johnson.</i> Richard Van Eman, Joseph Bradford, and John.
	Margaret, m. Robert Anderson.	<i>Children of Richard Johnston.</i> Mary (Allison). James. William. Elizabeth (Stockton). John. Richard. Thomas. Jane (Morrison). David. George.	<i>Children of Thomas Johnson.</i> Thomas, John, Katie (Sherrard), David, Elizabeth, and George. <i>Children of Jane (Johnson) Morrison.</i> John. <i>Children of David Johnson.</i> John, Pamela, Walter, Mary Alice. <i>Children of George Johnson.</i> Emma (Jennings), Samuel, Albert, Tracy.
	Elizabeth, m. William Campbell.		
	Richard, m. Jane Bradford.		

IV. THE JOHNSON GENEALOGY.

GENERATION 5.	GENERATION 6.	GENERATION 7.
<i>Children of Margaret Ann (Johnson) Mutchmore.</i> Martha (Tallman).	<i>Children of Martha (Mutchmore) Tullman.</i> Ina.	
<i>Children of Mary (Johnson) Dickerson.</i> Harvey, Anna (Hunter), Ruth, Flora.		
<i>Children of Jane (Hindman) Sherrard.</i> Nancy. John Hindman. Jane. Susan Cathcart (Orr). Sarah. William Henry. Thomas Johnson.	<i>Children of John Hindman Sherrard.</i> Jane Hindman (Ewing), Anna Rachel (Blachly), John Hughes, Robert Maurice, Mary Fulton, Elizabeth Linn, and Helen Ewing. <i>Children of Susan C. (Sherrard) Orr.</i> Robert Sherrard, William Culbertson, Harry Franklin, and Jane Hindman. <i>Children of Thomas Johnson Sherrard.</i> Virginia, Hallock Campbell, Mary Campbell, and Robert Andrew.	<i>Children of Jane H. (Sherrard) Ewing.</i> Eleanor, Anna, John Sherrard, Margaret Rhea. <i>Children of Anna R. (Sherrard) Blachly.</i> Stephen Lindley. John Sherrard.
<i>Children of Elizabeth (Hindman) Lee</i> Mary (Pry), Nancy, and Elizabeth Jane (Scott).	<i>Children of Elizabeth J. (Lee) Scott.</i> Lee.	
<i>Children of Elizabeth (Hindman) Gray.</i> Ella and John.		
<i>Children of Jonathan Allison.</i> Mary, Margaret (Dickson), Albert, Thomas, Edwin, William, John, Ralph, and Jane.		
<i>Children of Rev. Wm. F. Johnson.</i> William, Mary, Edwin, Bertie, Jane, Frank, Walter, and Dora.		
<i>Children of Richard V. Johnson.</i> Rebecca Jane, and William Lee.		
<i>Children of Joseph Bradford Johnson.</i> Ella Maud, John T., and Charles C.		
<i>Children of Thomas Johnson.</i> William, and Bessie.		
<i>Children of Katie (Johnson) Sherrard.</i> Thomas Johnson, Robert Stanton, and Mary Catherine.		

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